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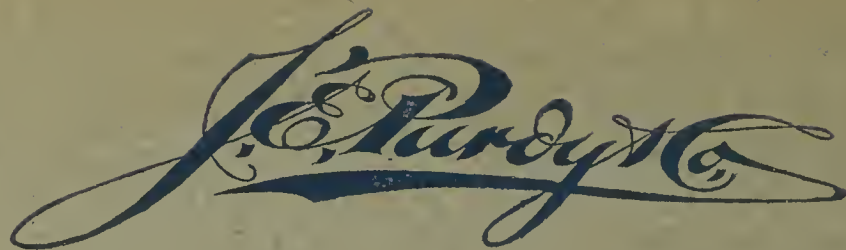
# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXX, No. 1

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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1904.

NUMBER 1

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

## Editorials.

IN behalf of the old girls, the LEAVES wishes to assure the new girls once more that they are one and all cordially welcome. While we feel with inevitable regret the loss caused by the absence of many dear and familiar faces, we are glad to have the opportunity of forming new and delightful friendships. We would say emphatically that we like the spirit and ambition of the new girls, particularly as shown by their hearty response to the old girls' serenade. They made a worthy beginning, and it is to be hoped that their school spirit

will grow even stronger as the year advances. May this year bring to each one of us not only more knowledge, but more mental growth; not only more pleasant experiences, and a large share of happiness, but sweeter and nobler characters.

We find the following pleasant greeting to the Lasell students in the weekly publication of the Congregational church: "It is quite fitting that sunshine and warmth should welcome to Auburndale the happy company of young ladies who fill Lasell to

overflowing. Our streets and our church pews will be the brighter for their coming. *The Greeting* begs to assure them that everybody in town is glad to see them, and that this church is more than ready to do all in its power to make them at home among us, and minister of its spiritual best."

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**W**OMEN for Homes, or the Educated Woman of Today." Opening address to Lasell students by Mrs. Blanche Martin, Wednesday evening, September 28, 1904:

Dear Students—Deeper than words and deeper than thought is the feeling that is back of any formula of sincere welcome. For it is that which cannot be expressed in words that gives expression its worth, and beauty, and as I represent tonight the heart and thought and attitude of every teacher toward you, words seem inadequate, for it is only through the years of their faithful work and love for you that you will come to best know them and to love them.

But on this opening night of school, when friends meet and heart greets heart, the desire or impulse is to express in some form the joy stimulated by the pleasure of reunion. Tonight that pleasure is intensified by the presence of new friends and the promise of new friendships which quicken us to admiration and response. Each personality has its own peculiar form of welcome; the cheery voice, the pressure of the hand, the warm embrace, the eloquent silence, or "the fair speechless message sent from smiling eyes" are all revelations of the genial warmth of the heart. And as each teacher adds the charm of personality to her and his individual word of welcome, there will indeed be greater variety, but no greater sincerity than I feel tonight as I greet you for Lasell, and welcome you for every teacher to the pleas-

ures and opportunities of our home-school life.

The presence of those who have returned recalls the splendid spirit of last year, manifested by your industry, your comradeship and your loyalty, for as the merry seniors of last June sang to us in their "hit song" on class night:

"Oh! the girls of Lasell are all right, that's clear:

We grow happy and jolly in just one year;  
At first we despair and say we don't care,

Insist that our life is drear,  
But we learn 'Solar Plexus' and nothing can vex us,  
And happy's the life we lead here."

We are doubly pleased to have some of those seniors with us this evening to join in hearty welcome to you, our new students, who come to us enshrined in the love of parents whose ambition for your interests and welfare is far in excess of even your own aspirations. And it is that thought in the heart of every teacher that helps us to be sincere and earnest in our work, not only to teach you, but in every way to help you.

We meet here as one great family, pledged to find only the best in each other, and by example and contact develop that best to its utmost as we enter at once upon the busy school life which compels the awakening of wholesome energies and the stirring up of faculties which shall lift us to a higher plane of consciousness and reveal to us our needs and opportunities, and where in our daily work delights shall be lived that shall remain cherished memories through life; friendships made, the happy friendships of girlhood and school days that shall last and strengthen as the years advance; ideals created,—not the flickering fancies of untutored imagination, but ideals formed through association of various personalities, and the wise and loving guidance of teachers. Where purpose shall be stimulated and strengthened by the constant inspiration of daily achievements, and the stimulus and momentum of generous



competition where character shall be moulded and developed according to the individual need, bringing out the beauty and strength of each personality.

The world grows wiser with each generation and the old idea of going away to school to acquire "grown up wisdom," or so-called "finished education," which to many meant simply an accumulation of data which clogged the wheels of exuberance and joy, has yielded to the new dispensation which makes youth spontaneity, joy and thoroughness.

Teachers are but boys and girls grown tall, hearts don't change; they only grow quicker to sympathize and to understand. For every day of human existence is a day of education. We cannot measure life by the quantity of years we have lived, but by the depth and earnestness of our experiences and by them we are each day born into new life.

As Philip James Baily says:

"We live in deeds, not words;  
In thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;  
We should count Time by heart throbs;  
He most lives who thinks most;  
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

We have come to realize that youth has a wisdom all its own which belongs to its period, which must be lived to the fullest and truest, if we would reap the most satisfactory results in maturer years.

The mission, then, of the true teacher is not to criticise and repress, but to direct youth—to lovingly and persistently give the light on the path that leads to achievement and fulfilment.

Here, too, you will learn from each other how to understand and appreciate the various charms and phases of girlhood, as each pupil reveals some special characteristic arousing corresponding qualities in another, quickening the heart to youthful friendship

and comradeship with women, all of which will enrich your future years with memories sweet of school girl days.

Your future life in the world is largely determined by your early training. Here you will have the opportunity and discipline of definite purpose and of making each day of new impulse and new energies; and this habit when once established shall place you in the line of evolution or continuous growth, AND THAT IS LIFE.

The aim of Lasell is to educate the scholarly and womanly woman. To cultivate health of mind and body, and to create the altruistic and optimistic attitude toward life; in short to mould character for beautiful and useful service in the world.

No better interpretation has been given of the aim of Lasell and the womanly and scholarly women than that which I quote from a letter written by our honored Principal to the Lasell Alumnae, and read at their last reunion. This interpretation carries with it double weight and significances, coming as it does from one schooled to the deeper needs of life by years of study and observation:

"I emphasize the fact that Lasell's motto is 'Women for Homes.' It is glad it is not a college. It does not want to be. There are many colleges—only one Lasell. Notice that I said 'Women for Homes,' not 'Women for Houses.' Lasell is not an Industrial School. It is not trying to make good housekeepers merely. It is trying to help girls to become intelligent home-makers—mark the distinction—Intelligent women first—well educated. So our literary work is not primary nor subordinate. One of our graduates easily stepped into Wellesley's Junior class in '02, and one not long since into Smith's Senior. Our course is not a High School course. Graduates of the best High Schools find it not easy to en-

ter our Junior class, and most are not too comfortable in our Sophomore year.

"But as a sidework, and as an ideal permeating our curriculum, we are proud to help young women to become somewhat prepared for, and want them to be proud to be prepared intelligently to enter, the greatest of all professions—that of Home-maker. Wiser than lawyer, more deft than doctor, more good than pastor, more skilful than engineer, more subtle than philosopher must that woman be who can create an ideal home.

"It must be a new creation with every separate woman, for the conditions always vary. You can learn law, medicine, engineering, theology from books. Home-making never. What the woman is, more than what she has, determines her success here. So Lasell cares more to help a girl to be what she ought to be than to get what she can get. Right education is right character-building. So Lasell tries, above and besides all acquirements to help its pupils to be, and to care to be, sane and strong and sweet.

"Let Lasell women so exalt the noble profession of home-maker that it shall soon be regarded by all women as the greatest accomplishment on earth."

To elevate the art of home-making and establish it as a high standard of education for women it was necessary by special training to combine home-making with artistic and classic education—associating domesticity not with drudgery or the common-place, but by associating it in the mind of the student with those accomplishments which make for dignity and culture. Lasell was first to see the importance of this association, and to create the opportunity for practical application. In this and in many other lines which make direct for strength and beauty of character and personality has Lasell been a wise pioneer.

Woman is by nature both intellectual and emotional; but the *quality* or *nature* of her *emotions* is altogether governed by her ideals. On the other hand the imagination and the emotion are the creative energies which bring ideals into existences in the material world. Without emotion our ideals would remain mere unrealized mental pictures.

Whether it be the poet, the scholar, the statesman, the financier, the sculptor or painter, it is only according to the degree of emotion that he is able to externalize or give in substantial form to the world that which in the beginning was simply an intellectual conception or mental picture. And it is this force which compels expression which marks the distinction between the man who thinks much and knows much, but achieves little, and the one who thinks and knows much and achieves according to his wisdom.

For this reason true education should cultivate the imagination along with the intellect, blending heart graces with brain strength, producing a womanhood equipped for whatever life may present,—a woman of true sympathies, ripe judgment, wise decisions—a peerless companion, and the opportunity for this kind of education is the grandest privilege of girlhood. It is surely worth a brief absence from home, this conquest of new conditions and the overcoming of self-centered egotism and hyper-sensitiveness by the wholesome commingling of many personalities.

This is the education that also distinguishes the educated girl of today from that sentimental type presented by Tennyson in the "Lady of Shallott," who remained cloistered at home where she gained her knowledge of life through the uncertain reflections of a mirror which hung opposite her window, out of which she was forbidden to look.



Without discipline and without guidance, she wove a beautiful web, into which she patterned the imagaries of the outside world as she saw them reflected in the mirror, together with her own fancies and ideals, upon which she lived and dreamed, until carried away by them; she sacrificed the grand possibilities of her womanhood.

Or, again, that other and different type, but who also lacked educated discrimination, as shown in the parable so happily retold by Miss Hersey of "A lady who lived in a deep wood." She, too, wove a magic web. Until it was finished she could never go forth into the world. One day the last thread was set in its golden fringe. Bearing it proudly on her arm, she made her way out of the forest. All unknown to her, a noble prince came riding toward the very path by which she was emerging. In another moment they would have been face to face, but a beggarly clown sprung from the roadside, with palms outstretched for alms. In an instant she had impulsively thrown over him the magic web, and it had wrought its charm. Henceforth she was doomed to see in him all manly beauties, virtues, powers, and to follow him throughout the world."

While both of the parables deal with personalities of medieval times, the type is to be found in every age, for as the Lady of Shallott centred her heart upon the impracticable, or as the Lady who missed the Prince and chose the clown, so we through lack of discrimination and high ideals may fail to realize the bright promises of life and waste the golden gifts on choice of ideals and conditions which afford only beggarly opportunity. Modern education is the lens through which we learn to discriminate between wise and unwise choice of ideals, helping us to conserve our energies

and then centre them upon that which is valuable and possible.

The educated girl of today has all the imagination and spontaneity that belong to beautiful womanhood. The dream life and romance are still a part of her nature. But they are disciplined and directed by her splendid intelligence and will. She is courteous, brave and true, and while much in human nature may seem to her imperfect and sometimes inconsistent, yet she has a perfect faith in the certainty that all things work together for good; that the good and the true are in every human heart, and that only the good can last. Her spirit is buoyant with life and health, her step elastic, her carriage erect and queenly, and by the magic of her intelligence and beautiful personality wherever she may be, she can create the best and demand the best. Good fortune and success are hers, not because of her desire to outshine, but to shine upon, and to make life better for her being.

Many who have suffered most have afforded greatest happiness and pleasure to others. Having mastered pain they give to the world that which the world most needs—lightness and brightness.

No one need expect to glide through life in ecstasy and ease. Sorrow and struggle are sometime to be met, the question is how: Sorrow may quicken and deepen our sympathies and intuitions, or it may shrivel and weaken us with injudicious self pity.

"An angel of God to two women came,  
Saying what will ye ask in the Father's name,  
When at last ye enter the Gates of Heaven,—  
For whatever ye ask it shall be given.  
White with the shedding of tears one raised her face,  
Stiff set in the furrows which sorrow trace,  
And she said, "On earth I have had to quaff  
The cup of grief; in Heaven let me laugh."  
In pity he turned to the other then.  
To a woman with eyes which held no pain,  
Whose sunny face was a message of cheer,  
To lives which had else been sadly drear,  
With lips ever ready for laugh or jest,  
Denying the anguish which no one guessed,  
And she answered the angel, 'When I die,  
God grant me in Heaven a place to cry.'"



With deep and loving admiration we shall always regard the truly brave, who amid the clouds of life are able for the sake of others to smile and turn the mists to rainbows. Remember that, girls, if you desire to be attractive and helpful. For the charm of lightness and brightness is irresistible; its influence upon human life cannot be measured. Washington once said to America's most brilliant statesman, and the originator of our national banking system, Alexander Hamilton, when commenting upon his wonderful influence over all grades of people, "There is a streak of light in you which never goes out, and when I catch a spark of it, I am cheered for the rest of the day."

This should be the normal characteristic of youth, the power to radiate those qualities which exalt and glorify the commonplace,—lifting it to the plane of perpetual harmony and good will. This, then, is the ultimate toward which we as teachers and pupils are to strive; a harmony of purpose, a harmony of accomplishment that shall broaden the intellect while it lets in the light of the spirit, the light of that "Life Radiant" which shall glorify the deeds and motives of each personality, as we strive for the realm of efficiency and noble womanhood, a realm attained by doing and giving our best as we go on life's way, inspired by the song and the faith of the poet:

There are loyal hearts; there are spirits brave;  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need,  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show,  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet,  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

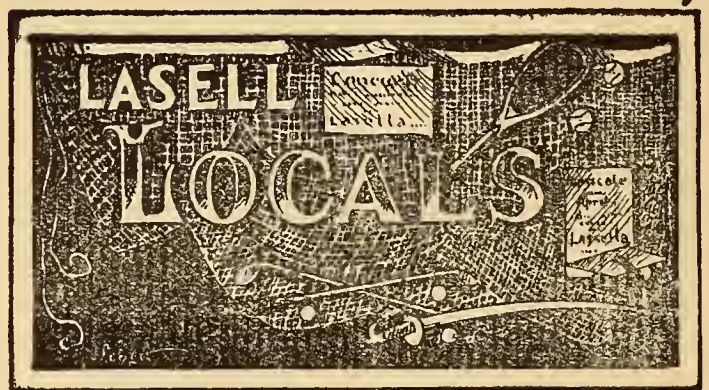
Give pity and sorrow to those that mourn,  
You will gather flowers again,  
The scattered seeds from your thoughts out borne,  
Though the sowing seemed in vain,

For life is a mirror of King and Slave,  
'T is just what we are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

## Banquet in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dymond gave a very enjoyable dinner in honor of Dr. Bragdon while he was in Cincinnati last June. The dinner was served in one of the private dining-rooms of the Business Men's Club, the table being decorated with flowers and a Lasell banner, and an appropriate souvenir at each place. The guests, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Woodmansee, Dr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Ebersole, Mr. James Ebersole, Mr. Dale Ebersole and Misses Florence and Edith Ebersole.

When asked to respond to the toast "Lasell," Dr. Bragdon said, pointing to Mary Ebersole Crawford and the Misses Florence and Edith Ebersole, that Lasell spoke for itself, and every one agreed with him heartily.



September 27 Lasell was awakened from its summer's sleep. From the peaceful rest of the past three months the place was transformed into a scene of gay activity by the coming of many bewildered new girls and a few old ones as well. The time was pleasantly spent in making new acquaintances, and soon the first feeling of strangeness had worn off. Before any one had time to be very homesick, the last bell had rung, and all retired, eagerly anticipating the next day.

September 28—The greater part of the

day was spent in the usual classification routine. When this was over there was the unpacking of trunks and arranging of rooms to be done. Those who had already attended to these things took the opportunity to become acquainted with the scenery around Auburndale, which, always beautiful, was never more lovely than in the last week of September. During the day most of the old girls arrived, and to the pleasure of greeting their old friends, added that of meeting new ones. By the kindness of Doctor Bragdon, an orchestra furnished music during dinner, contributing much to the general gaiety. At half past seven, Mrs. Blanche C. Martin in behalf of the Faculty, welcomed the girls to Lasell. The address, "Women for Homes" was given in her usual charming manner, and we could not help being glad that we were students of a school where women are especially educated for the home. With such a hearty welcome, we could not feel otherwise than at home in old Lasell.

September 29—School began with the usual chapel exercises, and before long everything was running smoothly.

In the evening we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Homer B. Sprague speak on "The Greatest Englishman." To those who know Mr. Sprague and his devotion to Shakespeare, it was a surprise to learn that John Milton was the subject. He soon proved to us, however, that the great author of "Paradise Lost" was indeed the greatest of all the famous sons of England. It has been the custom at Lasell for several years to have Mr. Sprague open the lecture season here, and we hope that he may long continue to do so.

September 30—The usual night stillness of Auburndale was suddenly broken by the singing of many voices. The old girls in a body, conducted by Miss Bates, were

serenading the new girls, and by numerous school songs and yells tried to make them understand how welcome they were to Lasell. No one in any of the buildings was missed, and many were the responses received, some songs were sung, some flowers were thrown, even a pair of cymbals was loudly clashed, and in one window a banner was flung to the breeze in recognition of the old girls' friendliness.

October 1.—In the afternoon a lecture on "Manners" was given in the chapel by Miss Potter. In her inimitable way she makes us see the importance of politeness in little things, a habit which adds so much to the character of a lady.

In the evening the old girls gave a dance for the new girls in the gymnasium. On each girl's back was a card with her name written on it, which the girls facing her had the fun of guessing. Lemonade was served during the evening, which passed only too quickly, and all parted, feeling that we were fast becoming better acquainted with each other.

October 2—The first meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held in the chapel at six o'clock. Miss Willett led the meeting, the subject being, "Helping One Another;" and Miss Washburn sang a solo. The large attendance was especially gratifying, and it is hoped that it will continue throughout the year.

October 3—In the afternoon, Doctor Bragdon took a large party to Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard, and so interesting was the excursion that the day was made memorable for its delightfulness.

October 5—The new girls serenaded the Faculty and the old girls. Besides the usual Lasell songs and yells, they sang several clever original ones, and sung them remarkably well. The way the Lasell spirit has taken hold of the new girls is most pleasing,



and with such an auspicious beginning we hope to make this year one of the brightest on Lasell's record.

October 6—The announcement that Mr. Leon H. Vincent was to be the lecturer for the evening was welcome news to the old girls, who know what a lecture by Mr. Vincent means, and before the evening was over, the other girls understood and shared our enthusiasm. We were very glad to know that this was only the first of a series of lectures to be given by Mr. Vincent.

The subject of the lecture was William Makepeace Thackeray, that much misunderstood author of "Vanity Fair." The main events of Thackeray's life are well known to almost every one—his birth in 1811, and childhood spent in Calcutta; his school days at the Charter House School (which he always called "Slaughter House"); his college life at Trinity, Cambridge, where he so sadly wasted his time; his artist life at Weimar and Paris; and his subsequent literary career, which continued until his death in 1863.

As a writer, Thackeray's methods were peculiar; his motto seemed to be "Carefully avoid performing today what you can put off until tomorrow;" but when he once began to write, he kept at his desk until something was accomplished. All his works were written in this spasmodic way, even *Becky Sharp* herself was the result of several of these impulsive inspirations. His books are all true to human nature, and are filled with most interesting characters. In the portrayal of men and women Thackeray has no superior. The use of parody in his works has been often criticized, but we excuse it when we know that the sensitive author did it in order that some critic should not be the first to hold up to ridicule his ideas and opinions. As a master of sarcasm Thackeray has no equal.

To the general public, Thackeray was cold, reserved and cynical; to those who knew him well he was cordial, impulsive and soft-hearted. To those in need, he was most generous, often sacrificing his own pleasure to give happiness to others. In his family life, his devotion to his insane wife bears witness to his noble character.

Perhaps no one truly understood this man, but probably the best key to his philosophy is in one of his own letters when he says, "There's a deal of good in this wicked world after all, isn't there?"

October 8—Miss Greene gave the first of a series of lectures on "Business Law for Women," her subject for the afternoon being, "Origin and Source of Law." She began by defining law as a rule of conduct prescribed by competent authority, commanding or forbidding some act necessary or hurtful to the peace and order of society. After explaining the process by which a custom becomes a law, the law of the contract was discussed.

This evening a dance was given in the gymnasium for the new girls by the old ones. Each old girl took one or two of the new girls under her especial charge for the evening, having previously filled the dance program of her partner. The programs were arranged in such a way that at each number, half of the girls were dancing and half were talking, which was quite an improvement on the usual crowded state of affairs. Frappé was served during the evening. All agreed that they had had a most enjoyable time.

October 9—A consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held in the chapel. Miss Wylie led, and Miss Willett contributed to the meeting by a solo.

October 13—The lecture for this evening was in the nature of a chat by Dean Wright, who spoke on "Words, Living and Dead."



He kept us constantly laughing by the short, pithy anecdotes and stories, with which he illustrated his talk.

October 14—Several parties went to Boston this afternoon to attend the lecture on "Parsifal" by Mr. Kriekhel. As many expect to attend "Pasifal," this was thought a good opportunity to become more familiar with the story, and with the character of the music of this opera.

October 15—Miss Greene gave another lecture on "Business Law for Women." The subject of contracts was continued, the manner of making, and the consideration being discussed.

October 16—The Lasell Missionary Society held its first meeting in the chapel at six o'clock this evening; subject, "In an American Mail Car." Letters were read from missionaries in India, China, and Japan. One of the most interesting was from Miss Emma Mae Chisholm, who did so much for us all by her presence here last year, but who is now a missionary in China. A quartette composed of Misses John, Tillinghast, Gibbs and Willett sang.

October 17—A large party went in barges to Concord by way of Lexington. The number of historical spots to be seen at these places, gave opportunity for many interesting visits. Lunch was eaten at the Old North Bridge. After a day of pleasant sightseeing, the party returned to Lasell arriving late in the afternoon.

October 18—A party composed of the Faculty, and many of the students went to Newton Lower Falls, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Parker, an alumna of Lasell, and a member of the class of '57.

October 19—An organ recital was given in the gymnasium by Mr. Dunham. The girls were seated on cushions around the room, which was darkened to given an air of "romantic mystery." That the programme was much enjoyed was evident from the hearty applause which followed each number. We all hope to have the pleasure of another of Mr. Dunham's recitals soon.

## Vacation Visitors.

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Bessie Legg Harris, Sophie Hall, '98, Anna Ampt, '98, Avila Grubbs Fales, '99, Elise Scott, '99, Georgiana Adams McElfresh, Florence Hartwell, Ruth Kimball, '98, Rena Day Fulton, Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, Mabel Lutes, '95, Lila Warren, Hattie Williams Wilson, Blanche Gardner, '00, Alice Jenckes, '99, Ladora Rogers, Rosalie Bennett, Arminta Henne, '99, May Emery Yale, '98, Eleanor Chamberlyne, Emma Fernald Brock, Louise Thatcher Ayers, Mabelle Whitney, '03, Gladys Patterson, '04, Katherine Jenckes, '04, Carrie George, '03, Annie M. Pinkham, '02, Edith Barnett, Mabel Blum, Maritta Sisson, '99, Alice Bean, Effie Symns, '93, Helene Howes, '02, Nellie Allen Thayer, Fanny Hanscom Herbert, Elsie Burdick, '99, Bess Shepherd, '94, Frances Browse, Laura Simons, Adele Humphrey, Bertha Manchester, Josephine Millikin Roth, '99, Louie Best Cumnock, Rosa Best, Sue Brown Brill, '88, Edith Bidwell, Marjorie and Clarissa Halladay, Agnes Kellars, '04, Annie Young, '97, Ellen Stone, Cora Stone, Mabel Sawyer Miller, Cora Penniman, Nellie Krause, Ella Hazelton, '04, Ida Mallory, '03, Bertha Hayden, '03, Grace Foster Herben, Helen Ramsdell, '00, Kitty Clemens, Carrie Gilman Rice, '94.

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### Senior Class.

President—Martha Haskell.

Vice President—Miriam Nelson.

Secretary—Edith Harber.

Treasurer—Margaret Henderson.

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### Junior Class.

President—Edith Anthony.

Vice President—Lucile Lothrop.

Secretary—Katharine Washburn.

Treasurer—Anna Dealy.



### Personals.

Sadie Hollingsworth writes a good letter from beautiful Evansville. Is as loyal to Lasell as ever, and one of the friends worth having!

She says Mr. Thompson met Etta Fowler, Paris, Tex., and her husband a few days ago, at Springfield, Ill.

True to her blood and training, Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, of '87, has formed in her new home, Manila, a literary society of American women, of which she is President. It is a Fortnightly Club, and has already twenty-eight members, including some names which all the world knows. The pamphlet of the Fortnightly Club has just come to hand.

Frances Wood writes: "We are on one of the prettiest little lakes in Massachusetts. Gertrude May has been two weeks with us, and Emily Bissell is coming this week. I hope to see May Emery Yale and Minta Henne before they go back West." The Lasell friendships wear well.

Mrs. Yale, '98, and Arminta Henne, '99, made us a welcome call in July; the one trouble was, they didn't stop long enough, but they left several rays of sunshine behind.

In my "Travel Notes," in June number, I somehow failed to mention the delightful visit I had at Hotel Jefferson, at St. Louis, with Nancy Boyce Van Gorder, her husband and mother. It was a great treat and worth a whole column.

I also overlooked mentioning that Grace Corre Goetz is comfortable in her home in Avondale, Cincinnati.

Elinor K. Chamberlayne took her cousin's place in the charge of her school at her home, 253 Commonwealth avenue, when Miss C. J. Chamberlayne was called West by a very startling stage of the illness of Ward Wilson.

Somebody has seen Myrtis Barton Butler and her splendid baby, and heartily approves both. I am sorry now I can't remember who it was who met her somewhere and accidentally found out she was a Lasell girl.

May Leonard, of Somerset, writes a pleasant letter. Sees improvements in the catalogue. Says: "I feel very proud of that gymnasium, for I derived a great deal of benefit from it. The classes in Conversation are a good thing; I should like to join them."

She saw Bertha Manchester in July, who was presently to leave for a house party in Indiana, and adds a sentence that I feel like quoting, for I think not every girl appreciates one of the great advantages of a boarding school life. "I feel that the pleasure of knowing the girls is worth the going to the school, without reference to the other advantages!"

Zöe Hill, '01, writes a Zöe Hill letter full of good cheer: speaks of an intended winter in California; says Madge Fisher Boudinot, '01, is blissfully happy; that Lotta Hewson, '02, made her a visit in September, as Helene Howes did in June; and then she asks for Briggs,—dear old Briggs, how we shall miss him!

Mary Goodwin, '02, has our sincerest sympathy in the loss of her brother, William Henry Goodwin, who, with another Yale student, Ralph Armstrong, was drowned while bathing in the Connecticut River at East Northfield. Both were members of



the 1907 class, and both were attending the Y. M. C. A. students' conference in Northfield. He was Valedictorian of the '03 class in the Hartford High School, editor-in-chief of its *Chronicle*, president of the debating club in his Senior year, and secured the prize for the highest mark in Latin in his entrance examination for Yale. Altogether it is a most sad occurrence for his widowed mother, the sister Mary, and the brother George.

Elizabeth Welty, '02, kindly invited to the graduating exercises of Wellesley, '04, in which she took part.

In September Bertha Hayden and Ladora Rogers had a most enjoyable visit with Ethel Hook. A part of the time was spent with Sarah Hughes in camp at the upper end of Sebec lake. It was very cold for so early in the season, but one is willing to wear heavy garments when she can enjoy the brilliant foliage. And such foliage! Imagine, if you can, a lake twelve miles long nestled in among mountains that are a mass of reds and yellows—with the dark, dark shades of the evergreen rising high above like a colony of church spires.

Helene Howes of the class of '02, gave us two or three delightful calls while waiting in Boston for the time of the departure of her boat for Europe. If it is impossible for many people to be so charming, it is doubtless not their fault, but if any girl can come to it by trying and practicing, we heartily recommend the trying and the practicing. There was, however, a slight lack of frankness on her part in reference to a young man, who seemed to be about all the time where she was.

Annie Burney Eaton has had a stroke of good fortune, as her husband has been sent to Frankfort, Germany, to represent his firm there, and of course takes Annie and the children, giving them a splendid stay abroad

in one of the most beautiful towns in Germany. Our best wishes go with her and the girls, for this ought to mean a great deal to her and the children.

Miss Roth sends a pictured greeting from London. She had been visiting schools in Exeter and Oxford, and was just on her way to the continent.

Frances Bragdon sends a picture from Nice. Says, "We met Mrs. Milbank of Yonkers, at Cadenabbia."

Prof. Isabel Blackstock, '03, writes from Naini Tal, introducing her two sisters, enclosing some kodak views of her college grounds and occupations, and urging a kind invitation for a visit. Naini Tal is in the hill country to which India residents flock to avoid the heat. She is getting thinner and is glad. She has good success in her teaching, and so is again glad. Their vacation was in May and June. School began July 15. That seems a queer time! She thinks we were to be congratulated on having two such Commencement speakers as Dr. Bowne and Gov. Long. On July 9 she read a paper on, "The Necessity of Physical Culture," before a Teachers' Convention. Thinks it a good topic for a Senior essay. She longs for the old drives behind Nigger! She adds: "There is a dentist with his wife staying not far from us. They are young Americans of the Western type from Illinois, and I find them very good company, indeed. They have treated me as only Americans know how to treat people—right royally." A good word for Americans from an English girl!

Blanche Kelley, '96, is on the rounds. Was heard from in August from Charlevoix, Michigan, visiting the Schubertshs. She left home in May, spent a month with the Hubbards in Wheeling, Margie S. and Annie Richards being there at the same time. Then to Wyoming, O., Richmond, Ind., and



Dayton, O., seeing Dorothy Manning, Ella Wilson, Lestra Hibberd, Edith Blair, and Ella and Anna Ampt, besides the other Wheeling girls. Eleven Lasellians in two months! Pretty good record. Nettie Os-trander Palmer was the eleventh.

Mary Marshall Call writes a charming note from Larchmont Manor. She and Mr. Call have established a school there, of which she says: "It is, I believe, one after your own heart. My Lasell experience has been invaluable to me. Dora, however, has evinced such a talent for music that we are weakening on college. Maud Mayo Bentz lives just across the street, and her babies are beautiful." Where are their pictures, Maud, for the album?

Elizabeth Whitley visited Callie LeSeure, saw Edith Bailey, Helen Haskell and Reita Wolferman. She mentions the engagement of Helen, who had just returned from a visit with Ethel Clark, who will graduate from the Conservatory of Music in Ypsilanti next June. Says Callie is coming to next Commencement. Elizabeth, on her way home, also visited Georgia Latham, who sends her best wishes for the new year.

Jennetta Kiser writes from Davenport a most cordial letter in behalf of herself and her sister Elizabeth, Mrs. Irwin. She gives us, however, news which we are sorry to hear, of the death, two years ago last June, of her father, a splendid man and beloved friend of earlier days. It is he who sent us at his own cost the barrel of splendid geodes, which have for twenty years attracted so much attention in our front hall;—a manly man,—unusually lovable.

Hattie Freebey has fallen on her feet as usual. Has been spending the summer with a friend at Guthrie Hall, Alberene, Va., having graduated with honors from the Law School at Ann Arbor, Mich. She is seeing some of the F. F. V. life of the grand old

state, mother of Presidents. She expected to begin the practice of law at Washington in September. /

Alma Widstrand, Mrs. Roy D. Rogers, is now living in Seattle, Wash. Her husband is an architect.

We have just received word that our old friend, Anson H. Miller, has been elected President of the First National Bank of Fremont, Ohio, a responsible post for which his long experience and personal qualities eminently fit him. The First National Bank of Fremont is one of the strongest institutions of finance in the country.

Bess Bailey's husband, Dr. F. R. Van Orsdall, writes: "I am ordered to inform you of the arrival of one small, fat, noisy, and extremely ugly little maiden into the Van-Orsdall household. This occurred August 21. Despite its utter lack of its father's beauty, Bess seems to be vastly interested in it, so I suppose will keep it."

La Verne Reynolds Johnson is playing the organ in the Universalist Church in Brockton, Mass.

Miss Ransom likes southern California so well that she has concluded to stay another year, or a large part of it, and has bought a lot and is building a bungalow on speculation. She writes that Helen Cleaveland Coleman, with husband and baby, who are now living in Clifton, Arizona, and Ruth Cleaveland Bates with Mr. Bates, of Denver, Col., have been visiting the Colemans in Pasadena, Cal., and they have all had a good time together. She says Mr. Bates has a fine bass voice, and his singing was much enjoyed.

Frances Browse this fall entered Radcliffe college as a special student. She sends her good wishes, and has made us a welcome call.

Roe E. Porter, '00, is spending the winter in Southern California, and expects to pre-

vail upon her mother, upon her return from Europe, to settle there, so hardly knows how to give a permanent address. Will receive letters at the old address, Port Huron, Mich.

Laura Simons called to get her pictures. She is going to Simmons College. A good idea! It would be good if more did the same thing. She is to live at 38 St. Botolph street.

Helen Royse writes that Bertha Manchester visited Roberta Clark in Frankfort, Ind., that Edith Harber was there at the same time, and that Carrie George visited her on the way to St. Louis. Helen expresses regret that she is not to be here next year. We share it.

Ida Mallory, '03, sent greeting and best wishes for the coming year from Hotel D'Iena, Paris, and called on her arrival from her three months' trip. Looks very well.

Miss Bates writes that she has visited Edith Anthony and Edna Thurston, and that a good many of the girls, past and present, have been to see her and talk over Lasell news.

Josephine Milliken Roth, '99, shined on us for a few minutes on Saturday toward the end of vacation while she was awaiting a telegram from Mr. Roth announcing his arrival from Europe, when she was to join him. She reports "that boy" as in fine shape; and she herself is as charming as ever.

Mr. Henry Laurens brought one of his "boys," when he accompanied Martha to school. Mr. Laurens is one of the first men of Charleston, S. C.

Avila Grubbs Fales, '99, is taking a course at one of the free kindergartens in Louisville, Ky. She says: "It is hard work, but to be busy is such a blessing."

Edith Ebersole, '03, has had almost an entire summer in the East,—a fortnight at Lasell; almost a month with Mabel Pooler,

at Mouse Island, Me.; a week with Anna May Pinkham, and a week with Bess Draper in Troy, N. Y., In Troy she met Jessie Kemp and May Gurley Betts. She resumes her University work October 1. She has kindly written in this number an account of Helen's wedding.

A pleasant but rather sad letter from Charlotte Thearle says that she isn't well enough to return. "That is the only reason." We are sorry, too. She has met Miss White; that made her doubly homesick for Lasell. She gives the Principal a hope that he may see her in California this winter.

Elizabeth Allen Paxton, '98, sends good news of the Omaha girls in general, but gives us our first knowledge of the sorrow that has come to Ella Cotton Nash in the loss of her husband. They were married less than a year ago. We have since heard of the birth of a daughter to Ella.

It may not be generally known in the school that Fraulein Heinrich, who bids fair to make for herself a strong position in the school, is a sister of the well known and popular Boston tenor, Wilhelm Heinrich, whom we shall hope to hear before the year is over.

We clip the following from *Zion's Herald*: "Ethel Louise Gallagher has been appointed teacher of English and elocution in Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, Me. Miss Gallagher was at one time herself a student at Kent's Hill, where her father was president for a period of four years. Since that time she has been graduated from Lasell Seminary, and, last June, from the Columbian (now George Washington) University in Washington, and thus enters upon her new work with an excellent equipment." Ethel Gallagher was of the class of 1901.

Mrs. H. M. Whittimore, our Lizzie Bac-



on, here in 1876, made us a telephone call early in October saying that she and Mr. Whittimore were on their way to Pasadena. It seems that they may be counted as citizens henceforth.

Miss Marion Cole is visiting Miss Joel Lapowski.

Kind greetings have been received from:

Louise Manning Hodgkins, the talented editor of *The Missionary Friend*, who was so thoughtful as to write from Kansas City, Mo.: Frances Thomas Fiske, who finds her new home in Hartford, Ct., (146 Kenyon street) delightful, having met already of Lasell girls, Maggie Sanders Lincoln. She writes of meeting Mabel Raum Little, Carrie Smith Lee, and of hearing from Flora Gardner.

Helen Morris Clarke, '95, who is just home from a "four months' glorious summer in Europe, without a single drawback, and every moment full of happiness;" Marion Gilmore, '76, who is less often visible than so near a neighbor, and so lovable a graduate should be; Bertha White, here in '00, who sends greetings from the White Mountains; Alice May Mayo Hicks, here in '78, who is doing a hero's life work; Elsie Burdick, '99, who is mentioned elsewhere; Martha Baker, '98, who is doing a woman's brave work in the world and who expects to go to Jamaica, November 16.

Gracie Stedman Twigg, who is an helpmeet, indeed, to her husband (who has lately been elected Collector of Needham), and of whom she seems very fond, as he ought to be of her.

Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, who had just returned from a year and a half in Munich, where Mr. Hartzel took his Ph. D. They are now at the University of the Pacific in Santa Clara, Cal. Elinor Chamberlayne, who is always thoughtful, and who came in October to Boston to meet Alice

Linscott Hall, '78, and from Mae Chisholm, who is at her work in Foo Chow, China., and Isabel Blackstock, '03, who sends a pair of India slippers for Mr. B., gorgeous enough to make Mr. Hills green with envy.

*Dear girls, every one!*

A late letter from Ellen Chase Rich says, "We have had a change of station, and are now on Corregidor Island, at the entrance of Manila Bay. It is only a small island, but very delightful. Doctor Rich and I spent the month of August travelling about the islands, and enjoyed our trip very much. The islands are all much alike. We expect to return to the States a year from this month, and are in hopes to be stationed somewhere in New England—the poorest place in New England would seem very good to us."

The engagement of Agnes E. Flaherty, '00, of Massena, N. Y., to Herbert Middleton of Toronto, Ont., was announced last June, but too late for our June number. Mr. Middleton is in business in Massena, and they are likely to married next June.

Ida Mallory, '03, ever since her return from Europe, has had a chance to use her Nerve Training in the service of a neighbor's child, and is thankful for a noticeable improvement already—the mother being judge. She writes "Are the girls 'booming' drill?" She thinks it is one of the best things at Lasell.

Eva S. Raymond, '00, has announced her engagement to Hawthorne Perkins of Salem. Mr. Perkins is head of the Mechanical Engineering Department at the Lowell Textile School, and is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '99.

Florence Hartwell, here in 1890, with her sister, Mae Hartwell, of Evanston, Ill., and Charlotte Earle, a friend from Oak Park, called in August and looked over the old school.



Ruth Binford and Laura Dale had an unusual experience the other day, when the insane son of Gov. Packard fired at them, but fortunately over their heads, as they were stopping at his father's house to call.

One of the reliefs of a dismal evening at the comic opera of Fritz Scheff (to see what it was like) was the meeting with Blanche Ford Hill, '86, and a good little visit with her between acts. She seemed much like her old self, a little stouter, and had her hair parted in the middle, which was a change; said that she was likely to go, for the sake of her boy, who is twelve, and whose throat needs some care, to California this winter, and spoke fondly of a daughter of twenty months.

One of the daintiest and happiest weddings I ever attended was Helen Ebersole's, about which Edith writes. I saw Marie Gibert, '03, a few moments at her home, and found her cordial and womanly, as always. She says Louise G. has had a busy year, one well calculated to try her strength; and that Mabel Friedeborn took the highest honor in the school of elocution. Saw Anna, '98, and Ella Ampt at their delightful home in Wyoming, Mrs. Ampt and Miss Elizabeth Hamann (not to be omitted from any mention of this family) Anna took me for a drive, to find Clara Davis driving with a new young man in the front seat of a double carriage, the back seat being entirely empty! Greta Stearns Kinsey, Mr. Kinsey and the splendid boy, in their pretty home, but Margie Schuberth and Edith Blair and Florence Mann were away. Mr. Hall said Nan Peabody, his wife, and the boy, were well and living in a new house, near the father's. Enjoyed several friends of other years—Cincinnati folks know how to be hospitable; at least my friends do!

/ A recent call upon Lee Lufkin Kaula in

her studio at 368 Boylston street showed me that the good words that have of late years been said in Art circles about her work, did not exaggerate its value. / I was proud of it, and of her, and it was delightful to meet her—as charming as ever. I notice Mr. Kaula's contribution to the present Art Club's Exhibit is very highly praised.

### At the World's Fair.

/ The class of '97 gave a Lasell tea at the Massachusetts building, World's Fair grounds, on the afternoon of October 4, for all members of the alumnæ or students that chanced to be visiting the fair. Nora Burroughs was prime mover in the matter. /

It was a great success; about thirty-five old girls were present. Following is the programme of the week: Oct. 3, Monday. Arrival, installation at Hamilton Hotel. Evening, automobile ride to grounds, through grounds; view of illuminations; stop at Pike attraction and back to hotel.

Oct. 4, Tuesday morning, visit and rest, (or visit to fair). Afternoon, "Lasell" tea in Massachusetts building. Evening, Kilfray's "Louisiana" at Odean.

Oct. 5, Wednesday morning, ride over city of St. Louis, Shaw's Garden, Tower Grove Park, etc., with stop for lunch. Afternoon, rest for banquet. Evening, Banquet at Hamilton Hotel.

Oct. 6, Thursday, day at the fair, meeting for dinner at the "Inside Inn" at 6.30. Evening, ride on Lagoons and visit to Tyrolean Alps.

Oct. 7, Friday, morning, concert at Festival Hall, fair grounds. Afternoon, Boer War. Evening, informal farewell reception, Hamilton Hotel.

Among the curious facts about our new family is that we have two pairs of twins.

### Marriages.

Helen Amelia Haskell and Arthur H. Shay, on Saturday, September 17, at Streator, Ill. At home after October 15, Streator, Ill.

Cornelia Barkalow Douglass and Bond Houser on Monday evening, September 26, at Troy, Ohio.

Josephine Thomas Haley and George Seth Williams, Tuesday evening, October 4, at Gardiner, Me.

Grace Philbrick Washburn, '97, and Carl Seth Hoskins, on Monday evening, October 10, at 49 Wyoming avenue, Melrose.

Katherine Belle Bragdon, '95, and Hiram W. Barlow, on Thursday, September 8, at Pasadena, California.

Sarah Meigs Thompson and Francis TenEyck Sisson, on Thursday, October 20, at Malone, New York.

September 8, in Pasadena, Cal., Katherine Belle Bragdon, '95, daughter of the Principal of Lasell, and Hiram W. Barlow of Philadelphia, Pa. The wedding at the last was an entire surprise to Pasadena people, a decision to that effect having been made only on September 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Barlow came East on their wedding trip, visiting St. Louis, Philadelphia and Auburndale, and are now at the Principal's home in Pasadena, getting ready to begin housekeeping in Los Angeles in a dainty new house which they have hired at 1304 Orange street.

Imperative business suddenly called Mr. Barlow to Philadelphia, and he prevailed upon Belle to come as his wife. They seemed very proud at outwitting all the neighbors, and entirely happy in their sudden yoking. The wedding had been planned for November.

On the evening of June 16, at six o'clock,

Helen Ebersole and Karl D. Swartzel were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, with the family and a few intimate friends present. Rev. Howard Billman officiated, assisted by Dr. Jesse B. Young. The maid of honor was Miss Florence Ebersole, the best man, Dr. H. W. Kuhn of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Dale Ebersole and Mr. Earl E. Young of Anderson, Indiana, were the ushers; Miss Grace Hall and Miss Edith Ebersole were the bridesmaids. Little Tharyan Dale and Elizabeth Crawford served as the ribbon bearers.

After the wedding supper, at which the bridal party sang the Lasell Class-Night toast, a large reception was held.

The house was beautifully decorated in green and white.

One of the pleasures of the occasion was the surprise of having Dr. Bragdon arrive in time for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Swartzel went to Wisconsin for two weeks, and are now living in Columbus.

"A perfectly lovely wedding" is just the right phrase for Grace Washburn's, Oct. 10.

Everything in fine style, and crowds of friends at the reception, and one dear little woman was the sufficient centre of it all. Katherine was in the receiving line, so she was best woman, I suppose. I met Emma Fernald Brock, Josephine Chandler '96, and Lena Josselyn, '97, of Lasell girls, past tense, Phyllis Brock of Lasell girls, future tense. So the mother says and Phyllis and I agree. Lena says her sister, Marion, is living in Manchester, and her boy and girl are family pets, of course. By the way, Marion, where are their photos? Josephine sets a good example to all Lasellians by taking THE LEAVES regularly. She has not missed a year since she graduated.



This letter is so interesting that I am certain you will all be glad that I let you have it.

American Club, Berlin, Germany.

Our dear Mr. Bragdon:

You will doubtless be surprised to hear from two of your girls, who, though they did not meet in Lasell, have become acquainted in Europe. We met in a little shop in Naples while struggling with our slight knowledge of Italian and supplementing it with the French learned from Mlle. LeRoyer. On account of a Lasellia pin we became friends at once and spent the rest of the morning comparing notes on past good times in dear old Lasell.

We met again by accident in Rome and Florence, and were happy to find ourselves in the same "pension" in Dresden. The last few days we have been spending together in Berlin, under the protection of the American Eagle and find it home-like and pleasant.

Traveling is always a pleasure, but when one has enjoyed the advantage of Miss Carpenter's delightful history and literature realizes the added benefits and delights to be obtained from journeyings in the old world. classes and been inspired by Mrs. Martin to appreciate the beautiful in life and art, one

When, in Venice, we glided through the narrow, picturesque canals, we often feared a collision would bring our swimming lessons into play, but with the dexterity of an expert our gondolier would bring us out of danger, reminding us of the way in which Dr. Winslow cared for our safety on the "Charles."

Fraulein and Mademoiselle would be surprised at the ease with which we talk to street car conductors and "parley" with cab drivers. We hope we are doing them credit, as our vocabularies increase daily, although grammar sometimes takes flight.

Church going is an every day occurrence

now, and we can scarcely realize there ever was a time when we pleaded for Miss Nutt's white pills to help the usual "Sunday morning headaches."

Thanks to the training received under your careful supervision, our mothers think we are capable of "managing" our "European Tours." As we plan the sight seeing each day, they have only to be ready at the appointed time to look and enjoy. So far all has gone well, and if our records continue good until we reach home, perhaps we may find friends, who in future days will trust themselves to our guidance.

Although we may separate tomorrow, we hope to meet in Paris in a few weeks and renew the friendship brought about by our mutual love for Lasell. With kindest remembrances to all our friends at the old school, and with best wishes for continued prosperity for yourself, as well as for her, we are,

Two of your loyal girls,  
MABEL A. CARTER,  
BESSIE C. KEMP.

April 6th, 1904.

### Isabel Jennings Parker, 1857.

Our hearts sank as we were told on Sunday that our dear Mrs. Parker, class of '57, had been suddenly called away. So faithful and loyal an Alumna, so interested in all the doings of the Seminary, so proud of both its history and its growth, so eager to help, so youthful in her enthusiasms about the old school, and so artistic a soul, will be keenly missed by the school, the village, and the wide circle in which she was loved.

*Nellie Packard's Husband.*

We are pained to record the death, on October 30, of Dr. Joseph Rutter Draper,

husband of our Nellie Hall Packard, class of '84. After a fight with typhoid, brave enough to deserve a successful issue, the beloved physician, who had kept death from so many homes, himself was vanquished. Funeral service was held at the home in Westford, Mass., on November 1, at two o'clock. Multitudes of friends would have helped make it easier to bear, if there were any use at all of friends at such a time. From the *Herald* we learn that Dr. Draper was born in Dedham in 1862, was a graduate of the Boston Latin School, '81, Williams, '85 (Zeta Psi) and Harvard medical school, '88. He practised in South Boston, was assistant in Carney Hospital, and district dispensary physician until 1899, at which time he changed his residence to Westford. He was actively interested in the Massachusetts and Middlesex Medical Societies, the I. O. O. F., the A. O. U. W., and kindred organizations, and was a trustee of the J. V. Fletcher library.

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*Carrie Kendig's Husband.*

"O the pity of it!" humanly speaking. O the glory of it, too! That this one should be taken and the other left to whom in her frail health he was always so tender and loving is the wonder of it. We like to think that God knows what He is doing, but how hard it is for us to see it! Our loving sympathy is strong for our Carrie, so brave and loyal all these years!

Deserved tributes have appeared in Boston papers, secular and religious. The *Transcript* referred especially to Mr. Kellogg's prominent identification with the wholesale drug trade of Boston. He was secretary of The Eastern Drug Company, Trustee and Treasurer of St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Brookline, and was a most generous giver of wise counsel and financial

aid to many religious and philanthropical organizations.

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*Cleora Brook's Mother.*

"Cleora Brooks has been lovingly attending a mother, seriously ill, for several weeks." Since the above was written by me the dreaded despatch has come of the mother's translation! But why do I say "dreaded?" She has gone to the loved ones, and to her beautiful home, after a life full of ministry almost divine. Who would call her back if he could? "Dear Nora" she was to me—one of my beloved pupils in Cincinnati, and dear ever since. She was a rare woman!

C. C. B.

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The summer's record includes the death of our dear Willie Stowe, daughter of John N. Stowe of Galveston, Texas, and sister of Virginia. Willie was a favorite at Lasell during all of her years here. A charming girl of gentle manners and good mind, especially interested in the swimming, and loyal always to her dear Lasell, as we to her. The visit of the principal two years ago was most delightful, and Willie was at the head of the home, making a charming hostess, and as her father said, was "my right-hand man." The Galveston paper prints the following: "This unwelcome destroyer entered the home of Mr. John N. Stowe last Tuesday, and took therefrom his daughter, Miss Willie Stowe, a charming young lady with kind and gentle disposition, and now she has passed into the celestial light of heaven, leaving many sore and aching hearts behind. Miss Stowe was a true Christian, steadfast friend and a dutiful, loving child, and these beautiful traits of character drew to her the love and friendship of all who knew her."

---



## The Lasell Maid.

This merry joyful creature known as the "Lasell Maid" is distinctly different from other maidens. Even the intricate process of her reasoning has some extraordinary quality about it that quite proves she is no ordinary person.

Far and wide the fame of her cleverness has spread. She can cook, sew, read Latin, speak French and German, in fact do almost everything.

She is a happy creature for she has been taught if she does not constantly radiate sunshine and light, something is materially wrong. When she is sad you may depend on it's being a case of love.

Her originality is something to be wondered at, and perhaps there is no place where it is more strikingly shown than in her cooking examinations. Here it fairly scintillates in every line. Yet sometimes, even when her ideas in cookery have been the most original, her paper fails to please, and she sighs and wonders if it pays to be so original. Finally she comes to the painful conclusion that this is one field where originality is not held at a premium.

Like Benjamin Franklin, she believes in the theory, "Early to bed and early to rise," so at nine-thirty each night she retires to peaceful slumbers to arise with the birds at the chime of bells next morning.

The "Lasell Maid" is generally strong and healthy, except, perhaps, on Sunday morning, then the suddenness with which her health fails her is almost appalling. It would certainly be a cause for grave fears were it not for the rapidity with which she recovers.

In wisdom this maid passeth all understanding for even in her ignorance she is wise. The beautiful, intellectual expression that adorns her brow when she comes to a subject of which she knows nothing, makes

up for any deficiency of knowledge on her part.

Her disposition is kind and loving. Every morning she proclaims to an awaiting world that she loves "dear Everybody." Generous even to a fault, she will lend her neighbor anything from a pin to her best hat, and give her last fifteen cents to the hurdy gurdy man with a cheerful smile.

The arts and wiles of this little maid are many. The sweet accents of her voice fall like music on the ear when she asks to go to Boston or to have a very dear friend of hers from Harvard call on Saturday evening.

Even in literary fields there are no limits to the great possibilities of her future. Perhaps her greatest literary achievements are the letters that she writes home toward the last of the month, hinting in the most delicate manner that a check would be cheerfully received and closing with "Your impecunious daughter." The pathos and the feeling with which she speaks of her sad financial condition to her distant relatives show the true artist's soul, and also as vivid an imagination as that of some of our greatest writers. Judged from all sides she is altogether wonderful, yet not too perfect to be lovable.

All honor, then, to the Lasell maid who may have golden curls or raven tresses, whose eyes may be black, or brown or gray, but whose heart is always true blue.

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### Table Talk.

Preceptress.—I was sorry not to have been with you on Sunday, but I was in Scituate.

Undergraduate.—I missed you, but could not scituate you.

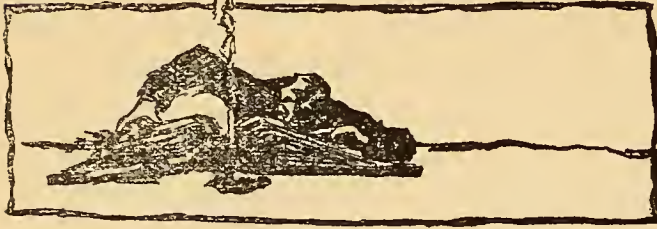
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### In the Bible Class.

Teacher.—Who was Lot?

Prompt answer from new girl.—Abraham's wife.

## Here and There With Our

**EXCHANGES**

A new year of school journalism has begun. Our exchange list has grown considerably, and we hope in this coming year to add yet more names to our number. We wish to say that all school papers are welcome, and that no suggestions that we may gain from them for the raising of our own standard of excellence for the LEAVES will be unappreciated.

The exchange columns of the various magazines thus far received are very interesting, that of "The Crescent," for instance shows good literary judgment, and a refreshing breeziness of spirit which one wishes might be more generally characteristic of school magazines.

The September number of "The Bates Student" presents a most creditable appearance.

The arrangement of "The Lawrence High School Bulletin" seems to us not quite so good as the average.

This seems timely:

"The summer vacation has undoubtedly effaced from our memories certain customs which we were continually exhorted to observe last year. One of these is punctuality. All have heard how important punctuality is in the empire of business, but we forget that it is equally significant in the school. If we desire to win the good will and good opinion of our teachers we must listen for the school bells, and promptly obey their strident tongues. The lack of

punctuality has been called the parent of a progeny of lesser vices, and if we would avoid these in after life, we must learn to be on time when in school."—*Ex.*

The short essay on the "Sense of Humor," in the "Kemparr Hall Kodak," is admirable.

"The Arms Student" needs to be a little more vigorous. The principal topic under discussion in the recent issue is the study of nature, and the articles on the subject are hardly written with sufficient originality and interest to be entertaining.

In looking over the pages of "Splinters" one finds a number of interesting articles, the best perhaps that upon "Carmen," as interpreted by Calvé. The theme is interesting and the article well written.

---

**The Brigands.**

Autumn, that ancient bandit, softly came  
And heaped his treasure high upon the hills—  
A wealth of gold and sunset-laden flame  
They lay reflected in a thousand rills.

Then Winter, bold marauder, stealthy foe,  
Crept silently across the northern night,  
And in the morn there were but wraiths of snow  
And lonely wastes of hillsides, bleak and white.

—By Charles Hanson Towne.

---

**God's Greatest Gift.**

God pity those who know not touch of hands—  
Who dwell from all their fellows far apart,  
Who, isolated in unpeopled lands,  
Know not a friend's communion, heart to heart!

But pity these—ah, pity these the more,  
Who of the populous town a desert make,  
Pent in a solitude upon whose shore  
The tides of sweet compassion never break!

These are the dread Saharas we enclose  
About our lives when love we put away;  
Amid life's roses, not a scent of rose;  
Amid the blossoming, nothing but decay.

But if 'tis love we search for, knowledge comes,  
And love that passeth knowledge—God is there.  
Who seek the love of hearts find in their homes  
Peace at the threshold, angels on the stair.

Joseph Dana Miller.



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NOVEMBER, 1904

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VOL. XXX, No. 2

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

THERE are probably several among our readers who do not know that Dr. Bragdon's house has this year been turned into Senior Hall. The life there is certainly very delightful, and Dr. and Mrs. Winslow help to make it cheerful and home-like. One of the chief objections is the separation of the Seniors from the rest of the girls, but as the Seniors spend a great part of their time over in the main building it really does not make much difference, and a great increase in class spirit has been noticeable this year, which is largely due to Senior Hall. We sincerely hope that they will continue to have Senior Hall, and that its future occupants will enjoy it as much as its present ones.

Perhaps the new girls do not understand that we are always glad to receive contributions for the LEAVES, and any good article is more than welcome.

Every Lasell girl ought to take the LEAVES.

Two new pianos have been placed in the school this year. A Steinway from Steinert & Co., Boston, and an Ebersole from the famous house of Smith & Nixon, Cin., O. The Seniors rather hope that before long a piano will find its way to Senior Hall, but in the meantime good use will be made of the one which was presented them, a short time ago, by the ever kind and thoughtful Juniors.

### New Comers.

Ruth C. Adams, Buffalo, N. Y.; Anna G. Blackstock, Shahjahanpore, India; Esther D. Blackstock, Shahjahanpore, India; Isabella C. Blyth, Evanston, Wy.; Stella Boothe, Spokane, Wash.; Mabelle G. Burwell, Winsted, Conn.; Catherine G. Cann, Yarmouth, N. S.; Marjorie B. Carleton, Old Town, Me.; Lelah M. Cones, Columbus, O.; Amy R. Conklin, White Plains, N. Y.; Urania I. Cooley, Holyoke,

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September 8, 1904.

DEAR GIRLS:

Many of you who read this do not know me, and those of you who do remember the Lasell Hindu may be interested to hear something about her country—called by one “India, the Land of Regrets.” I am sorry I cannot tell you something about Agra, Delhi and Calcutta, places about which you read, and places of historical interest, unfortunately I, like many of you, have visited other lands before knowing my own! I shall, however, try to tell you a little about Naini Tal, the Newport, and Lucknow, the New York of these Provinces.

The two words Naini and Tal mean “the lake of the goddess Naini” who is worshipped in that part of the Himalaya mountains. The lake is surrounded by hills on which is built the town, the summer capital of the northwest provinces. Sir James Digges La Touche is the bara Sahib (big man) and where he goes there also goes society, and during the months of May, June and July, there is plenty to do and to see. Although I attended a school in this mountain resort seven years before I crossed the ocean, I really did not know the place till this last summer. The leading dentist you will be glad to know is an American, and he and his wife were very entertaining, and we went about those hills like true Americans trying to make the best of our rides. One afternoon we went up a mountain over seven thousand feet above sea level, called “Camel’s Hump,” a very appropriate name, too, for it looks just like one; we climbed up to the very tip of it, and it was blowing

such a gale that we crouched down among the rocks for fear of being blown over into the gorge below! We managed to find a sheltered nook at last, and then did justice to a very good lunch Mrs. S—— provided: a lunch consisting of olives, peanuts, crackers, sandwiches, and fearful to relate—candy and cakes, I think we omitted the ‘fresh fruit’.

Another long ride we took about six miles out of the town proved very exciting, indeed. As we were galloping home as hard as we could make our horses go, my horse shied at some coolies coming towards us, made a very sharp turn and I was thrown off backwards. Strange to say, I was up before I knew it, and one of the party remarked that I did not even scream, rather hard to believe if you know me!

Fourth of July was duly celebrated by about thirty Americans who were up for the summer, and the American luncheon was followed by patriotic speeches and songs. One gentleman from Georgia entertained us with negro songs and recitations. We ended the affair by singing both “God Save the King” and “My Country ’tis of Thee.” You see there were a few English guests present. Next summer, also, we are planning to spend in Naini Tal, and if anything exciting happens I may send another letter to the LEAVES.

On my way down to Lucknow I stopped at Dehra Dun to attend a Teachers’ Convention, and guess what I had to do?—read a paper on the necessity of physical culture in schools. Then more than ever I appreciated Mrs. Martin’s talks and suggestions, and told them a little about Lasell methods. I think some of the suggestions were very new to many, judging from the rather puzzled expression on their faces, at any rate it was either the new suggestions, or the whole

paper—may be they did not know what I was trying to say!

Since school opened we have been trying to impress the girls with the fact that vacation days are over, and that we intend that they shall study any lessons we choose to set! I can see some of your present teachers raise their eyebrows and wonder why I did not come to the realization of that fact when I was in school, and I don't blame them, for not until this last year have I been able to sympathize with them. My work is very much the same as it was last year. I am trying to teach English, Indian, Roman and Grecian History, besides a little English, Geography, French and Scripture. Out of school hours I take the calisthenics. Last February for Class Day I trained the girls for the Indian Club drill. By the way, Class Day is the event of the year, we try to make it as American as we can. The girls dress in white Grecian robes with gold bands and carry in a daisy chain, then we have musical numbers, essays, Persian and Latin recitations, drills, tree planting and advice to undergraduates.

Another event of the year is the 18th of April—the "school's birthday" as we call it. In the morning we have chapel exercises, and letters from the old girls are read, the rest of the day until evening, belongs to the girls to do as they wish. In the evening we have a large garden party to which the students of the boys' college are invited, but one thing that seemed very strange to me was that though they are guests, yet the girls of the school have nothing to do with them. They are separated in all the games—rather odd, but it is not the custom of the country.

The College has three branches, High School, Normal and Kindergarten and Liberal Arts. The Kindergarten is the most interesting, and really a blessing to the city, as children too young to enter school would

be neglected by busy parents if there were not some such place to which they might come. Most of my work is in the High School department, but I have the French and two first years of history and physical culture class in the college. We have a Y. W. C. A. in connection with the College and High School, and the meetings are very interesting. Once a month we have a literary meeting, and once a month a missionary. I happened to be put on the Literary Society Committee as soon as I arrived, and I simply introduced the same plan as we had in school, taking one writer and studying him for that one week. The first meeting we took Barrie, and I had the same selections read as Mr. Black of Boston University read to us the time he lectured in 1903, and I cannot tell you how much the girls enjoyed the meeting. Since then they have carried out the same idea. I have an elocution class in the High School, and it is really more of a literary society. We study parliamentary law, and the girls are learning rapidly how to make and amend motions, and also to preside at meetings—a thing in which English women are very deficient. The two upper classes only belong to this society, and you know juniors and seniors are never very friendly! There are hot discussions sometimes just over trifles, for instance, a junior moved that the seniors be asked not to carry lesson books to the table. You can imagine what followed. Seniors rose up in indignation, asking what right juniors had to meddle with their affairs. The juniors carried their point.

The College confers the degree of A. B. It is affiliated with the Allahabad University. This year we had wonderful success, passed 100 per cent. in the annual government examinations.

We only sent up one for the highest ex-



aminations, and she passed either first or second in the whole Province. We have not, as yet been notified definitely, but there were only two candidates who passed in the first division, and she is one.

We have Faculty meetings, too, but they are not a sign of relaxation from study, and are not hailed with such delight by girls who like to visit in room hours as they are at Lasell!

In closing I want to thank the Missionary Society for the \$15.00 it so kindly sent me. We are going to buy some reference books with it—books that the students need very much, and of which there is a great lack in the High School library. The College library is more fortunate, and has a very good assortment.

Remember that if any of you are planning a trip round the world, you must not forget to visit an old Lasellian at Lucknow.

ISABEL BLACKSTOCK, '03.

Isabella Thoburn College,  
Lucknow, India.

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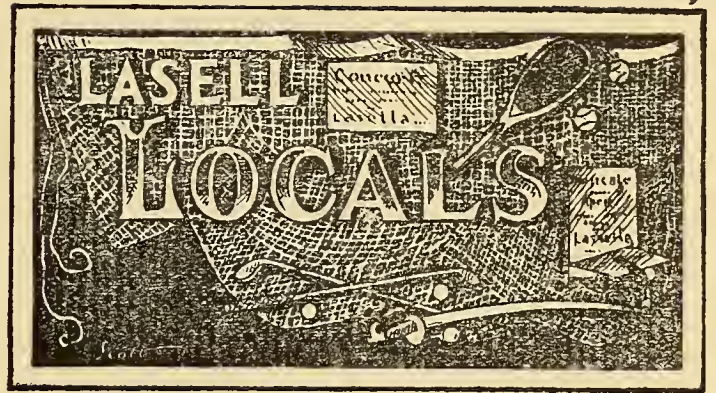
Walter.

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Written for Walter Bissinger, a young boy poet who died in the Iroquois Fire, Dec. 30, 1903.

Quietly pulsed, the friend of growing things,  
Companioned by the loveliness of earth  
He walked, and was not lonely. The still night,  
The subtle influence of the wind and flowers,  
And star-gleam, and the stirring of the spring,  
The fall of silver waters in the sun  
Wrought in his blood a quickening and a peace.  
The mystic Mother fed him with her dews,  
And breathed upon him—breath of the holy God  
That stirs the burgeoning of the poet's soul.  
His eyes were filled with brimming, sweet of dreams.  
All high thoughts came to minister—gentle love,  
Fair courtliness and the desire of truth.  
We live but dully through the years, but he  
With vivid heart, intensely, his small cup  
Of exquisite life poured forth and passed to rest.

—Florence Kiper.



October 20.—Mr. Leon H. Vincent gave the second in his series of lectures, this evening's subject being, "Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade."

The gift of telling a story well is given to few. The power of writing a good story is also given to few. The genius for both writing and telling a story in a masterly way is given to very few, indeed. Of the latter class of persons, Anthony Trollope stands forth as one of the most brilliant. His conversation was very limpid, melodious and clear. His writings are clever and show perfect control of motive, and in his power of quiet, easy narration he stands the nearest to Thackeray.

That Trollope should have been a writer was only natural, since many members of his family were already more or less known in the literary world. In 1827, when Anthony was twelve years of age, his mother in order to better the financial conditions of her family, came to America and started a little store in Ohio. This business venture proved unsuccessful, and she was obliged to return to England. Five years later she wrote a book based on her observations of American life, and entitled, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which proved extremely popular, and greatly improved the family fortunes. This was only the first of many books written by Mrs. Trollope, who continued writing during her long life, supplying the reading public with various

pieces of fiction. It was in such a literary atmosphere that Anthony Trollope's youth and early manhood was passed. As for his school education, he was sent at seven years of age, awkward and ill-dressed, to Harrow, where he learned almost nothing except Latin and Greek, in which, however, he became quite proficient. After several unsuccessful business attempts, he became a clerk in the General post office, where he served in different capacities during most of his life.

His first literary ventures were failures, but with the publication of "The Warden" he acquired fame, to which he thereafter steadily added by the many subsequent works which came from his pen until his death in 1882. The power of his name was magical, to the end of his life a book bearing the name of Anthony Trollope was certain to secure instant and popular favor.

His methods of writing were extraordinary. He wrote for a certain period every day on a methodical plan, which never varied, and in this practical mechanical way all his stories were written. One characteristic of his literary method deserves especial mention, and that is his re-introduction, in various novels, of characters already presented in previous works, a custom which greatly stimulated the interest of the public.

Charles Reade's life was in almost every respect the opposite of Trollope's. Reared in the midst of luxurious surroundings, later a student and graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, he became a man emotional and even eccentric. After a short period of studying law, which proved a too practical profession for his liking, he abandoned it, and afterwards spent much of his time in travel. Comparatively late in life he entered upon his career as an author, and not until 1856, when "Never Too Late To Mend" was published, did he achieve any

popularity. After this, all his works of which there are many, proved successful, "The Cloister and The Hearth" being considered his masterpiece.

Reade had no definite plan for writing, but wrote whenever the notion seized him, although this, it is true, was almost all the time. So inveterate was his habit of contributing to the newspapers, that during his life it was difficult to pick up an English newspaper without seeing in it an article written by Charles Reade. Most literary men have their hobbies, Reade's was everything on earth, there was not an institution or an idea of prominence upon which he did not comment in public print.

His plots are complicated and abound in thrilling situations. His views of human life were harsh, almost brutal, and he was fond of posing as a moral satirist. His knowledge of form in writing was noticeably deficient. Yet in spite of his defects, his works were popular; and at his death in 1884, there were many who sincerely regretted that no more writings were to be expected from the pen of Charles Reade.

October 22.—In the course on "Business Law for Women," Miss Greene discussed further the law of contracts, considering the power of agents, married women, and minors to make contracts.

October 23.—At the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, Miss Clark led, the subject being, "How can we enlarge and improve our work?"

October 27.—A party of Lasell students went to Newtonville to hear the Reverend Edward Everett Hale speak of his long time friend, the late Senator Hoar. Those who are acquainted in any way with the character of Senator Hoar, know that Dr. Hale's eloquent tribute of praise was most fitting.

An impromptu lecture on Parsifal was given in the chapel by Miss Bates, assisted



by Miss Merz, who played the various Parsifal motifs. To those who expected to attend the opera this little talk and recital gave a delightful opportunity to obtain a clearer understanding of it.

Mr. Vincent lectured upon "Barrie and the New Scotch Fiction." A summary follows:—

For many years the literature of Scotland has been assimilated to, or influenced by that of England. It is only in very recent time that a really individual Scotch fiction can be said to exist. The birth of this new literature owes its being to several different causes, one of the chief being the genius and taste of James Matthew Barrie. This distinguished author is now forty-four years of age having been born in 1860 at Kirriemuir. He attended various schools in his native district, and was graduated from Edinburgh University in 1882. After leaving college, Mr. Barrie became a journalist, his success in this work, especially in depicting Scotch village scenes, induced him later to enter upon his career as a novelist, which he did in 1887 with the story "Better Dead." Many other books have followed, all contributing to his popularity; among these are, "Sentimental Tommy," "Tommy and Grizel," "The Little Minister," "When a Man's Single," "The Professor's Love Story," and "Margaret Ogilvy."

In his writing Barrie shows himself a narrator of the highest rank, having as a painter of Scotch rural life no equal. In his pathos and humor, he is superior to all other Scotch novelists.

Mr. Vincent illustrated his lecture by several selections from Barrie's writings, and closed by a humorous account of his own meeting with Mr. Barrie on an occasion when both had been invited to dine at the home of Mr. George W. Cable. Two hours before the appointed time, Mr. Vincent was

taken suddenly ill, and was obliged to send his regrets. "That," said Mr. Vincent "was my first and only meeting with the eminent Scotch novelist, James Matthew Barrie."

October 28.—A party of seventy girls, chaperoned by Mr. Bragdon, went to Boston to hear Parsifal. The length of the opera made it necessary to begin at half past five. There was an hour's intermission for dinner at half past seven, and the curtain finally fell at eleven o'clock, the party reaching home at midnight, somewhat tired, but with vivid impressions of a most enjoyable musical evening.

October 29.—A large party went to Cambridge to witness the Harvard-Pennsylvania football game. Harvard's supporters were, of course, greatly disappointed, but their loss only served to increase the enthusiasm of Pennsylvania's followers.

Miss Greene's ninth lecture on "Business Law for Women." Subject for this afternoon, "Guardian and Ward."

October 30.—At the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, the subject discussed was, "How giving reacts upon me." Miss Marston led the meeting, and Miss Harber added further interest to it by a solo.

October 31.—Mr. Winslow took a large party to Salem, where visits to the historical spots of this old town made the day one of intense interest. The Armory, Essex Institute, House of the Seven Gables, Old Witch House and Hawthorne's birthplace were among the places visited.

A Hallowe'en masquerade was given by the Seniors and open to the school at large. The gymnasium was lighted only by the eerie rays of the jack-o'-lanterns, shedding their ghostly light upon the motley throng of spirits roving about in the gloom. All kinds of beings were represented—awful, awe-inspiring ghosts, witches riding on the

favorite broomstick, little maids from school, dark-eyed sultanas, blushing Dutch girls, sparkling French demoiselles, Egyptian princesses, Topsy from Dixie, almond-eyed Japanese beauties, old Colonial dames, swell city dudes, blooming rustic lasses, the wild woman of Borneo, soft-voiced gypsies, and spirits that dwell under the earth,—all forgot their former state as school girls, and joined in one grand frolic.

Apples were the accepted form of refreshment, the counting of seeds determining the fate of many. A real gypsy fortune-teller from Hungary was present, and by her wonderful skill imparted grave secrets of our past, present and future. The greater part of the evening was devoted to dancing, the Virginia Reel being especially favored by the spirits. As the old clock solemnly struck the hour of nine, the spell dissolved, and the spirits vanished to take up once more the burden of their previous existence.

November 3.—Mr. Leon H. Vincent gave us this evening his charming lecture on "Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

In every generation men are made better by their contemporaries. The present age surely owes much to the fact that so many famous men have lived during our time. Of the great men who have benefited mankind during the last fifty years, few have had the great influence of Robert Browning; so great, indeed, has been his power, that it has given birth to what we know as the Browning Craze. It is a well known fact that it is not easy to make converts to Browning, but that once made the convert never renounces his allegiance.

The main incidents of Browning's life are well known—from his birth in Camberwell, in 1812, to his death in Italy in 1889. His career as a poet began early in his life, but his books achieved no popularity and, strange to say, he first became known as the

husband of Elizabeth Barrett, who for several years had been a prominent figure in the literary world.

Mrs. Browning, an invalid from early childhood, had grown up in the midst of books, and it was not strange that she should venture upon authorship herself, or that her productions when published should so immediately have secured great favor. The first meeting with Mr. Browning took place in 1844, and after a very romantic courtship they were married in 1846. Their married life, which was mostly spent in Italy, was very happy, and during this time, the best works of both were published, Mr. Browning, especially, acquiring a great reputation.

The works of a great man must be estimated as a whole. Quantity as well as quality goes to prove great genius when the quality is always high. Thus Robert Browning must be estimated. Many have criticized him because of his original and often rugged metre, his obscure illusions, difficult subjects, and verbal peculiarities; but those who really understood him forget the practical form in the grander presence of his noble, sublime thought.

November 5.—Miss Green lectured on "Bank Accounts and Checks."

A small party went to Boston to see Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

November 6.—A consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was held in the chapel. Miss Eila Patterson led. Subject, "Some of God's Promises that Cheer Me."

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### Sophomore Class.

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President—Helen F. Carter.

Vice President—Marion Stahl.

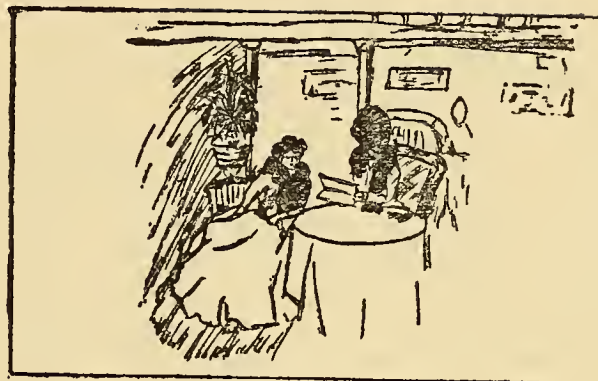
Secretary—Bess Bacon.

Treasurer—Helen Wait.



## Freshman Class.

President—Edna Thurston.  
 Vice President—Louise Morrell.  
 Secretary—Grace Tillinghast.  
 Treasurer—Lela Goodall.



## Personals.

Mary Dodge is attending Mt. Holyoke this year.

Helen Fairbanks has returned to High School at Newport, N. H., where she expects to graduate in June.

Josephine Holmes, '04, is taking a course in physical culture and literature at the Emerson School of Oratory.

Alice Stahl, '04, whom we were so glad to have with us for a few days, says she is enjoying herself at Smith College.

Elizabeth Cobb, '04, is teaching kindergarten in Warren, Ohio.

Gladys Patterson, '04, is at present in Boston.

Katherine Jenckes, '04, has been visiting Florence Gardner in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Janet Bryce is studying art and music at her home in Pittsburg.

Mary Sutherland spent the summer in Colorado.

Edith Harris spent the summer in Gloucester, where she saw a good deal of Edith Dustin.

Belle Clokey, '02, has been visiting Edith McClure in Dayton, Ohio, and while there was guest of honor at a Lasell luncheon, where were also present, Grace Bullock, '02, Kate Wheldon, '02, Hattie MacGregor, '02, Ellen McGrew, '02, and Marie Biddle, '03.

Fannie Brookfield has entered the Florence school in Washington, D. C.

Nell Krause, whom we have been glad to see a few times this fall, is studying music

## Death of Mr. Ford, the Engineer.

We were all greatly saddened on Oct. 21 by the very sudden death of Mr. Ford. In the afternoon a terrible storm had blown down a live wire in front of the school. Mr. Ford, realizing the great danger to passers-by, attempted to remove it, but in doing so came in contact with the wire in some way, and the shock killed him instantly. We cannot but feel that Mr. Ford did this heroic act largely on our account, for it was of us that he was thinking and not of himself.

## Lasell Missionary Society, 1904-1905

### Missionary Journeys.

October 16—In an American Mail car.  
 November 20—In a Japanese Jinrikisha.  
 December 11—In a Philippine Ox-cart.  
 January 15—On an Alaskan Dog Sled.  
 February 19—On the Borders of Tibet.  
 March 19—In a Chinese House-boat.  
 April 16—In a Korean Village.  
 May 21—In a Prairie Schooner.

### Officers.

President—Barbara C. Vail.  
 Vice President—Sarah Caldwell.  
 Recording Secretary—Mildred Johnston.  
 Corresponding Secretary—Edna Rogers.  
 Treasurer—Mary Willett.  
 Executive Committee—Lillian M. Packard,  
 Agnes Wylie, Ethel West.

under Miss White in Boston. She is staying at the same house as Sally Holbrook and Leota Hartley in Brookline.

Edna Lockwood spent a day or two with us this week. She was a bridesmaid at Sue Marsh's wedding in Providence.

Louise Grunewald is making use of her millinery lessons.

Blanche Harber is attending school in Bloomington, Ill.

Judge and Mrs. Birdsey of Middletown, father of our Laura Birdsey, with C. B. Leach and wife, called last summer. Gave good news of Laura, but said that the uncle of Ruth Merriam of '98, with whom she has been living, died last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Speed of Oklahoma, uncle and aunt of Helen Jackson, were here in the vacation. Also Mrs. Cummock and two daughters, friends of Corinne Richter, '04.

Florence Phillips writes from their new home in Riverside, Cal., expressing great regret for Brigg's death, telling of her enjoyment of her household duties; getting the new home settled; she also writes that Argenta McDonald has been taken into the Delta Iota Chi Sorority, of which she has been a member for some time. She hears from Bertha Aiken and expects to come East next summer. The new address is 859 W. Twelfth street.

Rev. D. S. Spencer and wife, of Japan, dined with Barbara Vail on November 8. Later Mr. Spencer gave a very interesting address and Mrs. Spencer showed some beautiful drawn work, embroidery and silk things from Japan, of which the girls bought a good deal.

Charlie Cole says that Lucie MacBrier Jericke spent a part of a day in Auburndale in June, and was on and about the Seminary grounds. If this is so, and she didn't call at the door, we know what to think of Lucie hereafter.

Elsie Reynolds spent a week in October with Edith Locke Slaten. The latter attended the Lasell tea given by the Class of '97, at St. Louis, and enjoyed it very much.

Florence Corbin is taking a course in kindergarten work in Normal School.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Ray Beulah Spitz to Mr. Joel Spear of Pittsburg.

Rena French Masters has sent us her sister-in-law; for which we return thanks. She is living again in Chapin, and is valuable in many ways in the church and the community. They always give Christmas parties for the children at their house. She has a Sunday-school class. Early in November she joined a party for old Mexico. Last summer she went with some friends in their private car to Quebec. She met, in Victoria, one of the earlier Lasell girls, Mrs. D. H. Abbott, of Raleigh, North Carolina; says Ida Kessinger has married a Dr. Reid and lives in Rome. Agnes Lowe continues to study and travel. Mabel French visited her lately. Margaret Johnston Reany lives in Leadville, Colorado. Nora Burroughs is the same sweet girl. Ettie May Pierson Robertson has a fine young son.

Marie Wilson sends us the joyful announcement of the birth, on October 28 (the birthday, by the way, of our Emma Genn and Maude Smithers) of Elizabeth Beardsley, whom we welcome into the Lasell world. We congratulate mamma Marie.

It has been a pleasure to have Mrs. Masters of Jacksonville, Ill., and Mrs. Wilson of Washington, Iowa, back and forth during October and November. Mrs. Masters is Rena French's mother-in-law, and brought her daughter. Mrs. Wilson was Harriet Williams, here with Nellie Canfield in '82, and brings her daughter, who



is the third generation in this family of loyal Lasell girls.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Fletcher Collard Locke, the three year old darling of our Sophie White.

### When Father Carves the Duck.

We reprint from *THE LEAVES* of Dec., 1899, as fitting this anniversary:

We all look on with anxious eyes

When father carves the duck,  
And mother almost always sighs

When father carves the duck,  
Then all of us prepare to rise  
And hold our bibs before our eyes  
And be prepared for some surprise

When father carves the duck.  
He braces up and grabs a fork  
Whene'er he carves a duck  
And won't allow a soul to talk  
Until he's carved the duck.  
The fork is jabbed into the sides.  
Across the breast the knife he slides,  
And every careful person hides  
From flying chips of duck.

The platter always seems to slip  
When father carves a duck.  
And how it makes the dishes skip!

Potatoes fly amuck,  
The squash and cabbage leap in space,  
We get some gravy on our face,  
And father mutters Hindoo grace

Whene'er he carves a duck.  
We thus have learned to walk around  
The dining room and pluck  
From off the window sills and walls  
Our share of father's duck.  
While father growls and blows and jaws  
And swears the knife was full of flaws,  
And mother jeers at him because

He couldn't carve a duck.

—E. V. Wright in *Detroit Free Press*.

Why can't a blind man tickle nine monkeys?

Answer—Because he can gesticulate.

### Marriages.

Susie Lavinia Marsh and Frederick Henry Perkins on October 26, at Providence, R. I.

Jeannette Cecilia Lovell and Thayer Prescott Gates on Wednesday, Oct. 26, in Boston. New home, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Mary Edwards Goodwin and Charles Henry Olmsted on Tuesday, October 18, at Burnside, Conn.

Harriette Smith Ward and Claude Frederic Walker on Wednesday, October 5, New York City. At home after Nov. 15, 50 West 93rd street, New York City.

### The Universal Habit.

*From the Los Angeles Herald.*

I saw her go shopping in stylish attire;  
And she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
Her walk was as free as a springy steel wire,  
And many a rubberneck turned to admire  
As she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
She wondered if all the contraptions back there  
Were fastened just right—'twas an unceasing care,  
So she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
I saw her at church as she entered her pew;  
And she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
She had on a skirt that was rustly and new  
And didn't quite know what the fastenings might  
do,  
So she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
She fidgeted round while the first prayer was said,  
She fumbled about while the first hymn was read—  
Oh she felt  
Of her belt  
At the back.  
Jack told her one night that he loved her like mad;  
And she felt  
For her belt  
At the back.  
She didn't look sorry, she didn't look glad—  
She looked like she thought, "Well, that wasn't so  
bad."  
And she felt  
For her belt  
At the back.  
But—well, I don't think 'twas a great deal of harm,  
For what should the maiden have found but an arm,  
When she felt  
For her belt  
At the back.

—S. W. Gilliam.

529 Humberto I  
 Buenos Aires,  
 Sept. 30, '04.

DEAR LEAVES.—Long ago I promised myself I would write a letter to the LEAVES from this “other end” of the world, but a busy life and no great liking for letter writing, has been my reason for not doing so. However, this morning’s mail brought a letter from Professor Bragdon reminding me of the sin of procrastination. There is so much to say of this great city of Buenos Aires it is difficult to know where to begin. In the first place the people here do not wear feathers and tomahawks as I think most people sort of half expect before they arrive. On the contrary the art of dressing is a most absorbing study here, and it would be difficult to believe this other than Paris, itself, by the elaborate and beautiful gowns one sees everywhere. One great difference between this and our home cities in that respect is, that simplicity and appropriateness in dress on the streets is not practised. The shopping district is constantly peopled with ladies wearing the most elaborate reception toilettes. You often hear some one fresh from home remarking on the necessity of wearing your best clothes on all occasions here. However, inappropriate that may be, the effect on the eye is most pleasing, for this is a land of beautiful women, especially of beautiful girls. But the city, itself, aside from its feminine charms, would be full of surprises to any one not already informed on the matter.

The census taken last week says there are a million inhabitants, and one can readily see, homes for a million must cover much space. It is possible to ride leagues (we do not have miles down here) in all directions, and still find a thickly populated city. The older parts of the city consist mainly of one story houses with patio in the center

on to which the rooms open one after the other, but in the modern houses, and they are increasing by hundreds all of the time, you find them higher, and the plan somewhat changed, though for the most part the patio with the rooms around still form the principal design. Buenos Aires has a splendid avenue about a mile in length, as broad as Commonwealth avenue in Boston, which is lined with beautiful houses, and it is only about twelve years old. It is right in the center of the city, and at one end is an immense new Congress hall not yet completed, and at the other end is the center plaza of the city, “Plaza de Mayo. Surrounding this plaza are the government houses, the municipal building, the cathedral, etc. Here, also is the Prensa building. Said to be the best equipped newspaper building in the world. The city has beautifully kept plazas every few squares, and two large parks. The streets are for the most part narrow, and are threaded with electric tramways. Altogether we are a modern, up-to-date city. But I cannot stop without speaking of the beautiful climate, with its weeks and weeks of most enchanting sunshine.

I still have occasional twinges of homesickness, but I am sure I should never be content to live in New England again with its east winds, ice and snow. It is never cold here as we call cold at home. From June to September we have what cold weather we have, then for most of the rest of the year we live with doors all open, more out of doors than in. Our summer here has already begun, and the air is soft and full of scent of flowers. In another month the roses will cover everything in perfect masses of color. I have never seen such roses anywhere else. The ground is wonderfully fertile here, and they raise most tremendous crops of wheat and maize. It is a common, in fact, almost universal occurrence here to



see the fence posts and posts of houses where they are exposed, covered with green leaves. I had a post put up for a clothes line, and before the summer was over my clothes post was a tree. There are rivers everywhere for boating, and one can ride for days and weeks along rivers threading the islands covered with peach, orange and lemon trees, or poplar and willow, and never take the same path. This is a most cosmopolitan city, here are to be heard all languages, and consequently is a splendid place to study languages.

Buenos Aires has its drawbacks the same as all places. In the first place it is a very expensive place in which to live. Competition is as great as anywhere, and unless one comes with a good working knowledge of Spanish, it is difficult to get on. Many and many a young American has come here expecting to pick up a fortune, to go home a poorer and sadder man.

The government here, though much better than in former years, is very corrupt, and the system of taxes makes living very dear. For instance, sugar manufactured here in the country costs people here more than it does when bought in another country, because of the taxes. We pay from 40 to 50 cents a kelo for sugar. For shoes, from \$10 to \$15 a pair. Rent for an ordinary comfortable upstairs house of seven or eight rooms, \$1,700 a year. A ham costs \$10 to \$12. Coffee, \$2 a kelo, etc.

I find my letter growing very long, and I have told you almost nothing of Argentine yet, but I will stop before I weary you. I was glad to read in the LEAVES a short time ago that I had a Lasell neighbor in Brazil somewhere. Any Lasell girl, as my Alma Mater, will always find a warm place in my heart.

ANNIE R. BRAGDON WINSLOW, '82.

## The County Fair.

FAIRS were originally meetings held at stated times for purposes of trade. They were known in a great many states of antiquity, especially in the provinces of Rome. They were held in France as early as the days of King Dagobert, and were also established in England at an early date. They were introduced into America shortly after the colonization of this country, and are still held here, chiefly for purposes of trade and for social enjoyment. The most important fairs in our country are those of the United States Agricultural society, of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the Mechanics' Institute at Boston, the American Institute at New York, and of other similar institutions. But there is also another kind of fair which, although not common in all the states of the Union, is especially well known in New England. This is the county fair, held for purposes of trade, for seeking the best methods of farming, through comparing those of the best farmers, for pleasure-seeking, and apparently for purposes of defrauding; at least, the many fakirs and numberless worthless attractions would give one that impression. The county fair which I attend every year is one of the best of its kind; a description of it, therefore, may be interesting.

The fair usually lasts four days, the first being merely a day of preparation; the second and third days specially devoted to vaudeville features, to interesting and wonderful feats of animals, to the inspection of booths, and the awarding of premiums, while the last is almost wholly given to horse-racing.

On the day that we decide to attend, we are up betimes, and at an early hour are off to the fair. As there is a long drive in the country, we settle back in the carriage to enjoy the beauty of the morning. As we near

the fair ground, we pass little groups of men, bargaining, selling horses and the like, and as we approach nearer our progress is greatly retarded by the crowd pushing on toward the entrance. The neighing of horses, the jangling music of the merry-go-round, and the shouts of venders and mountebanks are the first sounds that greet our ears. We alight in front of the Floral hall, as the building is called, in which are found exhibitions of everything from vegetables to pianos. As we look over the restless mass we see all forms and types of human beings. Here an elegant gentleman is escorting a beautiful and well dressed woman, while just behind them a dirty, ragged little urchin is devouring with evident relish a huge piece of sticky molasses candy. Just at one side is an open wagon full of pears, while the owner mounted on an old soap box, calls attention to his wares in a voice that would do credit to an old time town crier. On the left of the entrance to the hall, and directly in front of the vendor of pears, is a small tent bearing the pretentious sign, "Fortune-teller! Tells fortunes by both palm and cards. Be sure to learn what your future holds." A little further on is another somewhat larger tent, before which stands a little fat man holding in one hand a huge umbrella and in the other is a red bandanna. The perspiration pours from his burning face, but, as if oblivious to all of his discomforts, he shouts on, "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, to see the greatest wonder in the world, a three-legged calf. Come on, gentlemen, nothing like it. I won't tell a lie for 10 cents; but I will tell 10 for a dollar; but this is no lie, ladies. Right this way!"

Tired at last of the shouting and tramping, we enter the hall. Somewhere we hear a man singing the latest songs, while in another direction, a skillful pianist is doing his best to encourage purchasers. The first table

we pass is covered with garden produce, the best of its kind, being gayly adorned with its bright red ribbon or premium. On the next table, perhaps, we find samples of housewives' skill in the culinary art; and so on, through all the departments of needle-work, crocheting, quilting, millinery, furniture, farming tools, and various other implements of labor, we pass, until weary of pushing our way through the ever-moving throng, we go out of the hall and seek refreshments, as it is now nearly noon. These are usually procured at the stalls under the grand stand, or at the dining-hall on the fair ground. Many people, however, prefer to bring their lunch from home, and at noon, selecting some pleasant spot under a shade tree on the side hill, combine the picnic with the fair, and refresh the "inner man" with comfort and leisure.

In the afternoon we seek out some new amusement, and, perhaps, go through the dog house or poultry show, but eventually we find ourselves on the grand stand. We hire some cushions from the little boy at the entrance, buy some score cards, and find a seat on the already well-filled stand. Once seated, we look over our surroundings. Just in front of us is the judges' stand, in which sit the judges of the horse-races, and the starter. On one side is the stage, while just back of it is the band-stand. Soon, however, the racing begins, the horses having first been exhibited in front of the grand stand. Enthusiasm reaches a high pitch, even though there is very little heavy betting. Following the race is a performance of some sort on the stage; sometimes it is dancing, sometimes acrobatic feats, tricks of dogs or other trained animals. The racing then continues, interrupted only by the vaudeville performances, for the rest of the day. Often, however, in place of the regular horse-racing, there is a farmer's race, or



"hitch-up race," open only to farmers and their sons, in which the participants harness their own horses and go around the track, being timed from the moment they begin to harness. Of course, this race depends chiefly upon the driver's cleverness in harnessing, for the first to finish the feat is almost certain to arrive first under the wire. At the close of the race the harness is inspected to see that all the buckles are fastened and all straps tucked in place. Then, too, there is a ladies' carriage-driving contest which is very interesting, and arouses great enthusiasm, not so much on account of the good points of the horses, as the interest felt for the ladies by their numerous friends. At last, tiring of horse-racing, we again join the gay crowd outside of the stand. People are bargaining, visiting booths and mysterious tents, buying souvenirs, or greeting old acquaintances. We join the merry throng around the merry-go-round, and watch the children, country beauties and their gallants, and even old men and women as they drive dull care away in this careless manner. Finally we wend our way across the race-course to the stables, and inspect the stock. All sorts of farm animals are here exhibited, while the proud owners, each with an eye open to business, eagerly display their possessions, especially if they happen to be the recipient of the coveted red card. There is much bargaining, loud talking, and even profane language, and we breathe a sigh of relief as we again enter the thoroughfare. It is now time to return home, and people are rushing hither and thither, saying good-byes, finding their carriages or hunting for the younger ones of the party.

Our carriage having arrived, we again settle back on the cushions, this time to rest our weary bodies, and to talk over the day's

adventures. But the drive is too long to make this subject serve for the whole of it and we soon tire of this, and begin to pass time in song. Late in the evening, under the lustre of the autumn moon, we arrive home, a satisfied, though rather tired, party.

EILA PATTERSON, '05.

---

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### Here and There With Our

## EXCHANGES



Would it not be better to criticise somewhat the contents, rather than merely to acknowledge the receipt, of the exchanges?

The "Ogontz Mosaic" is an excellent paper, very apparently conducted by an able staff of editors. "An Old Diary," in the last issue, is a clever story well worth reading.

The "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" lacks an exchange column.

"The Advance" (Salem, Mass.) is a very well arranged paper, and has a taking cover design, well done, and very appropriate to the season.

"The Cricket" has one of the best exchange columns we have seen, and we congratulate it on possessing an editor who evidently examines his exchanges with some

critical judgment, instead of merely making a list of them.

It would be well did more papers follow this example.

The Exchange Editor wishes to acknowledge the following additional exchanges: The Bates Student, The Boston University Beacon, The Harvard Lampoon, The Tech, The Mount Holyoke, The Classic.

---

### Speech.

---

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough  
 Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.  
 Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
 And talk of them to rest the weary ear  
 Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
 Of human discontent, and grief, and pain.  
 Talk Faith. The world is better off without  
 Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
 If you have Faith in God, or man, or self,  
 Say so. If not, push back upon the shelf  
 Of silence all your thoughts till Faith shall come,  
 No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.  
 Talk Health. The dreary, never ending tale  
 Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.  
 You cannot charm, or interest, or please  
 By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
 If not quite well, say all is well with you,  
 And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Selected.

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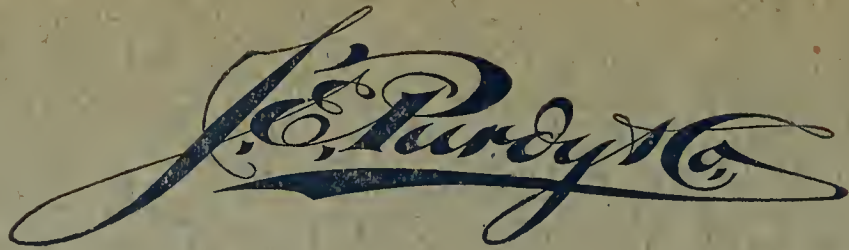




DECEMBER, 1904

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VOL. XXX, No. 3



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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

THE LEAVES wishes to extend to one and all a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

The time to which we have been looking forward with so much pleasure and anticipation, will soon be here. All have been busy making plans, and in a few days the halls and grounds, that are now so gay with the laughter and passing to and fro of many girls, will be quiet and comparatively empty. The girls will be scattered all over the country. Many will go home, and there will tell of the pleasant times at Lasell, which will henceforth mean in those homes something more than simply a name on a catalogue cover.

On Christmas Day there will be for our schoolfellows, here, there, all over our beautiful home-loving country, many happy reunions around the dinner-table; with their little brothers and sisters they will await as eagerly as the children, the appearance of the flaming plum-pudding, the crowning delight of the feast. Christmas week will be filled with frolics and delightful visits with the many friends who have not been seen since fall.

Before we come together again, New Year's Day will be here,—the beginning of a new year, a good time to make anew good resolutions that we have carelessly let slip. This time we hope we shall break them less quickly, or (could it be!) not at all. One resolution made and kept is better than many vague wishes for better living and nobler purposes.

### Our New Teachers.

The LEAVES gives a cordial welcome to the four new teachers who are with us this year. Fraulein Heinrich, who takes Fraulein Frohn's place, spent last year in Leipzig

attending lectures given by the professors of the University there, and also doing private work in German Literature.

Miss Ballou, who comes from Randolph-Macon College, in Virginia, takes Miss Ransom's place in gymnasium work.

Miss Westgate fills the place which Miss Bird had last spring, as the teacher of swimming, and Miss Lowell assists Miss Parkhurst in teaching piano.

A tea, to which all of the faculty were invited, was given in honor of the new teachers by Miss Mullikin and Miss Bates in the studio from five to five-thirty on Wednesday, December 7.

Annie Kendig Peirce of the class of 1880 is represented at Lasell this year by her two daughters, Mildred and Elizabeth; Harriet Williams Wilson by her daughter Lucy; Loa Putnum by her neice, Ruth Stone; Isabella Blackstock, '03, by her two sisters, Anna and Esther; Joel Lapowski, '03, by her sister Evelyn; Louise Thatcher by her sister Fannie; Isabella and Kittie Clemens by their cousin Augusta Halberstadt; Anne Young by her sister Lucy; Maritta and Edith Sisson by their sisters Ida and Edna; Mary Potter by her sister Julia, and Amy Vickery by her sister Anne.

Former pupils who have called during November:

Sybil Spaulding, Florence Corbin, Harriet Scott, '94, Bertha Lillibridge Merrill, Grace E. Loud, '95, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Grace Bancroft Whitaker (here in '56), Mabel Pooler, '03, Helen Merriam, Edna Cook, Mabel Cogswell Johnson, '85, Bernice Cogswell, Alice Stahl, '04, Edna Sawyer, '03, Julia Cox Weston, Ida Trowbridge Fuller, Edna Lockwood, Mary Upham, '02, Gladys Patterson, '04, Sue Gallup, Bertha White, Blanche Ford Hill, '86, Virginia Johnson Milbank and daughter, Irene Wellington. We have also been favored with calls from Miss Chamberlayne, Miss Cushman and Miss Kendrick, who were formerly teachers at Lasell.



## The Christmas Gift.

“Bess, what is it?” “Who sent it?” “Is it heavy?” “Do you know the writing?” Such were the cries of the members of the Hildreth family, as Bessie, the eldest daughter, opened her last package at the breakfast table on Christmas morning. Bessie, however, seemed wholly oblivious to these inquiries, and even those of little three-year-old Margaret, who sat beside her and was upsetting the dishes in her excitement; for after unwrapping a little wooden box, Bessie found in the bottom only a calling card bearing the name “Robert Barrington.” Hastily she replaced the cover of the box, and under a shower of cries from her disappointed brothers, left the dining-room, seeking refuge in the seclusion of her own room.

“Evidently,” she thought to herself, Robert has neglected to put in the gift. He, doubtless left it with his card, and in the confusion of sending away many gifts, mislaid it in some way. It will never do to tell him about it, for he so dislikes to have people accuse him of absentmindedness. I will act just as if I had received the gift, and not mention the mistake.” Thus having settled this question to her own satisfaction, she returned, without the box, to the dining-room, where with difficulty she evaded the questions of her brothers.

For a long time Robert Barrington had loved Bessie Hildreth, but doubting her acceptance of his love, he had preferred basking as a friend in the sunshine of her smiles, to being respected as a suitor and denied her society altogether. He had often talked in a general way—very general, indeed—with Bessie on the question uppermost in his mind, that of marriage, but she had as often dismissed the subject by saying, “You know, Robert, I hate anything so very com-

monplace as the prevalent chatter about whether marriage is going out of fashion, or under what circumstances it is prudent for young people to marry. Do let’s talk about something new.” And it was just this that had made Robert hesitate. He knew that Bessie had a hobby, and that that hobby was originality in everything. He had even heard her remark that if a man for whom she might otherwise care, did not show originality in his proposal, she doubted whether she would accept; and because of this he had been trying for more than a year to find some decidedly novel way in which to make her an offer of himself, and, at last, he had found it. He would send to her, himself, or, more exactly, his card, representing, himself, as a Christmas gift, and await results. This he did, and then came a period of supreme and painful excitement. So anxious was he that he could hardly wait until Christmas night before calling upon her; but, at last, though the day dragged never so slowly, the eventful evening arrived.

Robert was impatient and hopeful, Bessie nervous and distracted, for how was she to express her thanks in so general a manner that Robert should not discover his mistake? She would monopolize the conversation, and in that way give him no opportunity to question her. Having reached this solution of her difficulty, she hurried forward to meet him as he entered the pretty little parlor of the Hildreth home, and after a few conversational remarks, and a Christmas greeting, exclaimed:

“O Robert! it was so good of you to remember me so kindly this morning! How did you come to know exactly what I wanted. Thank you a thousand times.”

“Really, Bessie, you don’t—”

“Yes, I do, Robert,” she persisted, “it is just what I wanted.”

"But, surely, you see, you couldn't refuse so small a—"

"Please don't," she interrupted, "you are always underrating yourself, and everything you do. I tell you I am more than delighted. Now let's not talk anymore about it."

So saying, she seated herself at the piano, congratulating herself that the perplexing question was safely over, and that she had managed it very adroitly, indeed. Robert, on the other hand, scarcely knowing what to do, was wondering what Bessie could possibly mean. Surely she did not understand, or she would not accept so readily or be so profuse in her thanks.

"I'll enjoy the situation for the present, at any rate," he said to himself, "and try to discover her meaning." Then he remarked aloud: "But, Bessie, I don't want to dismiss the subject so quickly. I want to tell you how glad I am that you like my gift, for I assure you I had no small difficulty in deciding what to send you. You see I wanted to find something that would be original,"—this sarcastically, "and something that you would not refuse to accept. Finally I hit upon this, which I knew you could not refuse on account of its worth."

"Whatever could it have been!" thought Bess. "How oddly he speaks! I will get his sister to hunt clear through his rooms to-morrow to find it."

But as she was attempting to extricate herself from the perplexing tangle, little Margaret toddled into the room, and climbing into her sister's arms, whispered loudly enough to be heard all over the room, "Bruver Jack says he desses Mister Wobert sent hisself in that box today, or else you wouldn't have b'ussed so hard."

Suddenly a new thought seemed to dawn upon Bessie, and gently putting her little sister on the floor, she rose and walked to the

window, her cheeks vying in color with the rosebud in her hair.

It is needless to record the explanation or the result; suffice it to say that the present Mrs. Barrington is often heard to remark that for pure originality her husband excels all men she ever knew. E. P., '05.

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### We Aint A-Scairt O' Pa.

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Us boys ain't scairt o' Pa so much.

He only makes a noise,

An' says he never did see such

Onmanageable boys.

But when Ma looks around I see

Just somethin' long an' flat

An' always make a point to be

Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises.

But never does a thing;

But what Ma says she does she does,

An' when I go to bring

Her slipper or her hair brush when

She says she'll dust my pants,

I think I could be better then

If I had one more chance.

Fa always says nex' time 'at he

Will have a word to say,

But Ma she is more apt to be

A-doin' right away;

Pa turns around at us an' glares

As fierce as he can look,

But when we're out of sight, upstairs,

He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa,

Or make as big a fuss,

But what she says is law is law,

And when she speaks to us

She's lookin' carelessly around

F'r somethin' long an' flat,

And when we notice it, we're bound

To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all,

Although he thinks we are;

But when we hear Ma come an' call.

No difference how far

We are away we answer quick

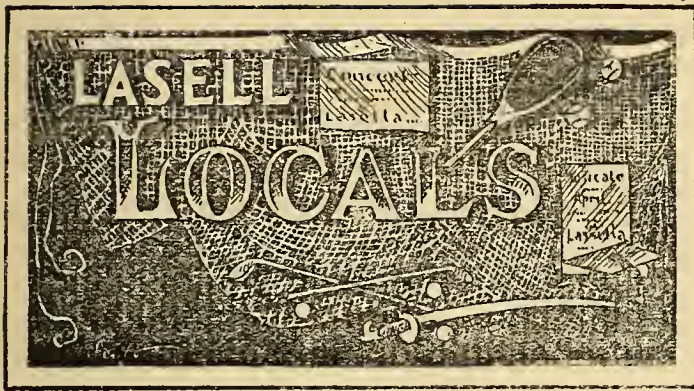
And tell her where we're at,

When she stoops down an' starts to pick

Up somethin' long an' flat!

—New York Times.





November 7.—Mr. Watkins took a small party to see various historic landmarks in old Boston. The Old South Church, Boston Tavern, King's Chapel, Old Corner Book Store, Faneuil Hall, Old State House, Christ Church and Copp's Hill Burying Ground were among the interesting places visited.

November 8.—Especial interest was added to the weekly prayer meeting by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Spenser, missionaries from Japan. Mr. Spenser told us of the life of the Japanese girl, and the great influence Christianity is having in improving her former sad state of neglect. Although this improvement has already been great, the lot of the Japanese girl of to-day is still not to be envied. Mrs. Spenser had on exhibition and for sale, numerous pieces of needlework done by these girls. They found many purchasers among our students.

November 10.—At dinner this evening, the Seniors appeared for the first time in caps and gowns.

A reception was given in the evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leon H. Vincent.

The subject of Mr. Vincent's lecture for this evening was, "Nathaniel Hawthorne." In sum he spoke thus: "Of all the words in the English language, there is none more abused than the word 'genius.' To many genius is associated in a greater or less degree with eccentricity. It is true that certain peculiar things stamp a man of genius, but just as truly an absolute differ-

ence from his fellow-men does not. There are at least three characteristics of a man of genius,—first, money is not his primary incentive; secondly, there is in him an absolute power of absorption in the work in hand; thirdly, there is in him a certain kind of spirituality peculiar to his class. As an illustration of genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne stands preeminent. The greater part of Hawthorne's early life was passed in Salem, where he was born in 1804. Like most small boys, he was head-strong, liking boyish sports and not over fond of school, although all his tasks were well done. His literary instincts were evident at an early age, but his career as an author was retarded by an exacting business life. In 1850 he produced his first great work, 'The Scarlet Letter,' which caused a great sensation in the literary world. Other works followed, all of the highest order, making the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne noted throughout the world. The American nation is indebted to three authors for standards of literary taste: Washington Irving, Edgar Allen Poe, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the last a man whose fame is now permanently established, and whose reputation will endure so long as the English language and literature exist."

November 12.—The subject of Miss Greene's lecture for this afternoon was, "Investments, Stocks and Bonds."

Lasell had the honor of having Bishop Fowler as guest this evening. Although his visit was necessarily short, we appreciated having him with us, and bade him farewell with the singing of our Lasell songs.

November 13.—Miss Bates led the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society.

November 17.—"Henry Thoreau" was the subject of Mr. Vincent's lecture. We were sorry that this was the last of the splendid course he had arranged to give us this year, and hope to have the pleasure of hearing

him again in the future. In his lecture on Thoreau he said: "It is so often the case that the world never realizes the worth of a genius until that genius has passed away. Such is true of Henry Thoreau, who during his life achieved so little reputation, but whose greatness is now recognized by the whole American nation. This lack of recognition, was, in his case, probably due to the fact that he cared absolutely nothing for a literary reputation, and wrote simply because he had ideas that he wished to express. Thoreau passed the greater part of his life in Concord, where he was born in 1817, and where he died in 1862. His youth was that of the average country-bred boy; later he became a student at Harvard, where he was known as a prodigious writer. After leaving college he taught school and lectured until 1845, when what is known as his 'retirement from the world' occurred. In a little hut on Walden Pond he lived for many years, isolated from the society of mankind, his purpose being as he said, to live as simply and agreeably as possible and to learn the art of literature. There he dwelt on the closest terms with Nature, receiving the inspiration which he afterwards gave to the world. He read many books, always choosing the best. Poetry, he believed, was the basis of all good reading, and he consequently revered the works of all the great poets. Almost all his writings were published first in magazines, and all of them showed remarkable insight into Nature. His most popular book is 'Walden,' which shows so well his charming and peculiar qualities. Although Thoreau cannot be classed as one of our greatest writers, he undoubtedly represents the genius of our lesser ones, furthermore he has the distinction of having been the first to strike an absolutely original note in the history of American literature."

November 20.—The meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society for this evening was postponed, in order that the members might join the party to Appleton Chapel, Harvard, to hear the Reverend Henry Van Dyke.

November 21.—The large party that went to Boston to hear Dr. Pachmann had an afternoon of rare musical pleasure.

November 26.—The subject of Miss Greene's last lecture in her course, "Business Law for Women," was, "Wills and Testaments."

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Especially bright and attractive was Senior Hall on the afternoon of the reception given the Juniors by the Seniors. Mrs. Winslow and Martha Haskell, the Senior president, received, and dainty refreshments were served in the dining-room. All seemed to enjoy themselves, and may this be only the beginning of many such good times.

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### The Gamma Tau Society.

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On account of the yearly increase of pupils at Lasell, the formation of a new society was thought advisable. There were already three societies in the school, but averaging thirty members to each society, we clearly see that there was truly much material for a fourth.

To be a Society girl has thus far proved an almost universal desire of every Lasell girl, in spite of the fact that she knows that there is a mysterious and awful ordeal called "Initiation," through which she must pass in order to become a member. They think but little of this ordeal, for she realizes that the many delightful Friday evenings spent in company with society sisters will doubly repay her for her ante-initiation fears.

The Gamma Tau Society was organized shortly after the reopening of school in Sep-



tember. It was formed for musical, literary and social purposes. It was understood from the first that it was to be recognized by all as on an equal footing with the other societies.

The question has been raised whether the formation of this new society is desirable. Some argue that only the "best" girls are desirable members for a society. Let us hope that we have all happily come to the conclusion that there are very few Lasell girls that are not "best."

"Gamma Tau" girls want to thank Fraulein Heinrich for her efforts to further the interests of their society. Its present flourishing condition is mainly due to her, for it was she who never allowed the girls' interest and enthusiasm to flag when the many trials and drawbacks which always confront a newly organized institution, made it as much a care as a pleasure.

There were, perhaps, a few, at first who objected to the new society, but the pleasant attitude and cordiality of the other societies as a whole, and of their members individually, have made the Gamma Tau's feel that S. D.'s, Lasellia's and Delta's all welcome heartily this organization into the school, and join with them in wishing it a long life and prosperous future.

### A Tempest Menu.

I must eat my dinner.—Act. 1, Scene 2.

*Caviar*

raised in me

An undergoing stomach to bear up

Against what should ensue.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Cereal Soup.*

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas.

—Act. 4, Sc. 1.

*Broiled Lobster.*

Half a fish and half a monster.—Act. 3, Sc. 2.

*Oyster Patties.*

. . . . . nothing that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Braised Sweetbreads.*

It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.—Act. 2, Sc. 1.

*Chicken garnished with parsley.*

With colors fairer painted their foul ends.

—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Mashed Potatoes.*

Wilt please you taste of what is here?—Act. 3, Sc. 3.

*Brussels Sprouts.*

Strange stuff!—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Green Onions.*

it is a hint

That wrings my eyes to 't.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Pickled Figs.*

How cam'st thou in this pickle?—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

*Comb Honey.*

In the cowslip's bell I lie.—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

*Combination Salad.*

So perfect and so peerless are created  
Of every creature's best.—Act. 3, Sc. 1.

*Nasturtium Salad.*

There is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of.—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

*Lemon Sherbet.*

What? must our mouths be cold?—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Claret Wine.*

At least two glasses.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Pistachio Ice-cream.*

'Twist the green sea and the azured vault.

—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

*Mince Pie.*

For this, be sure, tonight, thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shalt pen thy breath.

—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Angel Food Cake.*

A thing divine.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Fruit.*

Vines with clustering branches growing,  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing . . . .  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.—Act. 4, Sc. 1.

*Nuts and Raisins.*

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on.—Act. 4, Sc. 1.

*Café Noir.*

the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy.—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

*Crackers and Cheese.*

So dry.—Act. 1, Sc. 2.

*Candy.*

Some enchanted trifle to abuse me.—Act. 5, Sc. 1.

FLORENCE KIPER.



### Personals.

We are very sorry to hear of the serious illness of Fraulein Adele Roth.

At the concert of the Apollo Club in November we met Mrs. Bernard Merriam (Lillie Fuller that was) and enjoyed a few minutes chat.

Squire Hattie Freebey, '95, has been appointed Librarian in George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and sits with the Faculty on the platform, the only woman of the body. She expects to take her degree of Master of Laws next Spring. The Squire writes that any of the Lasell family will find a cordial welcome at the library, corner 15th and H Streets, where she is to be found from 9.30 a. m. to 4.30 p. m.

The whole school was in warmest sympathy with the Misses Thielens when the news came of the sudden passing away of their father, Mr. E. H. Thielens of Chicago. Mr. Thielens had left his home on Stewart Avenue in the best of spirits and apparently the best of health no longer than half an hour before his death from heart failure.

Mr. Thielens is mourned by a large circle of friends, having been prominent in the social, business and Masonic circles of Chicago, and an active member of the Pilgrim Congregational church. The brave daughters are at their work again.

One day in November was made pleasant by the call of Virginia Johnson Milbank of Yonkers, N. Y., or of Southern California,

or of the Engadine, or the Dolomites, and her splendid daughter. Virginia was in her usual abundant spirits and interested in all the changes and improvements. She reports Mr. Milbank as entirely recovered in health; he is now in So. Cal. shooting ducks but will be home for the holidays, and they will go again to California in January for a couple of months.

Helen Thresher Hartzell writes from the Alameda, 1755, San Jose, California, a word of greeting saying how they are liking California.

Miss Hazel North sends greeting from her home in Rondout with most pleasant words about Lasell, and her appreciation of it, and she adds, "Only to think how much I wanted to go home when I was at Lasell the first few weeks; could I go back now I would not be so foolish."

Katharine White sends her subscription for the LEAVES and a most friendly and welcome letter mentioning last summer's visit with Mabel Martin MacGregor and Mabel Woodward White. She reports the marriage of both Mabels as a success, so far. She had a glimpse of Ethel Cornell Lewis and her husband.

St. Mary's School is a monument to Dr. Leffingwell's gift as teacher and administrator, and an honor to the section in which its beautiful home is located.

Miss Parkhurst tells us that Louise Hayes is coming to study music with her in Somerville.

Bess Beno whom a great many old girls remember, has been spending the summer in traveling over her own country, and has spent some time, meanwhile, at the fair.

Dot Salzenstein writes that she has been very ill, but is now boarding in Chicago.

Mabel Fredricks is abroad with the School of Travel. At present she is in



France, but will spend a greater portion of the time in Rome.

Katharine Jenckes, '04, and Blanche Gardiner, '00, have been visiting Amy Kothe and Floss Plum, '01, in Indianapolis.

Edith Harris, an old girl who is as loyal as ever, sends her love to all her old friends here.

Susie Gallup, who is studying music at her home in Norwich, Conn., called here not long ago.

The Hooper girls are going to move from Berlin, N. H., to Manchester, N. H.

Jennie Hamilton, '04, writes that she has started a conversational club in Port Huron similar to the Conversational Class of the Seniors here at Lasell. She has also joined an Art Culture Club there.

Grace Fuller visited Adele Woodworth and Corinne Richter in the summer.

Helen Merriam, Sarah Holbrook, Mabel Pooler, Edna Sawyer and Mary Upham are among those who have visited their Alma Mater recently.

Edith Sisson is a freshman at Syracuse University.

Grace Ordway writes from Monterey, California, where she makes her new home, No. 512 Ocean Avenue. She sends her greeting for the new year, with an invitation, which is hereby gladly accepted, for a visit in Monterey, always a delightful spot to me.

She says Isabelle Bowers has moved to Los Angeles, and that Frances Scoville, and her sister "have been living here for about three months. Frances is not very well."

A recent guest was Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, rector of St. Mary's school, Knoxville, Ill., who did us the honor to inspect our building and arrangements, although not having time to meet the school or to see it under working conditions, which would have pleased us better.

May Palmer has moved from St. Paul to Indianapolis.

Lucia Parcher is still in the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Katharine Jenckes expects to visit Corinne Richter before coming home.

Ethel Crosby is studying art in Boston.

Mary Upham is just back from Chicago, where she saw Fannie Davis, who is studying Y. W. C. A. work there.

Lucia Dwight has been spending the summer and fall abroad.

Grace Terrill spent the summer in Decatur, Ill., where she saw Belle Clokey.

Madeline McCart has been visiting in Bloomington, Ill., where a reception was given her by Eva Cole, an old Lasell girl.

Emily Brookfield spent Sunday not long ago with Emma Bone.

Miss Bessie Hayward, '96, is teaching in East Bridgewater, Mass. She still looks with friendly eyes towards Lasell.

Marion Gilmore, '76, made us a delightful call last week. She is teaching in Cambridge.

Miss Cleora Brooks with her sister, Nora, will leave Saturday for Tucson, Arizona, where Miss Brooks and Mr. Ira W. Clokey will be married on December 21st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Martin. Immediately after the ceremony they will leave for their home in Torres, Sonora, Mexico.

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### Marriages.

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Clara Hubbell Davis married to Mr. Ralph Emerson Lounsbury, Wednesday, November thirtieth at Wyoming, Ohio.

Ethel Josephine Folger to Mr. Harry Murray Conrad, Wednesday, Nov. 16, at South Framingham, Mass. At home after Jan. 18, 35 Union avenue.

'Twas a tiny little poem, still in swaddling bands  
y-bound,  
That she had with cogitation and soul agony  
produced,  
Dressing up a puny thoughtlet in a sweeping robe  
of sound,  
Which the same she to the editor had duly trotted  
round,  
Praying him with tears to see that the sweet thing  
was not abused.

Then with sighs and trepidation she the poemette  
did leave  
To the cold and cruel mercies of the critick and his  
pen;  
And he dandled it and danced it and—I will not you  
deceive—  
Took its dainty wrappings off it (oh, you scarcely  
would believe?)  
Seeking for the baby thought itself was swathed  
therein, and then

(Ah, the story's sad enough, my fellow writers, by  
my fay)  
Finding but a little skeleton—mere shadow of a  
thought—  
Viewed it as it there all naked, thin and poor and  
squirming, lay,  
Stripped of all its silken verbiage, in the glaring  
light of day,  
Then in his wrath the weakling slew, accounting it  
but naught.

Thus it perished in its infancy, this nursling of the  
basket,  
Big waste-basket in the corner where the editor did  
sit,  
And it happened, if you'd like to know, away off at  
Nantucket;  
And the readers of the paper did not mourn a little  
bit.  
All this chanced because that poem did not happen  
to be it.

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### Deaths.

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Hon. Henry P. Moulton, United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, father of our Edith P. Moulton, '99, died suddenly at his home in Salem, Mass., on December 5th. Mr. Moulton was at one time a teacher in Salem and in Pittsburg, admitted to the Essex bar in 1868, four years later served in the legislature. He was admittedly the leader of the Essex bar, and has

declined various nominations and positions including a judgeship on the Superior Bench. Of the attendance at the funeral the *Transcript* says, "It was a most distinguished representation of the legal profession, such as seldom is seen in Essex Co." A more honorable tribute has rarely been paid to one of her sons. The floral offerings were remarkable for their beauty and profusion.

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### In Memoriam.

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MRS. GEORGE FIELD SEVIER.  
(Nee Grace Putnam Englehart, '96.)

We think of her as standing there  
A lovely girlish bride,  
So bright, so fair—a presence rare—  
Stood by his manly side.

With shining eyes and low replies,  
Midst flowers and music rare,  
The future path so golden lies  
From every worldly care.

Some months have passed, not one bright year,  
Her love life to her given—  
The angels called, and one stooped down  
And raised her up to Heaven.

And he and we that loved her so  
Will miss her sunny smile  
And all the love that did o'erflow  
From her great heart the while.

Over our lives a shadow falls.  
We bow beneath the rod—  
We love the memories she recalls;  
We trust her to her God.

Our comfort comes from words divine,  
Our faith in Christ's deep love,  
And hope breaks thro' the rifts to shine,  
And light our way above.

We'll flowers bring and scatter o'er  
The spot we've made her grave.  
We know her spirit pure will soar  
And seek our God, who gave.

Strength from on high shall us be given,  
And will our hearts resign,  
To think of her a star in Heaven—  
Thy will, oh God! not mine.

—Estella Sara Brewer, South Norwalk, Conn.

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A vigorous discussion as to whether the educated American woman too often becomes a mere "drudge" is abroad in the land. The whole bother was started by the fervid declaration of Elizabeth Banks, in the *North American Review*, that though the American Toy, the American Tyrant and the American Queen sip ice-cream sodas through a straw in the Cecil courtyards, the American Drudge who stays at home and keeps house is far more typically American. Throughout the West, Miss Banks asserts, this educated American Drudge is to be met with in hundreds. She usually has two children (sometimes three), and for the most she is unconscious—because her husband helps her to beat the carpets and hangs up the clothesline on Monday morning before he goes to business—of the depth of drudgery to which she has descended. None the less, her life is one of great hardship. In no other country, according to this authority, does one find an educated wife washing dishes, cooking, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, putting patch upon patch and darn upon darn for ten hours during the day. At first one is filled with admiration for this plucky college woman before the cook stove, but then, one is,—or to speak more properly, Miss Banks was,—overcome with pity for her. Yet does she really need pity, this woman who "in checked gingham apron presiding at the washtub stops between rubs to go into the parlor and help her little daughter over a difficult part of Schubert or Wagner at the piano? who, after a day of darning and mending, spends her evenings solving problems of geometry and physics with her two children? In spite of the odds against her she has held her own mentally. It was just such a woman as this who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it was from just such multifarious duties as these that Mrs. Stowe sent forth that immortal work in the hope of

earning enough money to buy herself a new silk gown. Far from regretting that women of education are content to settle down as heads of homes where the income is decidedly limited, we should be glad that the marriage for love has not ceased to exist with the multiplication of our wants and with our raised standard of comfort. May the day never dawn in this country when labor in one's own home for the people near and dear to one shall lose its dignity. The sacrificial instinct is strong in women, and because of this it will ever remain true that no increase of intellectual opportunities can so change their nature as to cancel the attraction of a happy home. And it is further safe to say that the women whom the essayist pities as "drudges" are the happiest women in all American. To be sure, there may be a danger, as Miss Banks points out, that "two thousand-dollar women" shall be too often mated to "one thousand-dollar men,"—with an appalling result of household drudgery for the women. The American system of "giving the first chance to the girls" and letting the boys, if need be, saw wood, doubtless has its disadvantages, especially in the West, where, during the past quarter of a century, there has been rather a tendency to over-educate the girls and under-educate the boys. Yet Mary Lyon held,—and there are some who still think she was quite right,—that it was much less an evil for farmers and mechanics to have scanty stores of knowledge such as our common schools give, than that their wives, the mothers of their children, should be uneducated. If the college woman cannot be happy in her own household, with her own children to love and guide, there is something distinctly wrong with her. And this we do not grant. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman has attracted a great deal of attention by reason of her protest against the American

woman's intimate relation to the cook stove, but so far as we know, the best mothers in the land have not rallied in any great numbers around this reformer's banner. On the contrary, they keep straight on frying their children's doughnuts and darning their husband's stockings. Possibly this is drudgery, but it is the American way of life, and certainly much to be preferred for us to the system by which, in England, households of limited income keep under-paid, under-fed servants to do all the hard work, and preserve, in unsullied whiteness, the baby-brained wife's delicate hands. That a college graduate should minister to the needs of her family, physical as well as intellectual, is no disgrace, either to her or to her country.

#### A Merchant of Venice Menu.

Go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come into dinner.

—Act. 3, Sc. 5.

*Oysters on the half-shell.*

Tossing on the ocean.—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Croquettes.*

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn.—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Roast Beef.*

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man Is not so estimable, profitable neither As flesh of muttens, beefs or goats.—Act. 1, Sc. 3.

*Potatoes.*

To feed my means.—Act. 3, Sc. 2.

*Stewed Corn.*

I shall digest it.—Act. 4, Sc. 1.

*Lettuce Salad.*

Of such vinegar aspect.—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Wine.*

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, And let my liver rather heat with wine Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

—Act. 1, Sc. 1.

*Plum Pudding.*

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest.

—Act. 2, Sc. 5.

*Kisses.*

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

—Act. 2, Sc. 6.

*Chocolate Layer Cake.*

Here are severed lips

Parted with sugar breath.—Act. 3, Sc. 2.

Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

—Act. 2, Sc. 5.

FLORENCE KIPER.

#### Country Life.

In the beautiful Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts there are many villages which have not as yet been invaded by the steam railroad, the electric road or any of the modern inventions for travelling, and so the inhabitants have retained most of their primitive ways of living. These villages are generally reached by stage coaches, which run once or twice a day to the nearest station, usually about ten or twelve miles away. Approaching the station, at which one leaves the train for the village concerned in this story the track runs up hill for a distance of several miles. On this account the train runs very slowly, giving the traveller an opportunity to enjoy the scenery. The land is mostly covered with trees, with here and there a small stream and beautiful wild flowers. If it happens to be in the fall when the leaves are turning, the sight is very beautiful. The station appears small and insignificant compared with those of the cities, or even of prosperous towns. It is just a small, square wooden building with a platform on three sides. As it usually takes all day to reach so out-of-the-way a place as this, by the time the baggage and other impediment have all been piled on the stage, darkness begins to fall. All ready at last, the driver starts up his horses, and the occupants settle down for a long, slow ride, first up hill, then down, over rough, stony roads, seeing only here and there a stray light. The driver usually stops at these places, either to leave or to get something, or may be to exchange a few friendly words with the men.

Finally the village is reached, and the old stage rattles up to the only store there. This store, which also includes the post-office, is characteristic of the country. At night the men from all the surrounding



neighborhood come together here to talk over the affairs of their small world, and to gossip. They always await anxiously the arrival of the stage to see whether there are any strangers, or whether any important news has been heard by the driver. After this excitement is over, they settle down again on the cracker-boxes and barrels, smoking their pipes. The mail, which arrives only once a day, comes by this stage, and is soon distributed. The contents of the three to four day old papers are talked over as if the events they chronicle had just happened. The village stock of funny stories is also rehearsed, and though they have probably been heard hundreds of times they are still considered worth laughing at. As it is necessary for farmers to be up bright and early in the morning, the crowd begins to grow smaller and smaller at about nine or half past, until all have started for home, the next night to go through the same proceedings.

The women stay at home most of the time, there being a great deal for the wife of a farmer to do. Once in a great while they have what is called a sewing bee. They meet in the morning at one house, have lunch at noon, sew and talk in the afternoon, while towards evening the men come to supper. Something to eat is furnished by each woman, so that quite an elaborate meal is set forth on the tables, usually including loaf cake, doughnuts, mince pie, pork, baked beans, coffee, boiled ham, escalloped potatoes, and rye bread. The evening is spent in playing games, chatting together, and having a good time generally.

When Sunday comes the best wagon owned by the farmer is brought out, dusted and made to look as well as possible, the horse cleaned, and every one in the family dresses up in best attire to go to church. This is the chief event of the week, and

teams are to be seen coming from all parts of the country to a small white church, standing on a hill. The building serves also for a school-house. The worshipers bring a lunch with them to eat between church and Sunday-school. Gathering in little groups in the church, in and about the wagons, or under the trees, they make lunch time very enjoyable.

In the fall, after all the crops are gathered, the husking-bees commence. Since great fun is always had at these, this season of the year is looked forward to with eagerness, especially by the young people. A large pile of corn is placed in the middle of a barn floor, the people sit down around it, and the husking begins. When a red ear is found by a girl, the first man who sees it comes up and kisses her; and when one is found by a man, he goes up to a girl, puts it in her lap, and then kisses her. By the time the corn is all husked, it is quite late, so that there is time for no other games. A fine supper has been prepared, meantime, by the women; all partake heartily, and start homeward in a merry mood. These farmers with their simple lives are as happy as city people who have so much more by way of entertainment and diversion.

---

Bessie.—There is something the matter with my tooth. I think it must be exhilarated.

---



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"Went to see the football game;  
Thought that I could play the same.  
So in haste I joined the eleven—  
I am writing this from heaven."

---



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"Please hand me Review of Reviews," he said;  
The landlady's eyes did flash,  
For another young boarder looked absently up  
And solemnly passed the hash.

---



---

"Well, I declare! Another Turkish atrocity."

"Rug, cigarette or massacre?"



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### Here and There With Our

## EXCHANGES



The *Polytechnic* is one of our best exchanges, although the "Polyisms" could be improved upon. Our sense of humor is not lacking, but many of the local jests are pointless to an outsider.

We are pleased to notice that the exchange department of *The Crescent*, New Haven, Conn., shows much thought and diligence on the part of the exchange editor.

The *Ogontz Mosaic* does not give us the feeling of its having been "gotten up in a hurry." Much time and good work have been expended by the board, and their labors have not been in vain. The cover is especially attractive, and the whole magazine is one of which any school might well be proud.

Why don't you have an exchange column, *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*? We aren't going to say nice things about even the best papers, if they lack this important feature.

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Boy.—"I'd make a dash after the girl.'"

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JANUARY, 1905

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VOL. XXX, No. 4



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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

HAPPY New Year to all! The wheels of time have again rolled around and have left the year of "naughty-four" with its myriad joys and sorrows immediately behind. Perhaps it was not all that we might have made it, and we remember, with a revengful twinge, that wasted time and neglected opportunities can never return; but with the dawn of the year of 1905 we may at least turn a new leaf and make this the brightest and best year of our lives. It is not necessary and not wise to plan any very great or wonderful thing; rather let us simply be intent upon the thousand and one *little* duties that are so near to us. So do these with earnestness and with a will; if we play, to play hard; if we study, to do our honest best—and if asked to write for the *Leaves* never to say "No," but to go bravely to work; this be our purpose and our ambition.

The following poem may help us to start the year aright:

Suppose we think little about number one;  
Suppose we help some one else to have fun;  
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,  
And never hurt any one just for the joke;  
Suppose we ne'er look for the faults of a friend;  
Suppose we are willing our own to amend;  
Suppose we help some one else to have cheer;  
'Tis likely we'll all have a Happy New Year."

WE have just passed through a season of giving of ready sympathy and cordial kindness. We have met those in need with open purse and heart, and it has been a joy to express the Christmas spirit that bubbled in us, by an overflow of charity and helpfulness. But the people to whom we have given still need our aid. They must live during the rest of the year, as well as at Christmas. You remember in "Alice in Wonderland" that Humpty-Dumpty remarks that it's much nicer to receive *un*-birthday presents, because these come three

hundred and sixty-four days in the year. The charity that gives from the sentiment of the moment is good, but is it not apt to become sentimental charity? Is there not a need in our scheme of life for systematic giving that shall enable us to help wisely and justly through the entire year?

And this leads directly to the thought of the New Year resolutions which are made so plentifully and carried out so seldom. Good resolutions are excellent—indispensable, in fact,—but they are by no means the solution of this complex problem of how we shall best live. In the recovery of a sick person we know that a ready and cheerful attitude of mind on the part of the sufferer aids him towards convalescence. But medical science is the more potent factor at the sickbed. So with these hearts of ours. Our good resolutions have a bracing and healthful effect, but we must bring to their aid our consciences, our knowledge of right and wrong, our moral science. The whole life must be set facing the right way. If the general impulse is upward the failure of one resolution matters little. It's the tendency that counts.

The fine way in which Mrs. Loomis manages the problem of how best and most satisfactorily to feed her large family; the excellence and variety of the fare, the quiet and orderly and efficient service, the contrast presented to the boarding school table as figured in the reports of former times. The world moves.

The Day of Prayer is coming. New Year resolutions are more easily kept if the whole life is set facing the right way. The conscience must help the will, or resolutions are but empty air.

Depreciating others will not help the world to appreciate you.



### From California.

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Three thousand miles from Lasell, yet it seems but three hundred. So quickly and so easily is the journey made. And so near and so dear are the Lasell friends.

The roses are resting a little, perhaps, fearing the general clipping which they have become used to suffering for the Annual Tournament of Roses which comes on Jan. First. But there are enough to do their part in furnishing forth the great pageant. Heliotropes, honeysuckles, stocks in great variety of color, acacias, oleanders, geraniums, pansies, pinks, poinsettias, magnolias, violets, callas, poppies, sweet peas, mignonettes, snap-dragons, chrysanthemums, nasturtiums, marguerites, bigonias, oxalis, verbenas, plumbagos, centaurea, hibiscus, fuchsias, freesias, besides oranges and lemons, are all in bloom, many in several varieties of color, and all of course, out of doors. There are few hot houses here. Instead we have lath houses to temper the sun's rays.

Isn't it a land of flowers? And it is hard to think that I have just come from sleighing and skating and that you are having zero weather. But I often hear people wish for a good bracing down east winter.

I came through on the splendid Boston & Albany and the ever picturesque, and attractive and comfortable, even luxurious, Santa Fe Railroads.

There is no getting tired of travel under such easy conditions and through such fine scenery.

I have heard some queer folks say they can't see anything attractive about the desert. But to me it is always charming. Its changes of color alone are a constant joy, and its rocks, from black basalt to vermilion sandstone, in their infinite variety of sand-

and-water-chiseled form are a study for all the daylight.

So it seemed a short trip, and a very enjoyable one. The lady who came with me, shared my enthusiasm over the beauties of the route, and said she had never had so beautiful a journey, and she has travelled much.

In Evanston, I overtook Frances Bragdon, and spent two precious hours trying to find Mabel Judd, but failed. Telephoned Ida Jones (why don't you help her more with the LEAVES? Isn't it your paper as well as hers? I think each one in the school ought to consider it a privilege to work for our paper), and Bertha Morrisson Atwater, who was just then at the Pasteur Institute with her boy who had been bitten by a dog—too bad—and tried to get Emma Goll Dacy, ('98), but failed.

Since arrival, I have met Roe Porter, '00, doing her Christmas shopping (she is staying at Long Beach), and Helen Harris Alcome to spend the winter here in Pasadena, and Mrs. Wade, Annie's mother, who is so charming a woman that I fell in love with her at once, and Lizzie Bacon's husband, Mr. Whitmore; I called on Mrs. Fassett; found Katherine's grandmother a delightful lady, but her mother had gone to Deming, N. M., Laura Chase, '02, is rooming in the same house, but was not in. Laura is finishing her course at the Kindergarten Normal School. Nellie Chase has been very ill with typhoid, but is recovering. Tried to find Bess Bailey Van Orsdall and her baby, but evidently had the wrong number, as there is no such number as I had on that street.

I have also heard from our dear Adele Roth, who is very ill. May God grant her a good recovery.

On the train I met Mrs. Andrews, the

aunt of our Florence Hayden, '02, of Denver. She was coming to a sick son, who is improving daily. I have received Christmas greetings from our Katherine McCoy; '01, of Kane, Pa.; Nellie Richards, '93; May and Julia Tulleys, '94 and '96; Florence Ebersole, '02; Anna Marbold, Wernsing, Carolyn Ebersole Martin, '85; Amye Vickery, Edith Ebersole, '03; Clementina Butler, and Isabel Blackstock, '03, (sends a picture card all the way from Lucknow, India, to say she does not forget), Miss Carpenter, Miss Blaisdell, Miss Nutt, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Bates and Mlle. LeRoyer, Mrs. Martin, Miss Potter, Mrs. Hilbourne and Dr. Parkhurst, whose kind thought has made our far-away Christmas happier; have also met Mildred's mother, Mrs. Johnston and a next door neighbor of Grace Foster of Lancaster, Pa. The world is full of Lasell girls and their friends, and I am never ashamed of them. They are a good part.

I find Belle Bragdon Barlow in a charming home of her own in Los Angeles, No. 1304 Orange street, and ready to welcome all her friends.

We had some singers in tonight, Christmas Eve, who gave some friends and us the old time English carols and plays of Yuletide. It was unique and enjoyable.

What are you doing I wonder! All asleep in your little beds I reckon, for it is 3 o'clock a. m. in dear old Lasell.

In my heart I am wishing all my girls and their teachers a most merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Also Mike. Take care of Mike. I tried hard to get you a successor to Briggs, but couldn't quite do it to my satisfaction. I will find one when I come back.

Some of you are going to be the women who will do things, bring things to pass, lead in organizations for works of mercy, guide the thoughts of people about you.

Which will it be? I find myself wondering as I look into your bright eyes and eager faces. Which will it be? Those who do well their present work.

Cordially, C. C. B.

### Miss Ransom as a House Builder.

Miss Ransom has been indulging herself in a little excursion into new territory. She has become a real estate owner and house builder. She is just finishing her first bungalow, all of her own design and architecting, and it is a very dainty, attractive and practical house. I think it the most attractive of any in Pasadena, and that is saying a good deal, for the bungalow is a favorite style here, and there are many pretty buildings of that order. She has managed to get most of her living rooms to the south, which is very desirable in this (or any) country, and has colored the walls after her own taste, and they are delicious!

She goes to it every day, and has become very wise in builder's jargon—talks of dormers, Oregon pine, redwood, mullions, joints, outlets, etc., etc., like an old carpenter. She says she likes it better than "ONE, TWO, THREE!" and hopes to make as much money on this place as by a year's teaching, and I guess she will.

She has already bought another lot and will build on it as soon as she gets this one sold—or before.

She makes the men "stand round" just like an old boss and is very particular to have everything just right.

Now that Jack has gone into the real estate business with Belle's husband, Mr. Barlow, I tell her she should join the firm and make it "Ransom, Barlow & Bragdon!"

She is entirely in love with this country and I fear Lasell will see her no more or hear her piercing cry to the fearful swimmer!

C. C. B.



## The Christmas Vacation at Lasell.

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**A**FTER all, there is nothing like making the best of things, and there are places less favorable for merry-making than Lasell.

It was rather tantalizing to say "Good-by" to so many of the girls and to go down to a sadly deserted dining-room, but imagine the feeling of independence, the unequalled joy of disregarding the *rising gong*, and, with a clear conscience, giving one's self up to a renewal of pleasant dreams!

Days which had threatened to drag along in homesick longing were spent in frequent and interesting shopping expeditions in that ever attractive city, Boston. The theaters were visited unusually often during the first two weeks, but "moderation in all things" is commendable, you know, and even trips in town became insignificant as Christmas Day drew nearer, bringing with it peculiar pleasures of its own.

Such unwonted sights as that December morn looked in upon! Boxes from home, genuine Christmas boxes were emptied with an accompaniment of laughter which held no hint of the school-girl malady.

On Monday morning the dining-room bore unmistakable evidence of a visit from Santa Claus, and in a cosy breakfast-room, containing two long tables prettily decorated, between two pillars twined with holly, stood a resplendent Christmas tree. Our stockings were no longer limp as they hung brimming over with all sorts of good things, and after breakfast the tree was stripped of many mysterious packages, some of which found their way to each one.

The Christmas dinner was enjoyed by everyone, and most of the afternoon was spent in the gymnasium in the good old-fashioned way. We played "Going to Jeru-

salem," "Three Deep," etc., young and— young, for there were none one might call "old."

That evening Miss Potter went with several of the girls to the Oratorio of the Messiah, given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony hall—a very pleasant ending to a happy day.

On New Year's Eve many of us went to the Symphony, and all together we had our last midnight feast and welcomed in the new year of 1905.

We spent one very pleasant evening at Dr. Watkin's, popping corn, pulling candy and playing games. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow kindly invited us to Senior House one evening where we played games and were served with dainty refreshments.

Coasting, sleighing and skating received a large share of our time during this vacation, which proved to be three short, happy weeks. But, oh, girls! we are glad to have you back again, for Lasell is not complete without every one of its large family.

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## Biblical Names and Places.

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(Answers to be given in next number.)

1. Where drinks are served.  
Part of the leg.  
A Public Coach.
2. A vowel.  
A dashing young woman.
3. Mispronunciation of "been."  
A kind of preserve.  
Hotel.
4. To find the sum.  
A common verb.
5. Word used in driving oxen.  
To regret.  
A Massachusetts city.
6. A girl's nickname.  
The side away from the wind.  
A kind of sewing.
7. An aid in walking.  
A girl's name.
8. To make full.  
A part of the mouth.  
A part of the face.

### How She Looks.

Young Marguerite came down the hall,  
In brave array for the fancy ball,—  
Blonde curls, and trailing robes, and all,  
And four-inch heels to make her tall,  
(For Marguerite, the Fair, was small),  
And filmy laces virginal.  
The patch-box and the powder-ball  
Had made her rose pink magical.

Her girl friends,  
Who admired her much,  
Shouted aloud,  
"That beats the Dutch!"

With lifted skirt held stately,  
(Oh, very, very proud was she!)  
With eyes downcast (apparently)  
Yet managing quite well to see—  
Such sad dissemblers maidens be—  
That Mary, Jane and Emily,  
Julia and Joan and sweet Marie  
Admired her beauty's radiancy,  
She paced.

The girls  
With rapture fond,  
Said, "Isn't she  
A touch beyond?"

Beneath her satin petticoat  
Her darling little foot peeped out.  
Her fan—on silken cord about  
Her slender wrist—displayed a rout  
Of Watteau maids and swains: those pout,  
These kiss them,—and adore, no doubt.  
She seemed far less to walk than float;  
A sight to make an anchorite dote.

Her cup of joy,  
Her jewels brim it.  
The girls cry out,  
"Well, that's the limit!"

A rosebud nestled in her hair—  
Oh, Marguerite was debonnaire,  
Was very fetching in her air,  
Was dainty, delicate and fair,  
Lovely enough to charm Black Care.  
No Helen might with her compare.  
(Throw up the window! Give me air!  
This rhyme is maddening, I declare.)

The watching girls  
Stared wide-eyed, and  
Said, "Marguerite  
Just beats the band!"

Note: Should you ask me what they meant  
Who forth these exclamations sent,  
I'd up and answer in a trice,  
'Twas, "Doesn't Marguerite 'look nice'!"

### Her Wedding Dress.

"OH mother! just listen, if this isn't the finest thing you ever heard," cried eight year old Florence rushing into the sitting room of the parsonage.

Her older sister, Elizabeth, followed her with a letter in her hand. The mother looked up from her mending and smiled at Florence, who was dancing around the little room, then turned to Elizabeth and said, "Well daughter, what is this wonderful thing which has come to us?"

"Mr. Richards just stopped and left our mail, and this letter from Cousin Ruth was in it," replied the older girl.

"Hurry up and read it quick, I can hardly wait," exclaimed the impetuous little girl.

"Well if you will keep still for a while, little jumpingjack, I will read it to mother." Elizabeth drew up a chair near her mother's and took the letter from the envelope.

"Chicago, Ill., Nov. 9, 1903.

*Dear Cousin Bess,—*

I wonder how you all are way out there on the Western plains. I do hope that you are not frozen up or that the western breezes have not blown you away. We have been having glorious weather this fall.

How are all the dear people? Is the father still working so hard trying to get people to be good, and the sweet mother? Just to have her around would be a sermon. Then there is that little Puss, Florence. I suppose that she is just as much of a fly-away as ever."

"You see she knows you pretty well you little monkey," Elizabeth stopped reading and turned to Florence who was going from window to window.

"Go on reading. You are awfully slow, sister. How's mamma ever to hear the important part."

"All right, if you will keep still I will finish



it. Suppose that you sit here in your own rocker. Now keep still while I finish the letter, then you can talk all you want to."

"You know of course that we are going abroad for a year, and have given up this house, and now we are busy packing the things to store. I know what a genius your mother is about making over dresses, so I have taken the liberty of sending a box to you. In it are some of Muriel's dresses, which will be about right for Florence, and some of mine that ought to fit you, as we were nearly the same size. I sent the box several days ago, and it should reach you nearly as soon, if not sooner, than this letter."

"Oh, mamma! Sister! look quick, there comes Mr. Brown, and he's driving a new team. Oh, he's driving right in here! He must want to see papa. Can't I run out and tell him he isn't home?" Florence had not been able to keep still, and had gone to the window where she had spied Mr. Brown as he drove up to the house.

"No dear, I don't think you had better go out you have such a cold now, and mamma doesn't want her little girlie to get sick. Anyway, there is Mr. Brown at the door now. You can run and open it for him."

"Good day, Mr. Brown, are you all well?"

"Good day, good day. Yes, ma'am, thank you, we are all very well, and how are you? Oh, Miss Elizabeth, I didn't see you, you look as rosy as ever. Well, I was in town today and Mr. Wells, the station agent, asked me if I wouldn't bring a box out to you. So there it is in my wagon. Shall I bring it in here?"

"Oh, mamma! the box! Cousin Ruth's box, has come; goodie! goodie! Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown, if you would please, we would be greatly obliged. Keep still dear. Mr. Haswell is away, so we are three lone women folks."

"Well, well! I'll bring the box right in and open it for you."

"Flossie won't have much time to wonder what's in the box will she. Just put it down here."

"All right, Miss Elizabeth, this here box seems mighty suspiciously like a box of wedding finery. How is that young man of yours, anyway? Well, Mrs. Haswell, you are going to lose your girl pretty soon, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown, I am, and I will be mighty lonesome, too. But won't you have a chair. Take this one, it is quite comfortable."

"No thank you, I can't stay. Guess you can get the box open all right now. Good-bye. Good-bye Miss Elizabeth. Good-bye, little one."

"Good-bye, Mr. Brown, remember me to your wife. Thank you for bringing us the box. Good-bye." "Wasn't it thoughtful of him to bring it out to us? Flossie, here, is all impatience to have us unpack it, and I am quite curious myself, so we may as well begin."

"All right, mother I am ready, all right. Oh, see here, isn't this a fine coat for Flo, and here are some fine winter dresses, and all; but what is this in a seperate box? Mother, look! a beautiful white dress for me. It will be my wedding dress. Oh, mother, how thoughtful of Ruth. See, it is almost, why mother, I believe it is an entirely new one. Yes, here is a note from Ruth. 'Please accept this little addition to your trousseau, I think it will fit.' Mamma, I am so happy, I had been wondering if I could manage to get a new one, and now this comes as the fulfilment of my wish."

KATHRYNE G. McCLANAHAN, '06.

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"Be not only good, but good for something."

### Ignorance of Our Own Country.

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IT is really surprising when we stop to consider it how little we know of the different parts of our own country. So often people say to me, "You are from Virginia," and when I answer, "Oh no, West Virginia," they reply with a knowing air. "Oh, well, it is all the same thing, isn't it?" No, most decidedly it is not the same thing. During the Civil War in the year 1863, the western part of Virginia was made into a separate state, and called West Virginia. This was done for political reasons, namely, because the Western part was in sympathy with the Unionists, and the Eastern with the Confederates, although there were some Confederate sympathizers in the West as well. Today Virginia and West Virginia differ in as many respects as New York and Massachusetts. Virginia has been called the real South, and it does seem to have more attributes of the typical Southern life, that is the Southern life of story, the one you read about, than any other state in the South. There are to be found the old aristocracy, the swarms of negroes, the large plantations, and above all, that easy-going, non-worrying, ease-loving existence which can be surpassed nowhere.

West Virginia on the other hand, combines these qualities with the Western influences, which have been brought to bear upon it. Its extensive oil and coal interests have attracted many Pennsylvanians and Westerners, so that the atmosphere is really that of the West. Its briskness, activity and progressiveness all are Western.

The climate of West Virginia, moreover, is not so warm as some think. It is not the country of perpetual sunshine, or the land of flowers. They have snow there frequently during the winter season, al-

though of course it does not remain on the ground for any length of time. One would have to travel farther South than West Virginia if he wished to enjoy the delights of summer during the winter months.

These instances I have mentioned serve to illustrate how ignorant we are of the various sections of our country. I might go on and give many, such as one man thinking we could go from West Virginia to St. Louis in an hour or two, spend the day and return that night; and a girl remarking upon hearing the surprisingly large population of Montana. "Oh, well, you have so many Indians, you know." It certainly seems to me that before travelling abroad in other countries, we should see just as much of our own as possible. Undoubtedly, the old world has much to offer us, but foreigners, who come over here seem to think we have equivalent attractions, for one German, while viewing with awe the geysers in the Yellowstone National Park, exclaimed, "Why do Americans come to Europe when they have such wonders as these at home?"

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### Tell It Now.

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Have you any cheery greeting?

Tell it out today;

While you wait the friend and message

May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort

Feel a hand grasp true;

It will cheer the way, and surely

Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting

When it is too late,

And some heavy heart has broken

While we hesitate.

Lives are human, though so often

We disguise our pain;

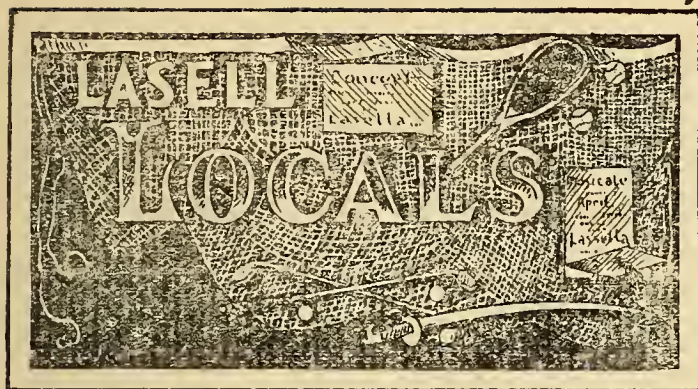
Some are hungering for your comfort,

Give and give again.

*E. H. Shannon, in Madame.*

The service of another is the sovereign cure for our sorrow.





Nov. 27.—A small party went over to Newton to hear the *Stabat Mater*. The snow storm only added to their enjoyment of the music.

Nov. 28.—Mr. Hills gave the first of his concert recitals on the *Appreciation of Music*. His talk was on the earliest forms of music and how it developed. It was illustrated by selections on the orchestral.

Dec. 1.—Dr. Bragdon held the yearly magazine auction in the chapel. At times the bidding was very spirited. Miss Carpenter was conspicuous among those who are fond of magazine reading, as she was one of the liveliest bidders.

Dec. 5.—Dean Wright lectured on words, "Words, Friends, Foes, Families."

Dec. 8.—Mr. Hills gave the second of his lecture recitals on the *Appreciation of Music*. It was very interesting and instructive.

Dec. 10.—A large party went in to hear Melba at Symphony Hall. Every number of the program was well rendered. Madam Melba sang superbly. The work of the young harpist was worthy of note.

Dec. 10.—All who had not been to the theater were given the privilege of hearing Julia Marlowe and E. H. Southern in "All's Well That Ends Well." Both of these people are fine and when playing together present one of the strongest companies on the American stage. The girls enjoyed every minute of the performance.

Dec. 11.—The seating capacity of the gymnasium was taxed by the large crowd which came to attend the vesper service given by the Glee Club. The girls all sang well and with plenty of enthusiasm. It was evident that they had been well trained and their leader, Miss Bates, deserves great credit for her faithful work. The solo parts were taken by Miss Stahl, Miss Gibbs, Miss Weaver, Miss John, Miss Cooley, Miss Gilbert, Miss Washburn. Piano parts by Miss Merz. Organ parts by Miss Chedsey. Violin parts by Miss Edith Harber.

Service Prelude. Christmas Pastorate.....

G. F. Whiting

Processional. *Adeste Fideles*.

Carol. *The Crowning Day*.....Fred Schilling  
Scripture.

Soprano Solo and Chorus. *Rex Infans*.

Hymn 51. *While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night*.

Anthem. *Holy Christmas Night*.....E. Lassen  
With organ, piano, violin and soprano solo.

Prayer.

Trio. *Sleep, My Savior, Sleep*....Russell K. Miller

Carols. *Tell It Once Again*.....F. Schilling  
*While the Silent Stars are Keeping*.....

P. A. Schnecker

Solo for Soprano. *A Cradle Song of the Blessed Virgin*.....Horatio Parker

Hymn 50. *Joy to the World! The Lord is Come*.

Carols. *The Savior's Star*.....F. Schilling

*Away in a Manger*.....F. Schilling

Solo for Contralto. *The Angel's Message*.....

W. A. Willis

Carols. *One Midnight, oh, so Long Ago*..Schilling

*In the Country Nigh to Bethlehem*.....

A. P. Howard

Recessional. *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing*.

Service Postlude. *March in G*.....Henry Smart

Dec. 13.—A concert was given by the pupils of the music department, which was greatly enjoyed by all the pupils. The program went very smoothly, and a great deal of talent was displayed.

Pianoforte. *Valse, Chromatique, Op. 88*....Godard  
Miss Eaton.

Song. *Noel* ..... Wacks  
Miss Willett.

Pianoforte. *Menuet* ..... Borowski  
Miss Wait.

- Songs. Thy Beaming Eyes.....MacDowell  
 The Little Thief.....Stern  
                     Miss E. Harber.  
 Pianoforte. Nocturne, Op. 68, No. 1...Moszkowski  
                     Miss Belle Johnson.  
 Songs. O, That We Two Were Maying.....Nevin  
        O Mistress Mine.....Barry  
                     Miss Clark.  
 Organ. Meditation ..... Dunham  
                     Miss Chedsey  
 Song. Haymaking ..... Needham  
                     Miss Greil.  
 Violin. Oberon Fantaisie ..... Danbe  
                     Miss E. Harber.  
 Pianoforte. Reverie ..... Barowski  
                     Miss Gould.  
 Songs. Landscapes ..... Willeby  
        The Woodpecker ..... Nevin  
                     Miss Washburn.  
 Pianoforte. Polacca Brillante, Op. 72.....Weber  
                     Miss Laurens.

Dec. 15.—Christmas vacation.

Jan. 5.—Vacation over; work begins again.

Jan. 6.—The third of Mr. Hill's lectures on the Appreciation of Music.

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### For Self-Forgetfulness.

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Robert Louis Stevenson:

Lord, the creatures of Thy hand, Thy disinherited children, come before Thee with their incoherent wishes and regrets: Children we are, children we shall be, till our mother, the earth, hath fed upon our bones. Accept us, correct us, Thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears, wipe out our vain resentments, help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here, sulking as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person, so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven, forgetfulness of self, and make it day about his neighbors, so that they shall help, not hinder him.

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Worship is more in looking up than bowing down.

## The Lasell Missionary Society.

As a column of the LEAVES is to be devoted to the Lasell Missionary Society every month, perhaps, our readers would be interested to know something of the work it has been doing so far this school year. About one hundred and twenty-eight girls have pledged from five to twenty-five cents a week, which makes a total sum of two hundred and thirty-five dollars for the entire school year. Out of this money, five dollars has been given to Dr. Bell Allen, a missionary to Japan; ten dollars to Mrs. Ford; two dollars to two Chinese missionaries in Boston, and Christmas cards were sent to Miss Chisholm's pupils. Also a pathetic incident is connected with a Japanese girl to whom we sent thirty dollars for her education.

It seems that she was on her way from Japan to visit her grandfather in California, but on reaching this country found that her grandfather had died. As a foreigner in a strange country, and without money, she would have fallen into bad hands in San Francisco, had not Miss Lane, a lady connected with a girl's home in that city, met her at the station, and taken her in charge. She was put in a girl's school there, and on Miss Lane's request, thirty dollars was sent for her support.

The Lasell Missionary Society holds regular meetings every month, and every one is cordially invited.

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Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.



## Christian Endeavor Column.

An interesting meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society was led January 8, by Miss Potter. The subject was "The making of a Christian; her birth." Before the close of the meeting, Miss Willett favored us with a song.

The other meetings this month will be January 22, led by Miss Annie Dealey, the topic, "How to win souls for Christ," and January 29, "Heroes of foreign missions: What they teach us," Miss Steinmetz.

Officers—President, Agnes Wylie; vice president, Mary Potter; secretary and treasurer, Helen E. Carter.

### The Winged Visitor

A maiden in a garden dreamed:  
 Low drooping branches o'er her leaned;  
 Her hair, in careless disarray,  
 Caught eager sunbeams, glad to play,  
 And soft white hands, unused to pain,  
 Heedlessly tore a rose in twain.  
 Her wandering thoughts and fancies roamed  
 Throughout a palace, golden domed,  
 Where hall-ways, paved with marble floors  
 Were dotted with a hundred doors.  
 Faces and voices seemed to call,  
 And strange forms passed her in the hall.  
 A weeping child was begging bread,  
 Leading a man with bowed white head.  
 Beside a cool, inviting spring  
 There lay a bird with a broken wing;  
 And constantly some form passed by  
 That seemed to whisper, "Help! I die."  
 At last the visions passed no more;  
 Each vanished through an oaken door;  
 The hundredth portal, swinging to  
 Made the palace ring, through and through,  
 And as the echoes loudly pealed,  
 The maid stood to herself revealed.  
 She wildly rushed to each closed door,—  
 "Open unto me, I implore!"  
 She knocked and wept, but all in vain,  
 Those forms would ne'er appear again.  
 The oaken doors were locked—shut fast.  
 All opportunity had passed.

M. B. S., '06.



### Personals.

A Christmas greeting of unusual importance comes from Katherine White, '00, in Charleston, W. Va., to the intent that she means to marry in February next a certain young lawyer of Parkersburg, Will Wolfe by name. Then she'll be a White Wolfe, won't she? We congratulate Mr. Wolfe most heartily, and expect, when we know him, to congratulate her also. Blessings on the twain.

Edith Burke, the Lasell baby, sends her loving word from Middletown, Conn., and says that she has seen lately Helen Merriam, who helped her with a Christmas box for some poor children. She has also seen Emily Hale and Eleanor Percy. While she was in Hartford several Lasell girls had a reunion. (Wish she had told us who the "several" were). That Edith Bidwell is engaged to Murray Seal of Baltimore, whose family she is now visiting. Thanks, Edith.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Silas O. Lum, father of Bessie M. Lum, '01. Mr. Lum was a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, where he had resided for many years. We extend our sympathy to his family.

Cora Shackford Tilton, here in 82-83, who has been receiving medical treatment in the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital, has returned to her home greatly improved in health, and hopes are entertained of her entire recovery.

Mr. Bragdon attended the banquet held at the United States Hotel of the New England club of the Northwestern University from which he was graduated in 1864, whose guest of honor was Dean Holgate, acting President of the University, and by virtue of his seniority was called upon to preside.

Mr. Bragdon met Gertrude Rice Thayer, '81, of Allston, and her almost grown-up son, who was a wonder to me, as also her news that the son of Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81, with whom Gertrude took lunch the other day, is to enter Harvard in the fall. How the years slip by. Gertrude told me of the death, three years ago, of Dr. Thayer.

Alice G. White writes from Hartford, Conn., that she is in better health in every way than heretofore, that Emma is well, that she cares for Lasell, as we would know without her saying it but are pleased to hear repeated, that she met two old Lasell girls who were visiting Mabel Deming, that Mabel is keeping house for her mother who is absent in Washington, that she was sorry not to return, and that her people thought it was a good place for her. Alice has become a Christian Scientist, and is getting pleasantly acquainted with Mrs. Fiske.

Dr. J. Culver Hartzell, Professor, University of the Pacific, San José, Cal., U. S. A., husband of Helen Thresher, '91, recently took his Doctor's degree at the University of Munich, Germany, presenting as his Thesis, "The Upper Devonian in Europe and North America."

A recent guest was Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, rector of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., who did us the honor to inspect our building and arrangements, although not having time to meet the school or to see it under working conditions, which would have pleased us better.

St. Mary's School is a monument to Dr. Leffingwell's gift as teacher and administrator, and an honor to the section in which its beautiful home is located.

Emma Bone and Blanche Harber spent Xmas with Emily and Fanny Brookfield in Sterling, Ill. Emma and "Fan" are now in Bloomington visiting Blanche.

Callie La Seure, '03, spent Xmas in Danforth, Ill. Carrie George sailed from Boston Jan. 7 on SS. Canopic for a four months' tour in Europe.

Lucy Moore is teaching music at her home in Peabody, Mass. She gave a little recital Thursday evening, Jan. 4th.

Cora Penniman is studying music with Mrs. Ruggles, who has entertained us so often by her recitals.

Rebecca Eliason of Chestertown, Md., has been spending the Christmas vacation with Katharine Washburn, at her home in Melrose. She took lunch with us Tuesday, Jan. 10th.

During the holidays Lucile Zeller gave a Lasell luncheon at which the following girls were present: Edith McMullen, Mable Judd, Ida and Mable Jones, Frances Bragdon, Mildred Johnston, Louie Grunewald, Margarita Buehner and Charlotte Strongman Chapple.

Margarita Buehner spent the Christmas vacation in Chicago as the guest of Louie Grunewald. Louie gave a card party in her honor at which there were present several Lasell girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Munroe Mason of Auburn announce the engagement of their daughter, Evelyn Anne, to Mr. Herbert F. Kelley of Lewiston.

Miss Katharine Kendrick, '02, went to Chester, Ill., Friday. She is visiting Miss Cole, '01, who is giving a house party.



Katharine Jenckes visited Blanche Gardner in Wilkes Barre for three weeks, and then went to Indianapolis, where she visited Amy Kothe. While there she saw Floss Plum, Edith Pierson Smith, and Maye Palmer. There were seven Lasell girls at a luncheon, given by Edith Pierson Smith. Katharine was very sorry to miss Edna Frank, who has moved to Missouri for the winter. On her way home she stopped to see Corinne Richter in Columbus and Grace Fuller in Albany. In Albany she was fortunate enough to see Mabel Shields and Mabel Sayles.

### Deaths.

In Roxbury, Jan. 10, Elizabeth, only child of Onsville M. and Mary Hathaway Farnham, 3 years, 3 mos., 7 dys. Funeral at 192 Walnut ave. on Thursday, Jan. 12, at 10.30 a. m. Burial same day in New Bedford. Kindly omit flowers.

### Marriages.

Elizabeth Tyner, here in '02, to Mr. George Fritschmann, on Dec. 24, at Mount Vernon, N. Y. New home at Pike, N. H.

Clara Lou Eads, '93, to Mr. Charles Sanford Levings, on Dec. 20, at Paris, Ill. At home after Jan. 20, at 305 West Court street, Paris, Ill.

Bessie Risser, here in '98, to Mr. J. Elmer DeSelm, on Friday evening, Jan. 6, at Kankakee, Ill. At home after Jan. 24, at 55 Maple street, Kankakee, Ill.

### Rule of Three.

A philosopher has thus described the rule of three:

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

### Societies.



President—Frances Bragdon.  
Vice President—Edna Chedsey.  
Secretary—Barbara Vail.  
Treasurer—Mabel Judd.  
Critic—Ina Harber.  
Executive Committee — Clara Mattlage,  
Marie Le Baron Andrews, Leslie White.  
Music Committee—Helen Darling, Grace Rowe.  
Ushers—Miriam Nelson, Agnes Wylie.



President—Nell Jones.  
Vice President—Lucile Lothrop.  
Secretary—Mildred Johnston.  
Business Manager—Katharine Washburn.  
Executive Committee — Edith Anthony,  
Meta Buehner, Bess Bacon.  
Guards—Emma Schlapp, Elsa Merz.  
Critic—Lucile Lothrop.

### Delta Society

President—Hazel Carey.  
Vice President—Helen F. Carter.  
Secretary—Edna Rogers.  
Business Manager—Margarita Buehner.  
Executive Committee—Helen Wait, Marian Stahl, Edith Harber.  
Sentinels—Florence Miller, Leila Cones.  
Critic—Stella Booth.

**Gamma Tau.**

President—Mary K. Willett.  
 Vice President—Eila Patterson.  
 Secretary—Ethel West.  
 Treasurer—Katherine Sweet.  
 Critic—Martha Laurens.  
 Marshal—Marion MacGregor.  
 Committee on Program—Mabel Martin,  
 Sarah Strong.

---

Here and There With Our

**EXCHANGES**

We notice the specially good literary work in the December number of *The Mount Holyoke*.

The *Radiator* is, as usual, interesting and well planned. The printer of this paper is to be congratulated.

We find in *The Argosy* an interesting article entitled "Reminiscences of Oxford."

The December numbers of *The Kemper Hall Kodak* and *Ogontz Mosaic* are worthy of special mention.

The Christmas cover of *The Harvard Lampoon* is very attractive. The cover of *The Tooter* is especially appropriate for the holiday number.

---

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I would try so hard, I know 'twould open for me.  
Then over the land and sea, broadcast  
I'd scatter the smiles to play  
That children's faces might hold them fast  
For many and many a day.

If I knew the box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I'd gather them every one, from nursery, school and  
street,  
And holding and folding, I'd pack them in  
And turning a monster key,  
I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
Into the depths of the sea.

—Wheeler's.

Hiram H. Logan

T. V. L. Johnson

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FEBRUARY, 1905

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VOL. XXX, No. 5

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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1905.

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

Girls! When you receive a newsy letter from some one who has Lasell interests still at heart, do you realize that that same bit of news may be interesting to others of her acquaintance? Any item of interest in the way of Personals will be gratefully received by the Editor.

---

Did you ever stop to think what an "Engaged Sign" means? Does it simply mean that everyone except you is requested not to enter? Must one write a sign Forbidden in menancing black print to secure a little privacy? After pondering over these questions "A thoughtful girl, \* \* \* will see that the observing of them will enable a large and heterogeneous company of people to live together in quietness and good order, and will protcet those who wish to make the best possible use of their time."

---

**N**EARLY every month of the year has its especial day or days devoted to merrymaking and celebration of one sort or another: May has May-day and Decoration Day; July, Independence Day; February is among the most fortunate in that it boasts two such holidays dear to our hearts, Washington's Birthday, which is a legal holiday, and St. Valentine's Day. For the past few weeks our attention has been attracted by the shop window display of valentines for the recent celebration of St. Valentine's Day. This saint, at whose shrine all true lovers burn incense, was originally a bishop, we are told, who was beheaded at Rome in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. Various explanations are given of the fact that the good old bishop has one day in the calendar given up to the perpetuation of his memory. Some believe that this day was first celebrated in his honor because he was famous for

his love and charity, while others believe it to have been because the birds were fabled to select their mates on that day. Whatever may really have been the original cause of the setting apart of St. Valentine's Day, one thing seems reasonably certain, namely, that it originated in Rome and occurred at the same time as the old Lupercalia, a festival celebrated in honor of Juno and Pan. In the early days of the Christian church the leaders, wishing to wean the people from the celebrating of the worship of pagan deities, chose this especial day calling it St. Valentine's Day for a popular celebration because at about the same time the Lupercalia had been observed.

The festival has gradually degenerated from its original religious character, until at the present day its observance consists, merely, in sending anonymous love tokens, letters or little booklets expressing some amorous sentiment and either simply or elaborately decorated with hearts, cupids, flowers, and such symbolic designs. The sending of the hideous comic valentine is a reprehensible custom of the present day, and one glaringly testifying to lack of taste in the sender. In olden times, however, the day, which was a great festal occasion, the sending of comic valentines was unknown, those which were sent containing courteous, complimentary or amorous messages, which showed the attachment of the young man sender to the young woman recipient, and a genuine desire that her love be returned. The chief celebration of the day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, which was followed by a game of forfeits. On St. Valentine's eve the young people in England and Scotland used to celebrate a little festival in which the giving and receiving of gifts played a conspicuous part. The streets were crowded with messengers carrying packages which they placed each on the chosen door-



step, rapped violently with the knocker, and then ran hurriedly away, lest they might be caught. The gifts were usually marked with such legends as "St. Valentine's love," or "Good Morrow, St. Valentine." From within the houses could be heard the merry shouts and screams of the occupants, as they ran to the door and discovered there secretly deposited packages. The recipients exhibited great eagerness in undoing wrappers and guessing the names of the donors. Another custom was the meeting together of an equal number of girls and boys, each of whom wrote his name, true or fictitious, on a slip of paper, which was then folded and put with the others into a receptacle, from which it was drawn by lot, the maids drawing the men's billets and vice versa, so that each one had by this chance method of choice one whom he called his "valentine." By this means, each had two valentines, but the man abided more closely by his allotted partner than the maiden by hers. It some times happened that the valentine swains gave balls and treats to their mistresses, wearing the prized billets on their sleeves for several days. This, we are gravely informed, often ended in love. In the reign of Charles I., married and single alike, could be chosen as valentines, and a present was usually given to the choosing parties.

Among the common people St. Valentine's Day was formerly believed to have some influence on the fate of any youth and maid, who were especially interested in each other.

A young lady of the days of Merrie England thus describes some of the curious notions then current about the day. "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth, to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we

should be married before the year was out. But to make sure, I boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking. After it we also wrote our lover's names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water and the first that rose up was to be our valentine."

While Christmas is the religious festival for all, Washington's Birthday, the festival of the hero lovers, and Fourth of July the festival of noise, fireworks and patriotic oration, St. Valentine's Day is for the merry boys and girls, playing at the game of Love me, Love me not. The windows are gay with hearts and roses, and tempting little valentines, and we couldn't spare this day.

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Thousands of people are handling certain articles daily without any idea of their dangerous nature.

The ordinary soda water syphon, for instance, is a bomb, and an exceedingly powerful one to boot, charged, as it frequently is, up to a pressure of between 130 and 160 pounds.

A child who dropped one of these dangerous contrivances in the street the other day, was almost as shockingly mangled by the resultant explosion as was M. dePleuve, the recently assassinated Russian Minister of the Interior, by the dynamite bomb thrown by the Anarchist Poroznef.

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Diogenes was asked why he had ceased his quest for an honest man and lingered all day in his homelike tub.

"What is the use?" he returned, pessimistically. "Thomas W. Lawson won't be born for more than a thousand years yet."

With that he blew out his lantern.—*Puck*.

## California Letter.

### Tournament of Roses.

FOR fifteen years Pasadena has had this Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day, which is taken for a holiday by all Pasadena, and much of Los Angeles. You should know that Pasadena is related to Los Angeles as Newton is to Boston; Los Angeles being the business city, the metropolis of all Southern California, and Pasadena its chief residence suburb. Los Angeles is two hundred feet above sea level and Pasadena eight hundred feet, so that the eight miles between them is a climb of six hundred feet towards the hills which are back of Pasadena and distant five or six miles.

There are three steam roads connecting Pasadena and Los Angeles, and two trolley lines. But the service of the trolley is so much better than that of the steam roads that most of the travel is by electrics.

Here, you see, is the reverse of Auburn-dale. For instance, neither steam road runs over three or four trains daily, and none after six o'clock p. m., while the electrics run every ten minutes. The electrics run to the principal streets of Los Angeles from (by transfer) several parts of Pasadena, while the steam cars run to stations in Los Angeles remote from business centres.

Pasadena is called the home of millionaires; Los Angeles is purely a business city. Los Angeles has grown faster within twenty years than any other city in the United States. One does not see why, but it just grows and grows and grows. Pasadena has grown less rapidly, and is comparatively a new city. But its growth tries the capacity of builders to find homes for all who come. So you see, tho' suburban, it is not quite so quiet and rural as Auburndale.

It is said that fifty thousand people came

to Pasadena to see the Parade, the story of which is told in the paper I sent to the Reading Room. So I need not describe in detail the floats, tallyhos, six-in-hands, four-in-hands, double and single rigs, bicycles, automobiles and novelties, all profusely decorated, usually entirely covered with various sorts of flowers and green.

This year the start was to be at ten o'clock, but it was late, so that it was eleven-thirty before it began to pass our home. Forty minutes were consumed in passing, and it was a beautiful kaleidoscope of design and color. The Massachusetts Colony contributed two notable floats. Notice that there are enough Massachusetts people here to produce these and with gumption enough to do them well. We were proud of the old Bay State.

For two miles along the route, sidewalks and yards were crowded with on-lookers. Residences and stores were decorated with the colors of the Tournament, red and white, and flags of the United States and the Tournament, and palm branches were nailed to each telephone and electric wire pole.

At two o'clock the crowd was at Tournament Park to see the races. There are boxes, grand stand seats, "bleachers," etc., Judges' stand and all the paraphernalia.

Presently the Queen came, preceded by a Herald, and followed by her Court, ten young women (all gowned in Tournament colors), and took her seat on a special stand next to the Judges'. By the way, I noticed the Queen and several of her Court placidly chewing gum oblivious of the thousands of eyes turned upon them. How would Boston endure a Queen and Court chewing gum?

There were motorcycle races, not much noticed, and real Roman Chariot races. The first prize in the latter was a thousand dol-



lars. So you see it was quite worth contending for.

The four horses drawing one chariot ran away and the driver could not stop them, and was so evidently distressed that one of the cowboys, four of whom were on the track for any need, lassoed the horses and brought them to a stand without accident.

The day closed with a concert by the Pasadena Choral Society, which was very good.

Whom do you suppose called on me lately? No other than Ruby Blaisdell Carter of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts! To say I was astonished and glad, is to put it very mildly. She and Mr. Carter and their nine-year-old daughter are here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Thomson Cox of Crawfordsville, Indiana, have taken up their abode here.

Mary reports Caroline, her sister, now living in Colorado Springs, Colorado, as one of the happiest of mothers with the dearest little five-months-old baby that ever was! Ruby Carter is at the Evanston Inn, and Mary Cox at 308 Burton Court. Did I say that Lizzie Bacon Whittemore is this year keeping house at 80 Marengo avenue?

I am very happy to report that Fraulein Roth is better. The recovery is very slow, but so many friends are hoping it is sure. She has had a severe illness. I cannot see her yet.

Another surprise was in seeing Mr. Staples and Mrs. Grace and the boy. Some will remember Grace as our good-natured-information-window queen. They expect to settle in California, but are not yet sure where.

I have just called upon the father, brother and two sisters of Mrs. Martin's husband, who are also come to stay. I saw only Mr. Martin, Sr., who is a splendid specimen of a man, and is in love with Pasadena, as is

*almost* every one who comes, which to my mind is not surprising.

Imagine children barefoot (for comfort not need) in this middle January day! and the air sweet, fragrant and bracing as a New England June, and all the flowers I told you of in the January letter! It is next to Paradise.

But, girls (don't tell anybody) it is true that there is no such fun as skating and sleighriding and coasting, and these we do not get here; except by going to the hills on whose upper slopes and crowning their tops is the snow-cap which delighted my eyes this very day, shining white (the snow, not my eyes) over the flowers and palms and orange groves, as pure and strong as the top of Jungfrau.

I got a new putting of an old truth the other day. Mr. S. E. White in his splendid book, "The Mountains," says, of the experienced (educated?) deer-hunter, that he sees deer where the tenderfoot does not because "he has trained his eye not so much to see things as to leave things out." Isn't this after all the main result of any education, to train us so that we do in any calling leave unimportant things out? Ask Miss Potter or Mrs. Martin to preach you a sermon from that text. It has great possibilities.

Being women you will be interested in a double wedding here lately. Two beautiful sisters were the "lovely brides." It was one of the most charming home weddings I ever saw. (All weddings ought to be home weddings, me judice.) Hour, high noon: soft music by piano and violin, Lohengrin: Best man and one groom, then best man and other groom took their stand under two white bells; maid of honor; then the brides in white (not alike) slowly paced to their joy. Preacher asks one groom and bride the first question; then repeats that question to second groom and bride; then the

second question to first groom and bride, then to second groom and bride, and so on in turn.

The fine mansion was elaborately and beautifully decorated as only this land of flowers can do. The oddest part of it was that after the wedding feast the brides and grooms went about visiting as if it were an afternoon tea and they the hostesses. Pretty soon it was seen that they were waiting for the company to go, which it gradually did. So there was no scampering out ducking and doging in a pretended wish to avoid the rice and old shoes.

After the company was gone they just got ready leisurely as they pleased, and went their several ways as they liked!

It was very "homey" and delightful. I wonder if those boys knew how fortunate they were in getting such wives for their very own!

The brides promised to "serve" but not to "obey."

I want to give you a question. How far away is the nearest star? And how can you best express that distance for lay comprehension? A prize for the best answer.

I want so much and so often to see every separate one of you, to look into your eyes and note how you are conquering selfishness and laziness and other "easily upsettin' sins," and how the beautiful strong lines of victory are growing into your faces and bearing!

Our Father have you all in His most kind care!

C. C. B.

Pasadena, Cal., Jan., 18, '05.

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### Answers to Questions in Last Number.

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|--------------|---------------|
| 1.—Barnebus. | 5.—Jerusalem. |
| 2.—Abel.     | 6.—Bethlehem. |
| 3.—Benjamin. | 7.—Canaan.    |
| 4.—Adam.     | 8.—Phillipi.  |

### The Adventures of a Valentine.

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I DO not remember much of my early life, but I know that soon after I was finished I took a long, long journey packed in a big box along with many others like me. When we were finally unpacked I drew a long breath and looked around with great curiosity at my new surroundings. My comrades were grumbling and complaining, and jostling each other, but I was too overjoyed by the fact that I could see what was going on around me to do that.

We were in an immense room, on a long counter, and all around me were thousands of other valentines, or so it seemed to me. There were all sorts of other things in the room; things that looked like little girls, but I heard the man call them dolls; little horses, and dogs, and cats, and books, and steam engines, and almost everything you could imagine. But on our side was nothing but valentines, from hideous comic ones to beautiful and expensive ones. Of course I was among the most expensive and I think I was the most beautiful, too, even if I do say it.

All day long I amused myself by watching the people as they came in to buy; mischievous boys searched through the comics for ones they thought appropriate for their long-suffering teachers, bigger boys who grew frightfully red when they selected theirs, handsome lace-paper creations adorned with doves and cupids and brilliant red hearts, anxious that the verses be sufficiently sentimental to express the thoughts they were too bashful to utter; sweet little girls who came to "see the penny ones, please," and spent an hour or more choosing half a dozen paltry little "one-centers."

I was beginning to despair of ever being sold when the door suddenly opened and a young man entered. He was not a naughty boy or a blushing lad, and he knew enough



not to go to the cheap end of the counter. He was so handsome that I immediately fell in love with him, and almost tore myself in two smiling at him. He came straight to our section and looked us all over. I am sure he heard my heart beating, because all at once he smiled and, oh, joy! picked me up and handed me to the man to be wrapped up. The young man put me carefully in his inside pocket and we went out. I felt sorry for my companions who were left, but still I felt the young man was getting the best.

After a while we stopped at a store and I heard my young man order an immense bunch of violets to be sent to a certain address. When we finally reached home the young man unwrapped me, laid me carefully on his bureau and left the room. He had not been gone but a few minutes when a little boy came tumbling into the room.

"Say, uncle!" he shouted. "Oh, pshaw! he's not here." Then catching sight of me.

"Oh, what a lovely valentine. Uncle certainly doesn't want that. It's just what I want for Maudie. I'll bet that cost more'n five cents."

And snatching me in his grimy little paw he darted out of the room, down stairs and across the street. I knew this was not what the young man intended to do with me, but try as I would I could not make the boy listen to me. He laid me down on the snowy door step, gave the bell a tremendous pull, and darted out of sight. The door was immediately opened by as pretty a little girl as I had ever seen. How I trembled! This was growing exciting. She seized me and tearing off my wrappings with exclamations of delight, ran indoors.

"Oh, sister, look, look! See what I just found. Isn't it beautiful?"

A charming young lady looked up from her reading, and drew her little sister to her side.

"Indeed it is, darling. Do you know who sent it?"

"Oh, Harry, I suppose. I'm going to put it right here in the middle of all my valentines because it's the prettiest. You didn't get any valentines, did you, sister?"

"Why, yes, Maudie, these lovely violets," pointing to a huge bowlful on the table.

"That isn't as pretty as mine, though," with a toss of her curly head.

That evening I was surprised to see my young man of the afternoon come into the room and the young lady greet him cordially. I had despaired of ever seeing him again, and here he was, handsomer than ever. I would have given a whole gross of cupids and white doves to have had him look at me as he did at her, but before he could speak little Maudie dragged him over to look at her valentines.

He spied me immediately, and seizing me, pushed aside the child and strode across the room to my young lady.

"Helen," he said, in a low, strained voice, "I don't understand. Didn't you receive my flowers?"

"Why, yes, there they are," pointing to the violets. "And they are lovely, too."

"Helen, there has been some mistake. This little valentine was supposed to go with the flowers, because I thought it would speak better than I could hope to. Oh, Helen, don't you understand?"

This last in pleading, eager tones which even I could not have resisted, and neither could Helen,—but I don't intend to tell you what happened next, no, not one word, although I heard it all. After a while, as Helen was gently caressing me, she said:

"Dearest, I am going to keep this little valentine always."

And she did, although Maudie was only induced to release her claim on me by the promise of a still more beautiful one, al-

though I knew that was impossible. So I was laid carefully away with nothing to do but dream happy dreams of my young man and his fair bride. Once when she took me out and gazed tenderly on me, as she often did, I induced her to write my history, which you have just read.

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### Selections From Dont's for Girls.

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Don't be spoiled. Permit none to persuade you there are none so lovely, so witty, or so wise. Be sweetly grateful, but not proud.

Don't form hysterical attachments for other girls. It is silly. Such loves die very suddenly, frequently leaving a trail of ridicule behind. "Adore" only God.

Don't become masculine if you are a college girl. Fit yourself for a vocation if you choose, but hold fast to your girlish personality.

Don't forget that vanity ruins beauty, and blunts the mind.

Don't waste time, but remember that resting is not wasting but saving time.

Don't consider it beneath you to know how to cook. It takes brains to master fine cookery.

Be reverent in church. Don't whisper, stare about, or make comments. Never permit any one to hand you church money. That should be your personal care.

Don't laugh all the time, or the world will finally let you laugh alone.

Don't mistake flippancy for wit. There is a vast difference.

Don't borrow too often in your youth, or you may beg in your old age. Doing without toughens the moral fiber.

Don't abuse the French language. Learn it, use it, write it, if you wish, but don't maltreat it.

Don't forget that "a little learning is a

dangerous thing." Increase your supply.

Don't feel "hurt" upon all possible occasions. The habit is not endearing.

Don't nag. A terrible habit that grows like a weed.

Don't feel that time spent in taking care of your body is wasted. On the contrary, it is half a crime not to give a great deal of time to physical culture. It pays royally.

Don't argue. It is a girlish habit.

Don't begin the day with a sigh, or you may end it with a downpour.

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### The Mid-Winter Reunion.

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IT was the general consensus of opinion that one of the pleasantest of mid-winter reunions ever held by New England Lasellians occurred on Jan. 30, at Hotel Lenox, from 1 until 5 o'clock.

The success of this occasion was due to the very efficient management of the following committee: Miss Sanford '79, Miss Scott '99, Miss Whitney '03, and Miss Hardy '04.

Inviting apartments were decorated with Mexican colors under which stood a receiving committee consisting of Misses Carpenter, Potter, Blaisdell and Mr. Hills, who cordially welcomed the eighty or more guests. After an hour of social interchange reflecting the genuine Lasell spirit, all adjourned to the dining room where a delicious buffet lunch was served.

Miss Potter, as president, prepared the afternoon's program in her usual delightful way, extending to all a most cordial greeting from Lasell. After referring to the prosperous condition of the seminary, she paid a tender tribute to the memory of Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, '57, and Miss Martha B. Lucas, '60.

Miss Belle Johnson followed with a piano-forte solo. Dr. Bragdon's letter was read by Miss Packard.



To the teachers and students of Lasell Seminary for Young Women, in midwinter reunion assembled:

My dear girls:—Once more it is my reluctant pleasure to send to the body of splendid women who are assembled in loyal remembrance of Lasell the loving greeting of the principal from the Pacific shore.

Reluctant, because I would so much rather look into your eyes, grasp your hands and tell you how I love you and prize your faithful carrying of the old school on your lips as well as in your hearts.

I can say "love" now as I didn't quite dare to thirty years ago. One of the privileges of age is to speak plainly the affection it feels for the young. To tell the truth I am a little shy about saying "love" now lest some giddy ones of you laugh at me. For tho' the calendar makes it proper for me to assume the privileges of age, I feel just the same as I have always felt. And the true teacher's love for his pupils—some of you can testify to this—is very like and very near a father's for his girls.

I love you for the victories you have forced out of life—aye for the failures you have borne so bravely, as to make them victories. I love you for the splendid fulfilment of the prophecies of your young womanhood. I love you tenderly for the crosses you have borne and the burdens you have carried and the tears you have shed in such faith and devotion and hope as have sweetened and enriched you as the Father meant they should.

I love you for the glorious promise of the years to come.

May our Father bless you more and more, and by all the experiences which we call life, bring you nearer to Himself and make you more and more coworkers with Him in Christlike service—"He pleased not himself"—neither may we if we are His follow-

ers. If we would enter into His joy, we must take His Road.

May the pleasant greetings of this day, which I share with you in spirit, give us all a kind of girding for more unselfish living.

If they could reach you with the fragrance and freshness with which every day they look up into my face, I would gladly send you flowers to tell you how glad I am that you are all alive and well and happy, and to tell you of my confident hope for your future.

And I would say a word of loving remembrance for those faithful brothers and sisters, who have met with us on such days as this, but now look down upon us from the unspeakable glory which is today their exceeding great reward. Here their presence was a benediction. Shall it be less so now that they have entered through the gates, into the city?

Now the principal has preached. Others will tell you of the wonderful persistence of the dear old school (but a school is never "old") in keeping in the van of educational institutions for young women. Never were we doing better work; never did that work seem to be better appreciated by the public. Never was the school on a better basis or more successful.

"God bless us everyone!"

Have the best time today you ever had.

Lovingly, C. C. B.

At the suggestion of Miss Nellie M. Richards, '93, it was unanimously agreed that a message should be telegraphed in response to the kind greeting of our principal.

All those who have heard Miss Butler speak know with what pleasure the audience listened to her address on the "Land of the Aztecs." Speaking from a personal acquaintance with Mexico, its customs, manners and strong patriotic spirit, we were led

to appreciate, as never before, how many qualities its people possess deserving of unbounded respect, and how splendidly the country has prospered. Various customs were illustrated by interesting curios. One or two facts must claim a little space here for particular mention. First, that all education is free, university as well as public schools; second, that each of the three colors of the flag symbolize a definite ideal,—green for patriotism; white, purity of intention; red, valor.

A rising vote of thanks was extended to the speaker for her interesting talk. With a song by Miss Greil the exercises closed, but all lingered for a few parting words.

One feature of the occasion appreciated by all old Lasell girls was the cordial co-operation of recent greatness. In no way can we more effectively show our loyalty to the dear Alma Mater.

Below are the names of those who registered:

Miss Caroline Carpenter, Lasell Seminary; Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67, Lasell Seminary; Mr. Joseph A. Hills, Boston; Mrs. Clara Austin Winslow, Lasell Seminary; Mr. Guy M. Winslow, Lasell Seminary; Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Lasell Seminary; Mrs. Miriam N. Loomis, Lasell Seminary; Mlle. Jeanne LeRoyer, Lasell Seminary; Miss Mary L. Nutt, Lasell Seminary; Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Waltham; Mary P. Jones, '56, 45 Waban street, Newton; Fanny Gray Merrick, '56, 216 Homer street, Newton Centre; Mary Shaw Rogers, '56, 66 Westland avenue, Boston; Martha E. Stone, '56, 52 First avenue, Newton Centre; Emma Sears May, '57, 272 Centre street, Newton; Flora Drew Sampson, '57, St. James street, Newton; Mary C. Penniman, '58, Groton; Evalyn P. Warren, '70, 455 Centre street, Newton; Grace Perkins Patillo, '77, 79 Prospect street, Gloucester; Jessie J. Macmillan, '82, 305 Central street, Auburndale; Sephie Mason Dumas, '83, 55 Huntington street, Lowell; Lillian M. Packard, '83, 538 Broadway, South Boston; Marietta Rose Green, '86, 228 Lincoln street, Newton Highlands; Nellie M. Richards, '93, Groton; Harriett G. Scott, '94, Wyoming, Ill.; Alice Clark Dodge, '96, Ashland; Gertrude Watson Linscott, '99, 23 Ward street, Woburn; Mary B. Vance, '99, 216 Newbury street, Boston; Ethel S. Walton, '99, 11 Walnut street, Boston; Ethlyn Barber Brown,

'01, 12 Myrtle street, Winchester; Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, Arlington street, Haverhill; Florence Pooler, '01, Skowhegan, Me.; Joanna F. Deering, '02, Saco, Me.; Mabel Pooler, '03, Skowhegan, Me.; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, 173 Lincoln street, Newton Highlands; Ella M. Hazelton, '04, Montague City; A. Katharine Jenckes, '04, 91 Washington street, Newport, R. I.; Gladys B. Patterson, '04, Garrison Hall, Boston; Amie Kelly Adams, Haverhill; Woodie Kimball Adams, 29 Highland ave., Haverhill; Elizabeth E. Boit, Richardson ave., Wakefield; Lina Maynard Bramhall, 84 Tenth street, Lowell; Frances L. Browse, Grape Island, W. Virginia; Clementina Butler, Newton Centre; Delia Jarvis Chamberlain, Bangor, Me.; Ethel V. Crosby, 23 St. James ave., Boston; Myra L. Davis, 53 Church street, Watertown; Minnie Jones Eddy, 11 Dean street, Worcester; Kittie Ellis, Framingham; Ida Trowbridge Fuller, So. Framingham; Susie F. Gallup, Norwich, Ct.; Clarissa Hammond, Williams street, Lyons, N. Y.; Gertrude Morse Hickey, 143 Madison ave., New York; Nell D. Jones, Lasell Seminary; Clarice Laughlin, Portland, Me.; Augusta Damon Nickerson, 108 Winthrop Road, Brookline; Anita Henry Mirick, 130 Beacon street, Worcester; Mildred Nickerson, Leominster; Minnie Bigelow Peterson, 16 Lyman street, Waltham; Rosa Best Pike, 8 Gaylord street, Dorchester; Bessie T. Roper, Hopedale; Florence M. Smith, Fitchburg; Cora B. Stone, 1295 Main street, Waltham; Delia F. Tripp, 158 Arnold street, New Bedford; Mary K. Wales, 55 Burroughs street, Jamaica Plain; Mary Colby Walworth, 931 Centre street, Newton Centre; Minnie Ransom Wagner, 120 Woodland Road, Auburndale; Grace P. Wells, Kingston, R. I.; Irene Wellington, Oxford; Evangeline E. Winn Northboro; Mrs. Wm. T. Shepherd, 122 Grove street, Auburndale; Mary Ninde, Ann Harbor, Mich.

### A European Boarding School.

IT was at Vevey, that dear little Swiss town on Lake Geneva, that we finally decided to spend our several months of foreign school life; and after visiting all the schools in that town (and there are a good many), we at last came upon "Mon Desir," which seemed to us a very favorable pensionat. To Mon Desir accordingly we came one memorable day, having packed our belongings and said temporary good-byes to our parents and friends whom we left at a distant hotel.



Madame Chaudet, proprietress of the pensionat, was a proper, well-poised woman, who spoke French admirably and with a flourish. Secretly I envied her that accomplishment, for French was our aim at that time. She also spoke German, but since she did not know a word of English it was only through the tongue of the Vaterland that I at first made my wants known.

There were about fifteen girls in the school—several of them Swiss, a larger number German, one Swede, one Hungarian and a Canadian, with whom we spoke English on occasions when Madame was not listening. But when Madame did chance to overhear us she would always give us the same gentle injunction, "*Parlez francais, mes enfants!*" But as this was our only opportunity to speak English we made the most of it. It did seem so delightful to have one other English-speaking friend among us to whom to apply for the comfort of the mother-tongue when we longed for the sound of it.

The house itself was very comfortable, and we were much pleased with our rooms, which were adjoining, and had pretty little glazed balconies overlooking the street. Sad to relate, we never had much comfort from the balconies, for we spent only the winter months there. When we retired at night we found our rooms very cold, and after making inquiries regarding the heat we discovered that it was not the custom for the girls' rooms to be heated at all. On extremely cold nights, however, Marie, the maid, would bring us a tiny gas stove which reduced the chill a little,—a very little. Besides this, another source of vexation was the feather bed (used as a comfortable), which would insist on falling off the bed at all hours of the coldest nights. The more we remonstrated with it the worse it behaved.

We breakfasted at 8.15 o'clock, the meal

consisting of Swiss brown bread and butter, and a cup of either hot milk or coffee. At first this frugal meal seemed rather queer to me, but on discovering that the Swiss people as well as the English eat regularly four times a day I became reconciled to it. At 4 o'clock we always had our tea and cakes, and invariably hailed them with joy, for the little repast was a sign for the dropping of work. Moreover, we were always hungry, in spite of the four meals, and no lunch ever came amiss to us.

The method of taking the daily walk was also peculiar. Generally at about an hour after luncheon we lined up, two abreast, and with a teacher keeping guard in the rear, we sauntered along the quay of Lake Geneva. This walking by the lake was very pleasant, but our chief delight was "*lugeing*," the equivalent of our American "*coasting*" or "*bobbing*." We often took our "*luges*" up to the mountains, where we were able to coast for several miles, straight down into the village. It was a case of "*all play and no work*," for we always returned to the mountains by the funicular, which saved us from having to climb up again.

Most of our evenings were spent with our French books, but Saturday night was generally kept free for the "*maitre de dance*," whose novel way of teaching dancing we thoroughly enjoyed, soon picking up the foreign fashion of tripping it. The various square dances that he taught were also quite new to us, and we were glad to learn them. On these particular evenings we were allowed to stay up later than usual. At about 10 o'clock we heard Madame's voice, "*Allez aux lits, cheries!*" We all start, step into the hallway, get our small lamps, are kissed in turn by Madame and the teachers, and go to our rooms. We were allowed, by the way, to keep our lamps burning for ten minutes;

after that, if we wished light we had to use candles.

American boarding school spreads take the form of "tea fetes" in Switzerland. Tea and hot lemonade are served in the cold rooms at different hours of the night. No wonder that hot beverages were enjoyed at that time of year and under such circumstances!

After a couple of months' struggling with the French grammar we left Vevey for sunnier climes, but we still have pleasant recollections of our life there. No one who is not familiar with both types of boarding school can realize how great the contrast is between that of America and that of Switzerland.

M. M. B., '06

### Trying to Think.

I T had been one of the busiest days of my busy school life. I had rushed from one recitation to another, from Biology and the dissecting of frogs to Trig., from Trig. to Cooking, and so on since early morning, and still a hard evening's work loomed ahead of me. Before sitting down to my desk to work I dropped on to the couch for a minute—not to rest, but to get into a comfortable position for thinking. I must decide on a subject for my next theme. I thought of writing a criticism on "Alice in Wonderland," but all I could say about it was that I thought it a delightful story. Oh, how sleepy I was! I closed my eyes to think.

Suddeny a new idea came into my mind, and jumping up I hurried down stairs to the library. The moment I reached the door I knew something was wrong, things looked so unfamiliar. Crowds of people were rushing toward the chapel but there was only one person whom I recognized, a third cousin whom I had not seen for years. Carried along with the crowd, I found myself

saying over and over, "I'll never get there till I can decline that logarithm, I'll never get there till I can decline that logarithm."

Something was following me. I could hear it coming nearer and nearer and shouting, "Birds can fly and why can't I?"

On turning around I saw the same rabbit which Alice met in Wonderland. With his open watch in his hand he rushed along crying, "I shall be late, I shall be late. Chapel begins before the Elizabethan Age, Spenser and Sidney and the Chester Cycle will all be there."

His voice was lost in shouts from outside, "Love—fifteen!" "Love—fifteen!" I wanted to shout too, but had a feeling that I couldn't pronounce the unlauts correctly and so kept still.

I don't know what happened next, but I found myself walking along a quiet street. Not a man, woman or child was in sight, but some large notices were posted on a bulletin board near by. I read:

*"Lost! An Idea! Almost new! Pearl handle."*

And,

*"Wanted! Frogs! Frogs!! Frogs!!!  
Big Frogs! Little Frogs!  
Long Frogs! Short Frogs!  
Singing Frogs! Croaking Frogs!  
Old Frogs! Polywogs!"*

There were many other notices but I shall never know what they were, for just then a sonorous voice from somewhere shouted, "Begin! Begin!"

I weakly stammered, "Where shall I begin?"

"Begin where you left off and tell all you know."

"But I never left off," said I, in despair.

"Then begin at the beginning," commanded the voice.

I started to repeat the recipe for white sauce, but was interrupted by a gray squir-



rel, which was hopping directly towards me, and beating time with his tail as he sang,  
 "The stag at eve had drunk his fill.

Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,"  
 Three more squirrels joined in the chorus,  
 "Mathematics, dire confusions,

French declensions, wrong conclusions."

They all waved their tails—no, there were no squirrels' tails in sight, but instead the long gray plumes of Ada Rehan's hat. There she stood, bowing and courtesying to left and right. Suddenly in her place appeared Rip Van Winkle with his long white beard.

"Here's to your health and the health of your family. May they live long and prosper," he cried, and pulled out of his pocket, —letters, yes, letters from home. I tried hard, but could not quite reach them. Still I heard singing in the distance, Mathematics, dire confusion."

"One Friday night there came to call," sounded down the corridor. I jumped to my feet. "Ding dong, ding dong," rang the nine o'clock bell. I surely could not have been asleep, I was only trying to think.

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### **An Indian Mela.**

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IT is a hot, dry summer night in India, when not a leaf is astir, and people unaccustomed to such heat go about gasping for a breath of air. The European residents are waiting patiently for the time to leave for the Himalaya mountains. But to the natives of the "Holy City," and to the pilgrims who have come from afar, there was no thought of any unusual heat. For a week previous each of the five great roads leading to the city has been thronged with pilgrims of many races and tongues, gay in holiday attire, and intent on one great purpose.

More than a quarter of a century has

passed since such an event has stirred the people. It has long been known that at the time of a certain conjunction of stars, India may atone for her sins, and receive a great reward from the deep waters of "Mother Ganges." And again the fortunate hour has come. In order to join in this great festival the pilgrims have made numerous encampments along the banks of the river. Before them lies the revered Ganges which, rising in the glaciers of the Himalaya Mountains, flows over a thousand miles of burning plain before she reaches the sacred city.

Morning comes. The wooden platforms built out into the river are crowded with Brahmin priests whose lives are spent in teaching the Hindu method of salvation. Behind these are huge flights of stone steps known as "bathing ghats," on which the devout Hindus are met, awaiting immersion; and behind them for three miles stretches a vast array of temples, monasteries and shrines rich in carving and fretwork. Flowers have been thrown into the river as an offering to the goddess Kali. For hours the bathing and praying go on, and passing up the great stone stairways, the procession moves on. Their worship done, they seek rest and recreation in the booths erected in every open space,—places where one may find swings, merry-go-rounds, candy and toys for the children, and jewels for the women, or a sight of deformed animals and other "freaks" for the curious.

The ignorant pious also find ample scope for obtaining merit by giving alms to the religious devotees. Under the shade of a large tree a man builds a fire, and fastening a rope around a branch of the tree he twists it around himself and swings slowly back and forth over the flames; further on sits another devotee, who for twenty years has held up his right arm until it is withered, and the nails in the hand have grown like bird claws,

and passed through the palm. Besides these there are some "fakirs" besmeared with Ganges mud and ashes, their long, matted hair twisted up on their heads, the terror of the simple mendicant. At the feet of each of these "saints" is a pile of coins testifying to the charity of the pilgrims. The position of the high caste native demands that he keep away from the places of pleasure after the religious ceremonies; and for their wives places are fixed apart from the common world where they may discuss the day, shielded from the gaze of a lower caste!

The day is ended, the sun sets, yet without making the heat less oppressive. Many have died through exhaustion; some return to tell of the doings of this eventful day, never to be forgotten. The Mahabrani Mela is over. The priests loaded with gifts, and the giver freed from sin, sleep contented and at peace with all the world.

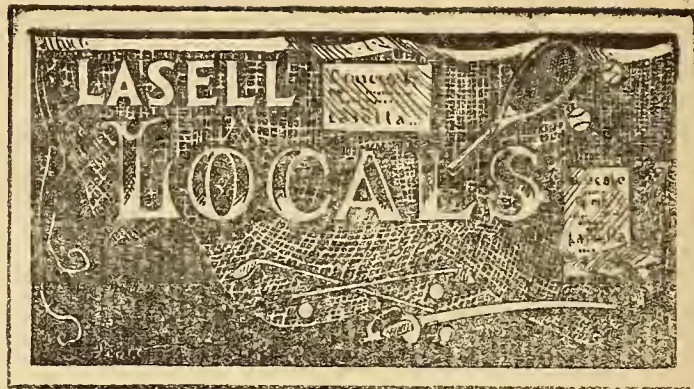
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Miss Mary A. Green's report on the examination papers on Business Law was very gratifying. She writes, "Some of them are remarkably well done, two of them Misses Bragdon's and McClanahan's, were almost perfect, and I wanted to mark them 100 per cent., but couldn't conscientiously do so."

---

Another book by Miss Annie Payson Call, the well known author of "Power Through Repose" is announced for publication in the spring by Little, Brown and Co. The name of the book is "The Freedom of Life."

The above mentioned Annie Payson Call is the same with whose work, through her classes in nerve training at Lasell, we have been long familiar.



Jan. 7.—Mrs. Loomis talked to us upon "Table Etiquette in Regard to the Consumption of Food." She held the close attention of her listeners by the clear and interesting way in which she presented the subject.

Jan. 12.—Miss Mullikin gave the first of a series of two lectures entitled "Anarchists in Art." She explained that the term "Anarchists" was not used in a political sense, but to designate the painters who have brought about the greatest changes in modern French art, and who were opposed to the traditional teachings of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. She told of the lives and works of David, Gros, Gericault and Delacroix, and illustrated the lecture with stereopticon pictures by the artists named.

Jan. 14.—The usual afternoon lecture was given by Mrs. Florence Kelley, the national secretary of the Consumers' League. She spoke of the work done by the league toward the lessening of child labor in shops and mines. She also urged the girls to be especially considerate in their Christmas shopping next year, telling of the great suffering of the shop-girls during the recent holiday season.

Jan. 14.—Miss Potter chaperoned a large party to Madame Sembrich's recital in Symphony Hall. All were delighted with the singer's beautiful voice and charming manner.

Jan. 14.—The annual entertainment of the Senior Class was held in the gymnasium.



Leland T. Powers, the well known impersonator, read David Garrick to a large audience of students and friends. As always, Mr. Powers' rendering of the parts was capital, and much enjoyed. At the close of the entertainment the Senior and Junior classes had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Powers.

Jan. 19.—Miss Mullikin continued her lecture of the previous week, by giving an account of the work of Rousseau, Millet, Courbet and Manet. This lecture was illustrated in a similar manner as the preceding one. Both were highly instructive and exceedingly interesting.

Jan. 21.—Miss Potter talked to the girls concerning "Ideals and Standards."

Jan. 22.—Dr. Watkins took a small party to Appleton Chapel, Harvard, to hear Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. Dr. Hall is a very strong speaker, and the girls who heard him felt that they had enjoyed a great privilege.

Jan. 23.—A photographer from Purdy's took the society pictures to be published in the *Allerlei*.

Jan. 26.—The Day of Prayer for schools was observed by three services held in the chapel. Mr. Matteson, rector of the Episcopal church, conducted the opening exercises of the morning worship, using parts of the service given in the Book of Common Prayer. A most inspiring sermon was preached by the Rev. Laress Birney of Hyde Park. A short but helpful service, conducted by Miss Packard was held during the half hour preceding dinner. Mr. Southgate, pastor of the Congregational Church, opened the evening service, and Dr. Hadlock, the Methodist minister, delivered a masterly sermon.

Jan. 28.—Mrs. Martin gave a short lecture upon Lowell's *Sir Launfal*, and recited the poem. The thorough appreciation of

the girls was evident from the hearty applause as Mrs. Martin finished.

Jan. 28.—In the evening the Junior class entertained the Seniors with a sleigh ride. The sleighing was excellent, and the party in the highest spirits. After a much enjoyed supper of pancakes and chocolate at Wellesley Inn, the load returned home, unanimous in the opinion of having had a most delightful time.

Feb. 2.—Miss Curtis of Newtonville, one of Mr. Dunham's pupils, gave an organ recital in the gymnasium. The girls sat on cushions around the open fire, which afforded the only light in the room. Miss Curtis's playing showed much talent and was greatly enjoyed.

Thursday, Feb. 2, being Christian Endeavor Day, a union meeting of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Auburndale, was held at the Congregational chapel at seven o'clock, February 5. The meeting was led by Dr. F. E. Clark, who is the founder of the Christian Endeavor Societies. Addresses were made by former officers of the societies. The Lasell society was represented by Miss Willet, who told a little of the work we are doing here.

Feb. 4.—A very interesting lecture was given by Miss Potter entitled "Conversation as a Fine Art."

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Extract from a letter, speaking of Dr. Bragdon's home in Pasadena:—

"Their place is beautiful—a low, brown shingled house, 98 feet in width, almost covered with flowers. Red geraniums and poinsettias bank one wing; then come white creeping roses, and green vines; and on the other side is a mass of heliotrope."

---

"Let us rest ourselves a bit: Worry?  
Have your hand, and smile  
It farewell, for a little while."

### The Poem.

TWO men met on the road whose end was the sunset. They were not yet much travel-stained by the dust of the journey. The dew was still on the grass and their hearts were glad because of the freshness of all things. One was in a cloak of crimson and gold, and a bright lyre was in his hands. The other was dressed in the green of the grass and the brown of the earth.

"And what are you called, brother mine?" said the first, tossing his golden curls and looking at his fellow-traveler merrily.

"In the village from which I came they call me the Silent One," was the answer, while he of the brown coat lifted eyes of the color of sky and water.

"I am named 'The Rhymster,' gaily volunteered the first. "I put into dainty song all the loves and the sighings of humanity. But especially do I warble well, they say, the complaints of pretty maidens when they lean from their windows and sigh at the stars. Come, now, you are a good fellow and perhaps you can tell me many things that I might mold in pretty verse. Your pains will not be amiss, for all men buy my songs. Let us travel the way together."

So the two men journeyed side by side. But The Rhymster lost patience with his companion, for the silly fellow did nothing but gaze at the grass or the flowers and now and then smile a strange smile that The Rhymster could not understand.

At last they came to a little inn where they stopped for rest and refreshment, for they had walked fast and the road was not all smooth. The daughter of the keeper of the inn was young and joyous with youth, and in her face was the glow of sunlight and spring breezes. The travelers stayed many days at the inn, for they both had looked at

the daughter and had loved her. One day the Silent One took her hand and said to her:

"You are a child of the earth, and strong with its strength and gladness. If you would become my wife together we could do many good things and together we could walk at noonday and under the starlight, each cheering each. If one grew weary the other would bear for a time the loads of us both. Always would we be hand in hand." And the Silent One gazed at her and his eyes glowed so deeply that she shielded her face.

But that night The Rhymster drew her out in the moonlight. "Queen and sovereign of my being," he cried, "whose lightest breath makes my heart to tremble. Beautiful one, compounded of roses and lilies, if you will take me as your husband I will be your slave and your servant. You shall be ministered to in every slightest whim, for all that you wish is worthy to be obeyed."

"Ah," she thought, "he appreciates me." And she gave herself to him.

The Silent One said nothing, but the next day he passed on alone. As he went he met many beggars who put out their hands. He had nothing to give, but he smiled at them the strange smile and the reflection of it came in their own eyes and they smiled back.

After him, on the road, came The Rhymster with his bride. "Oh, the poor, poor beggars," said The Rhymster, "how miserable they are." And he wrote some verses about them and sang them at the cities he passed. "What a great poet he is," cried the people. "How tender, how sympathetic, how he feels the griefs of the poor." But the young bride saw only the reflection of the smile of the Silent One in the eyes of the beggars, and her heart ached with a strange pain. For there was an empty place in it



that continually cried to be filled. The Rhymster was too busy inditing sonnets to her hair to notice her pain.

Bye and bye they came to some laborers working in the hard stone of the road. They were hot and tired and grimy, for the rays of the sun had waxed warm. But their work had been lightened a little by the efforts of a strong man called the Silent One, who had broken stone with them in the midst of the road. They had eyed him askance but he had said nothing and had passed on.

"What a noble thing is labor," sang The Rhymster, as he saw them. "How it enriches life and makes it blessed."

"He has beautiful thoughts and how wonderfully he sings on his golden lyre," exclaimed all the people. "He is a man to be worshipped."

And The Rhymster and the innkeeper's daughter traveled on. But as they approached the sunset they saw in the distance, gathered about a body, men who wrung their hands and cried out. "What is it?" exclaimed the innkeeper's daughter, and the pain at her heart leapt to her throat. They hurried on and, behold, they saw the Silent One lying on the grass, and he was dead. "We have praised The Rhymster's songs for so many years." "Look!" said they to him, as they glanced into his shallow eyes,—and again "Look!" and they took him close to where the Silent One lay. The Rhymster gazed and gazed at him with slow-growing wonder. For the face of the dead man was as a poem, grander and nobler and more beautiful than any he had ever seen or dreamed.

*Florence Kiper.*

Each deed thou hast done  
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world.

—*Browning.*

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## Deaths.

It is with great regret that we learned of the death of Mr. Geo. W. Frank at Liberty, N. Y., husband of Ella Stedman, '82. Mr. Frank was prominent in his profession, being a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and associate member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and also a member of the National Geographical Society. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Frank.

Virginia Johnson Milbank, here in '83-'85, has suffered a loss hard to bear in the death of her son, Paul, a particularly promising boy, who was attending St. Paul's School, Concord, when taken sick.

We are grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Percival Chubb, formerly Miss Louise Walston, of the class of 1885, which occurred at her home in Summit, N. J. She is survived by a husband and three children to whom we extend loving sympathy.

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## Marriages.

Anna Estelle Tompkins, here in '04, was married on January 7th to Mr. Robert Rae Johnston.

Evelyn Emelie Ebert '99, was married to Henry Hubbard Allen on Wednesday, February 8th, at 2828 Forest Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

Ray Beulah Spitz and Joel Spear, on January 9th, at Chicago. New home at 254 Bellfield Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Kathryn Robertson was married Feb. 15, at the Westminster Presbyterian church, Jacksonville, Ill., to Mr. Preston Ruggles Smith. At home after April 18, at The Lenox, Buffalo, N. Y.

### The Christian Endeavor Society.

The Christian Endeavor meeting on January 22 was led by Miss Annie Dealey, the subject being: "How to win souls for Christ." During the meeting Miss John and Miss Tillinghast sang a pleasing duet.

The afternoon service of the Day of Prayer, January 26, was under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. Miss Packard led the meeting and took for her subject a verse from Genesis: "I will bless you—and thou shalt be a blessing." Miss Griel and Miss Washburn sang a duet which was much enjoyed.

There was a large number present at the Christian Endeavor meeting on January 29. Miss Wylie conducted the meeting and Miss Ninde, Miss Potter's guest, led us in prayer. Mrs. Clarke of Auburndale gave us an interesting talk on the subject: "Heroes of Foreign Missions." She was able to tell us many instances of missionary heroism, which she had met with personally in her travels abroad. Miss Edith Harber favored us with a solo before the close of the meeting.

#### Sentence Sermons.

Chicago Tribune:

Empty hours make aching hearts.  
No man can be happy all to himself.  
A great intent makes for noble content.  
A clean heart is the secret of a clean head.

"Do any hearts beat faster,  
Do any faces brighten  
To hear your footstep on the stair  
To meet you, greet you, anywhere?  
Are you so like your master  
Dark shadows to enlighten?  
Are any happier today  
Through words that they heard you say?  
Life were not worth the living  
If no one were the better  
For having met you on the way,  
And know the sunshine of your stay.



### Personals.

Lucile Zeller has gone to California, but expects to be back in time to come East for Commencement.

Ethel Hook spent Sunday with us, on her way to East Hartford, where she visited Bertha Hayden.

Emily Hale writes that Florence Grout has been visiting her. They called on Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, our Mary Goodwin.

Grace Hardy '04, made us a short call.

Miss Mary L. Ninde of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has been the recent guest of our preceptress. Miss Ninde is the author of that interesting book of travel, "We Two Alone in Europe" which describes the two years spent abroad by the author and Miss Potter. We enjoyed her gracious presence, and wish we could have her always with us.

Born, Feb. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. John Chase Redington (Ruth Skinner) a son.

Joanna Deering, '02, came down to attend the Lasell Reunion, in Boston, and spent Sunday with Nell Jones.

Nell Krause has given up her study of music in Boston, and has returned to her home in Lebanon, Penn.

Adele Humphrey, who is spending the winter in Winchester, Mass., made us a short visit.

The old girls were glad to have a call from Marion Mann, '02, this last month.

Carrie George, '03, writes from Spain



that she had a remarkably pleasant sea-voyage and is enjoying her trip very much.

Charlotte Thearle and Marjorie Blackman are taking cooking lessons this winter.

Roberta Clark spent Sunday with Bertha Manchester.

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**Societies.**

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President—Frances Bragdon.

Vice President—Edna Chedsey.

Secretary—Barbara Vail.

Treasurer—Mabel Judd.

Critic—Ina Harber.

Executive Committee — Clara Mattlage,

Marie Le Baron Andrews, Leslie White.

Music Committee—Helen Darling, Grace Rowe.

Ushers—Mariam Nelson, Agnes Wylie.



President—Lucile Lothrop.

Vice President—Fanny Thatcher.

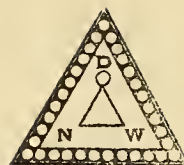
Secretary—Elsa Merz.

Business Manager—Katharine Washburn.

Executive Committee—Maude Simes, Annie Dealy, Nell Jones.

Guards—Helen Jackson, Enid Eldredge.

Critic—Ida Jones.



President—Hazel Carey.

Vice President—Helen F. Carter.

Secretary—Edna Rogers.

Business Manager—Margarita Buehner.

Executive Committee—Helen Wait, Marian Stahl, Edith Harber.

Sentinels—Florence Miller, Leila Cones.

Critic—Stella Booth.

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**Gamma Tau.**

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President—Mary K. Willett.

Vice President—Eila Patterson.

Secretary—Ethel West.

Treasurer—Katherine Sweet.

Critic—Martha Laurens.

Marshal—Marion MacGregor.

Committee on Program—Mabel Martin, Sarah Strong.

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**The Lasell Missionary Society.**

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An interesting meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society was held in the chapel Sunday, January 15th, with Miss Sarah Caldwell as leader. After the opening hymn, Scripture reading by the leader and a prayer was followed by the minutes of the previous meeting, after which the following program was rendered: Beauties of Alaska, Miss Rogers; Our Eskimo, Miss Booth; How Some Dogs Ate up a Church, Miss H. E. Carter; Song, Miss Clark; A letter from Miss Lake, Miss Kelly; A letter from the School in India, which we are supporting, Miss Thar. Miss Packard explained some pictures of Alaska, which were passed around among us and the meeting closed with a hymn.

Eleven dollars was received from the Christmas thank-offering envelopes.

Here and There With Our

## EXCHANGES



We acknowledge the following exchanges for January:

*Phillips High School Review*, Watertown Mass.; *The Cambridge Review*, Cambridge, Mass.; *The Tripod*, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.; *The Tooter*, South Omaha, Nebraska; *The Student*, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine; *The Classic*, Orange City, Iowa; *High School Bulletin*, Lawrence Mass.; *The Hamptonia*, New Hampton, N. H.; *The Tattler*, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.; *Ogontz Mosaic*, Ogontz, Pa.; *The Wesleyan University*, Middleton, Conn.; *Amherst Literary Monthly*; *The Polytechnic*, Troy, N. Y.; *The Roaring Branch*, Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt.;

The alumni column of *The Student*, Bates College, shows that care has been taken in obtaining news from the old students. This column is the most interesting of all for them, then why not take particular pains with it?

Where is the literary matter of *The Hamptonia*? The paper is otherwise interesting and well arranged.

We find a good article in *The Tattler*, "The Rose and the Gray," a description of life at Vassar College.

"All's well that ends well!"

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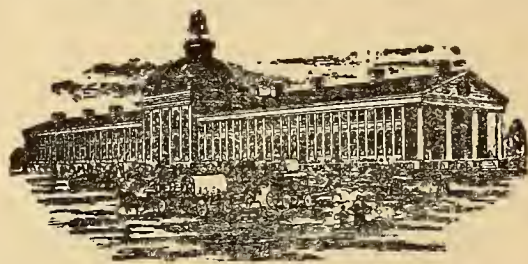
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MARCH, 1905

# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXX, No. 6

*J. E. Purdy & Co.*

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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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## Editorials.

---

Three months have passed by since the second editorial staff came into office; three months of anticipated toil and drudgery, which have proved on the contrary, a period of pleasure and profit, to the editor, and I trust, to the readers of the LEAVES. With deepest gratitude to those who have in so many ways made the work lighter and more interesting, the editor extends her thanks. Cordial greetings to the new editor!

---

### The Patron Saint of Ireland

---

IT seems very strange to me," an Englishman once said, "that even Americans wear bits of green, and dangling serpents, to commemorate the memory of a man whose existence is uncertain," but although the evidences of his career are few, there are certain proofs that St. Patrick himself has left for us. In two Latin writings, a "Confession" and an "Epistle," written in a rustic, Irish style, he defends himself against evident charges made against his incapability of conquering Ireland, and he speaks of the outrages committed against his converts. Scotland, England, France and Wales claim the honor of having been the birthplace of the Saint, and the place of his burial is likewise disputed, but however unauthentic the details of his life may be, the history of St. Patrick is none the less interesting.

He was born about the year 372, and the early part of his life was spent in captivity, having been carried off from his patrician family by pirates who sold him into slavery in Ireland. He worked as swine-herd on the well-known mountain of Sleamish, in the county of Antrim, where he became acquainted with the customs of the people, and acquired their language. As a boy, Patrick

was very quiet, and much given to meditation, and as soon as he escaped from bondage, he devoted himself to a strictly religious life, with such ardor that he was appointed by Pope Celestine, to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of Ireland, who were then heathen.

There he met with great opposition from the Druids, who proved so formidable that St. Patrick was forced, greatly against his good nature to curse their rivers which could then produce no fish, to curse their kettles, so that no amount of fire nor patience could make them boil, and finally, to curse the Druids, themselves who thereupon became swallowed up by the earth.

His pious journeys may be traced through Wales and Scotland, and especially in Ireland, by the suggestive names which have been given to the places and the churches that he honored by his presence. We find "Dalpatrick" (the district of Patrick) and "Crag-phadrig" (the rock of Patrick), also his church "Kirkpatrick" founded at Irongray, while he sailed from "Portpatrick" leaving behind him a name which is still a favorite one among the Scottish aristocracy of the present day.

Perhaps the best known of his miracles is the driving out of the venomous serpents from Ireland, and so affecting Irish soil, that any of the serpent race would find it impossible to live there. Indeed, it is a curious fact that in his "Natural History," Pliny states that serpents are never seen upon trefoil and that it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions. The Irish had attributed mystical virtues to the shamrock before St. Patrick's arrival, and after he used the trefoil as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity, it is easily understood why the shamrock is worn in the hat all over Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, almost without an exception.



The legends and superstitions connected with the good saint's name are numerous, and so firm has been the popular belief in these miracles, that credulous supporters of these legends are by no means few today, especially among the lower orders who live in the neighborhood of the Lough. It was there that St. Patrick is said to have chained a monster serpent, bidding him remain there until Monday, and every Monday morning the near inhabitants hear the serpent calling in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick."

His baptism of the Irish chieftain has furnished material for poets and painters, who portray the saint, leaning heavily on a steel-spiked staff which he had unknowingly placed on the great toe of his convert. The chieftain, believing the action to be part of the ceremony, bore the pain without a murmur, although the blood flowed so freely that the place is still called Struill, from "Struthfhuil" (stream of blood.)

Another legend relates that on one cold morning when the saint and his followers were on a mountain without a fire to cook their breakfast or warm their frozen limbs, Patrick gathered a pile of ice and snowballs which instantly became a pleasant fire as he breathed upon it. This incident, like many others, has come to us through the poet who makes use of the story as follows:

"Saint Patrick, as in legends told,  
The morning being very cold,  
In order to assuage the weather,  
Collected bits of ice together;  
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,  
When every fragment blazed on fire.  
Oh! if the saint had been so kind,  
As to have left the gift behind  
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,  
Who daily struggles to be free;  
I'd be content—content with part,  
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,  
The frozen heart, of Polly Roe."

Isn't it a strange thing that old Father Time halts so lamely at some periods, and at others gallops along at such a bounding pace. It seemed, during the Fall term, as if Christmas were never coming. But the great day crawled towards us at last. And now here it is Easter vacation, almost before we know it. By the time we have breathed a long breath again, June will be here and Commencement, and parting—and home. And how the days do fly in the Spring! We feel as if we wanted to catch every moment and treasure it. For many of us this is the last year at Lasell. All of us will have to part with friends whom we shall probably not see for a long while, perhaps never again. How we cherish the precious hours we are with them!

But let us have no shadow of a cloud to mar our happiness. If there ever was a time for rejoicing it is now. Vacation is upon us. We shall scatter soon—some to go home for a week of glad reunion, some to spend the time with cordial friends. But wherever we are, we shall be happy—why, we can't help being! Isn't this Spring, and aren't we young and aren't there people who love us!

Although our vacation is not co-incident with Easter, still the meaning of the Easter-tide is with us now—the up-springing and resurrection of life. Spring has been in the air for some time—with all its thrilling promises of life, its joy and gladness. We feel the eternal and still always wonderful renewal of the earth, and we feel a response to its glad youth beating in our own hearts.

May the spiritual meaning of the great mystic, William Blake, come home to all of us.

---

"Who sees the earth in a grain of sand,  
And the face of God in a flower,  
Shall hold infinity in his hand  
And eternity in an hour."

### From California

---

Fresh picked strawberries, 12 1-2 cents a basket; violets, two big bunches for 25 cents; oranges, 50 cents a bushel; peas, cauliflower, asparagus, spinach, lettuce, young onions, potatoes, beans, beets *all* fresh from the gardens. This is our habit, and it is hard to realize that the following extract is true for the same date: "Snowbound in a Burlington passenger train, 30 miles south of Des Moines, for twelve hours, with the engine 15 miles ahead, three men waded through snow to their waists and broke up a side-tracked freight car to burn and keep women from freezing to death. The engine, attempting to force a way, was stuck, and could not return. Passengers reaching here today had hands, ears, feet and faces frozen."

But there are compensations; one for you is that there are no such schools as Lasell on the Pacific Coast.

Since my last letter I have had welcome greetings from Nora Fowler, Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, Evelyn Butler Arnold (in Mexico), Ruth Marston, Blanche Gardner, ('00,) Ida Mallory, ('03) Ada Dunaway Caldwell, Rev. John Blackstock (in India) Mae Chisholm (in China) and letters from a few other kind girls who know how I enjoy such.

I have seen Blanche Ford Hill ('86), her husband, son *And Daughter* (that italicizing is for Blanche's eye!) Lulu Orrell Eddy, her husband and son (these two families have taken furnished houses until June, so are almost citizens), Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, Edith's mother and father, Grace Bliss Stewart, her mother and Aunt, and Zoe Hill, ('01) and her mother.

We tried to bring these, with the Lasell girls living in Pasadena and the neighbor-

hood together, so they could get acquainted. An account of it from a daily paper follows:

At their beautiful residence on East Colorado street, Professor and Mrs. Charles C. Bragdon are the host and hostess this afternoon at a delightful reunion of former students of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., of which institution Professor Bragdon is president. The college colors of Lasell are blue and white and these have been suggested by the masses of fragrant blue violets and white stock that are placed on cabinets and tables about the handsome rooms, which with their treasures of art brought from wanderings in many lands, need small adornment. In the beautiful picture gallery hung with gems of the painters art the company will gather and recall happy days spent at the seminary in Massachusetts, and those who have wandered to the shores of the Pacific to make their homes in this sunny southland, will feel that the afternoon has unusual significance in that the midwinter reunion for New England is being held at Hotel Lenox in Boston at the same time. So "from lands of snow to lands of sun" Lasell will be honored today. During the afternoon elaborate refreshments will be served by the hostess and the occasion will be one of especial charm. Among the invited guest company for the afternoon all of whom have been students at Lasell, are:

Mrs. Carrie Johnson Miller, ('94) Pasadena, Mrs. Katherine Watson Pugh, Pasadena, Miss Elsa West, Pasadena. From Los Angeles, Mrs. Belle Bragdon Barlow, ('95), Mrs. Bess Bailey Van Orsdall ('96), Mrs. Bertha Gray Richards, Mrs. Zoe Lowe Browne, Mrs. Ella Wassemer Martindale, Miss Elizabeth Campbell. Miss Ada Young Tichnor, Calais, Me.; Miss Rhoda Porter, ('00), Port Huron, Mich.; Mrs. Lulu Orrell Eddy, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Blanche Ford Hill, ('86), Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Grace Bliss Stewart, Atchison, Kan.; Mrs. Ruby Blaisdell Carter, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Thompson Cox, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Miss Louise Whitney, Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Lizzie Bacon Whittemore, New London, Conn.; Mrs. Jennie Williams McCoy, New London, Conn.; Miss Ellen Chase, ('02), Lordsburg, Cal.; Miss Laura Chase, ('02), Lordsburg, Cal.; Mrs. Helen Harris Aldrich, Chicago, Ill.; Miss M. E. Ransom, Mrs. Mabel Clement Rogers, Mrs. Ed. B. Hosmer, Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. T. S. Hayden, of Denver, mother of our Florence Hayden, ('02), and Mrs. N. M. Hayden of Pasadena, sister of Florence, also graced the occasion by their presence.



It was a delightful time and made more so by the receipt at four o'clock just during refreshments, of the telegram from the Boston Reunion. That was the finishing touch.

I have also seen May Emery Yale and husband, who are visiting their sister, Professor Ford, of Throop. May looks well and not changed a bit; bright as ever.

I learn that Mrs. Rowe, mother of Emily and Sue Rowe, is in Pasadena, though I have not seen her.

The latest arrival is Jen Brown Titsworth, of Denver, Colorado; that is, the girls used to call her "Jen," though I suppose she has outgrown that. I have not seen her yet.

I am learning something as well as you. Mrs. B. said that the awnings must come down. Last year the process cost \$4. I could do it just as well as the next man. So I went at it.

First, I placed the ladder wrong, (not wrongly). Came down and placed it again. First lesson: The proper approach for a task. 2d, I tried to uncscrew the screw-eyes with my fingers; chafed them nearly raw before I thought to use a nail as a turner. Second lesson: How to use the proper tools. 3d, when the screw-eyes were all out, the awning was dropped onto the hinges so I could not get at them. So I had to put back some of the screw-eyes until I got the hinges apart. Third lesson: There is a sequence in work, something should come before something else. 4th, The hinges were peculiar, had a spring very hard to manage. After getting the rest of the skin off my sore fingers, I saw that a claw-hammer and pincers would do it easily. Fourth lesson: Experience counts in any task.

I didn't learn all the lessons at one awning. By the time I had them all down, I

had found out how to do it and could have taken down thirty more in one-fifth of the time.

And I thought that's just what school is for. To learn the proper approach to a study is to have it one-quarter done. To know the right "tools" to use is another quarter. To get a correct sequence in studies, makes every one more easy. The hard times in one study gives the experience by which the next is readily mastered. Expound it better if you can, or differently, if you like. I know I learned that the "know how" to do a thing is the difference between a mechanic and an apprentice. The "know how" is what you are getting. When you get it you are master of the situation, and no longer apprentice in that thing. Moreover, by mastering one job (or study) you can ever after do other things more easily and better.

The other day a boy next door let out his two fan-tail pigeons. They flew to the top of our tool-house and stayed there. Rain came on and they didn't know enough to "get in out of the wet." All night they sat on the peak of the roof, cold and wet, tho' the cage door was open a few feet below them. In the morning they were still there. The boy coaxed them with grain, but they stayed. The rain descended and the wind blew (it was a good deal of a storm for this section) and it was cold. After awhile the gardener, pitying them, climbed a ladder, crept near to them and threw a big piece of netting which enveloped them and tumbled them to the ground. Dazed by the sudden attack, bruised by the fall, entangled in the net, they gave out pitiful cries and scared screams. But so the gardener caught them, took them to their warm shelter where was food, and presently they were cooing their content and thanks. Was the gardener cruel or kind?

When his pets get into trouble and don't know how to find their way out of it, or perhaps won't come out of it, is the great gardener cruel or kind if He bruises them, if by no other means He can bring them back to Him and home, and shelter, and food?

C. C. B.

### The Critical Tourist.

"The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year,"  
When from the East, omniscient East,  
The tourists wise appear.  
"Your streets," one says, "are quite unclean;  
Your lighting service bad.  
Back East, you know, we do it so—  
Your ancientness is sad."  
And then this sage enumerates  
Each fault and flaw he finds,  
And gives just "scads" of wisdom (huh!)  
To our benighted minds.  
But in it all, this joy we see;  
Next year he'll come again,  
And all our faults will virtues be,—  
He'll be no tourist then.  
His ticket will not read "Return;"  
His household gods he'll bring;  
And evermore "Our Glorious West"  
He'll loudly, proudly sing.  
—Dora M. Oliphant, California Times.

### A Sad Loss.

Poor little Mary Geraldine,  
Before the clock struck eight,  
Had lost a very precious thing,  
It made her breakfast late;  
It made her hurry off to school  
Without one griddle cake;  
It made her give dear little Ned  
A really truly shake  
Because the wind blew off his hat;  
It made her cheeks feel hot,  
And tears kept coming as she ran,  
And quite a lumpy spot  
Was in her throat. 'Twas not her ring,  
'Twas not her new gray muff,  
'Twas not her skates that she had lost;  
'Twas really not enough  
She thought, to trouble her so much;  
She lost it in her bed;  
Just one short little half an hour  
Made all that fuss, she said.  
—Elizabeth L. Gould, in Youth's Companion.

### A Club Meeting on Mt. Olympus.

It was the afternoon for the weekly meeting of the "Promotion of Ideality Among the Masses" Club on Mt. Olympus. Private carriages and automobiles rolled along the Milky Way towards the stately residence of Venus, and stylishly-dressed goddesses alighted at her front door. In the reception hall, the few prompt members were enjoying a little chat before the serious business of the afternoon should begin. Venus, charming in an afternoon costume of light gray voile, received the guests and made each one, whether goddess, nymph, or muse, feel perfectly at ease.

"Good afternoon, my dear Calliope," she said, "I see you've brought your roll with you. Are we to be favored with another of your charming readings? Miss Diana, will you kindly take this seat next to Atropos? How do you do, Minerva?"

"Minerva looks stunning in that new black gown of hers," whispered Aurora to Proserpina. "But do you think that brown corduroy of Diana's is just the thing?"

"Not at all," answered Proserpina, "and Melpomene looks like a fright in that chenille dot veil. She wouldn't look so bad if it weren't so out of date."

"It is past time for opening our meeting," said Ceres, looking at her watch, "and I don't think we'll wait any longer. Clio, will you read the minutes of the last meeting?"

Clio read, "President Juno called the meeting to order. As it was the semi-annual election of officers, the usual musico-literary-philanthropic program was omitted. Several ballots were cast for president, resulting in the election of Ceres." The rest of the report was drowned by the murmur of many voices.



"Juno is offended that she wasn't re-elected," said one. "You see she isn't here today."

"I fear Ceres isn't dignified enough," said Minerva, as she stared coldly over her glasses. "She doesn't know parliamentary rules, either."

"Let the meeting come to order," commanded Ceres, clapping her tightly-gloved hands to secure attention. "The special topic of this meeting is Olympian Psycho-Culture for Unfortunate Mortals, but first the executive committee has a report to make. Proserpina, you are chairman."

"Fellow club women," said Proserpina, "your executive committee has been working hard making suitable arrangements for Gentlemen's Night. We recommend that the affair take place in the great council hall, Jove volente. The receiving line will consist of all the officers of the Club, including of course the executive committee. The reception will be followed by dancing and light refreshments—ambrosia and ice cream. We suggest that the ambrosia be flavored with chocolate."

"That will never do," interrupted Venus. "Most men detest chocolate. Vulcan can't abide it."

"I say vanilla." "No, lemon." "Aren't you going to serve nectar?" "We ought to have frozen pudding, I am going to invite Bacchus," came in a medley of voices.

"Each club member," continued Proserpina, "may invite one gentleman friend. The Apollo orchestra will furnish music."

"Is the report accepted?" asked Ceres.

"I thing we ought to give a regular banquet," asserted Clotho.

"She's always been noted for a voracious appetite," said Aurora in an undertone to her neighbor. "You remember how she ate last Gentlemen's Night."

"I quite agree with Clotho," said Diana.

"Think of Neptune's coming all that distance and getting nothing but light refreshments."

"I suppose Mars will be invited. I think 'twould be an insult to offer him anything less than a ten-course dinner."

"What will you do with the report?" asked Ceres once more.

"Shall we wear hat and gloves?" inquired Minerva.

"Did you ever hear such a ridiculous question?" said one of the Graces in an aside to her sister. "Hats, indeed! I really believe she'd wear a shirt waist suit if left to her own devices. These ultra-educated people have such ridiculous ideas in regard to dress."

"I can't decide whether to wear my black lace over white taffeta, or violet crepe de chine," remarked Venus. "I suppose Juno will wear her purple velvet—so gaudy, and kills every other color in the room."

"By the way, the last time we met with Juno did you notice the dust on the bust of Jupiter that stood on the piano? It was disgraceful. I shall wear my champagne satin," said Urania, all in a breath.

Once more there was a confusion of voices above which occasional words arose. "White lace corsage—" "smart, genteel—" "rope of pearls—" "pale blue mousseline de soie with Irish lace" "gone by—" "Renaissance lace collar."

"What will you do with the report?" asked Ceres again.

"I move that it be laid on the table," said one.

"I move that it be accepted," said another.

"I move that the executive committee make the changes we've suggested," said a third.

"Do I hear any seconds?" asked Ceres calmly.

"Second it," all the club members cried in unison.

"All in favor?"

"Perhaps," interrupted Minerva rising as she spoke and looking over her glasses at Ceres, "perhaps our president is not aware that we have not a quorum present, and no action taken will be legal."

Ceres looked hopelessly around, but Venus coming to her rescue, said, "I move that we vote ourselves a quorum for this afternoon."

"Second it, second it," came from various parts of the room.

"All in favor?"

"Aye," from club members in unison.

"All opposed?"

"No," from Minerva alone.

"Carried, we are a quorum," asserted Ceres. "And now that arrangements for Gentlemen's Night are well under way, it is in order to appoint committees for practical work among the Uncultured Masses."

"Madam President," said Polymnia, rising, "I move that instead, a committee be appointed to draw up resolutions stating fully our sympathy for the Uncultured Masses of Earth, and the Ideals for which they should strive, that these resolutions be recorded in the Book of the Promotion of Ideality among the Masses Club, and a copy be sent to the Masses themselves."

This motion was carried by acclamation, and the Club adjourned just as the great clock on the tower of Jupiter's palace was striking six.

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### Selections from *Dont's* for Girls

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Don't neglect little deeds, while dreaming of great ones.

Don't be a prig. Girls who are never a little foolish are always deadly dull.

Don't chatter. Babbling is baneful.

Gigglers should be punished by solitary confinement.

Don't regulate your behavior by geography. Be as modest at the seashore as at home.

Don't fib about little things. It is futile and foolish, and inevitably creates distrust.

Don't flush your tear ducts daily. If there is one unbearable boredom it is to dwell with a chronic weeper.

Don't build castles in Spain. Build a home in your own land.

Don't be quick to believe evil. Believe the good, until the evil is self-manifest.

Don't be morbid. A girlish fault is not unpardonable.

Don't become easily excited. Cultivate repose. Gush is a sign of inferiority, while a quiet manner indicates strength.

Don't acquire the eating habit. Eat to live.

Don't nibble at sweets and then reject red meats and other nourishing things at meals. That breeds trouble.

Don't fail to change the subject when a topic changes the atmosphere of a room.

Don't go, when "to go or not to go" becomes the question.

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Mr. Joseph A. Hills has just given his fifth Lecture Recital on the "Appreciation of Music." Those of us who have been privileged to listen to these instructive talks feel grateful to Professor Hills for having brought within our reach some of the difficult points in musical composition.

The lectures are illustrated by the use of the Orchestrelle. Occasionally the lecturer renders some pleasing passages on the piano. This departure proves most enjoyable.

The entire school were the guests of Professor Hills. We are glad to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of his courtesy. The next concert and the closing one of the course is to be April 12.



## Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace

ON Monday, February 6, a party of twenty-three from Lasell visited Fenway Court, the famous Italian Villa of Mrs. John L. Gardner. As is perhaps generally known this wealthy woman, of highly individual qualities, purchased an old palace of Venice, and incorporated such parts of it as were usable into a plan of her own. In this unique structure, which is her home, she has housed her vast collection of pictures, statuary and antiquities. Certain rooms are incorporated as the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and are open to the public by ticket on specified days; the admission being limited to two hundred at a time. This restriction seems justifiable when we remember the crowded entry way, and the aggravating preliminaries of checking over-shoes, and umbrellas, a process upon which Mrs. Jack herself kept a supervising eye.

We chose one of the worst days of the winter for our visit. This, however, entitled us to the full benefit of the contrast between exterior and interior. The severely plain square building rises up from the level, snow-bound Fens, speaking in every line its ability to stand against inclement winds. The red tiled roof and a few Venetian windows are but slight suggestions of its real contents.

Once within the main corridor the transformation is complete. One seems to be in a sort of short tunnel, between the rich old tile floor and the vaulted brick ceiling of the hallway; and the lines of perspective act as a telescope to strengthen and bring near the view of the central enclosed court. One lingers on the threshold to gloat over that first effect, half afraid that this vista of a southland is but a mirage. But the warm perfume of flowers is undeniably there, and the notes of an alien bird complete the il-

lusion. The memory of winter drops away and one enters the cloistered court in full time with the exotic life enclosed there.

Among the palms and flowers of the Court is to be seen the fine mosaic pavement from the Palatine Villa Livia; a treasure in itself; a lasting lesson in good workmanship. From the opposite wall dolphins spit out tinkling jets of water into a Venetian fountain basin, on either side of which stairs ascend to a balcony of entrance to the second floor. One's eye travels up the plastered walls of warm-toned pink (Mrs. Jack mixed the paint herself, they say) into which are set a series of Gothic casements from the vanished Venetian palace. It is dangerous to one's prosy concepts of life to linger too long upon the beauties of those finely moulded mullions, ogee points and quatrefoil traceries. To such a balcony Romeo climbed, and through such casements the moon shone on "St. Agnes' Eve." Yes, these windows are poetry-breeding and lures to romance.

From the court of enchantment one mounts to a Chinese room wherein a multiplicity of bright-hued objects fall into the general tone of gold. Thence one passes to the spacious Raphael room with its wall coverings of brocaded red satin. On one side, its windows look out upon the Fens, but on the other, there are balconies upon the central court.

The long established myth that there was a Raphael in America is now a fact beyond dispute. To make assurance doubly sure, there are two of them, and the archangelic name which is a synonym for art itself here stands the test of comparison with other mortals. The tiny "Pieta" is charmingly placed on a table by a window. There is everything in the surrounding to bring out the picture's qualities of youthfulness, for it is a work of the master's young manhood. Imagine the joy of ownership, to drop down

before this picture in quiet and commune intimately with it. How flower-like are the figures mourning over the Christ; they, in many soft colors, he in the whiteness of death.

The other Raphael is a portrait of Cardinal Inghirami, which comes directly from the Inghirami Palace at Volterra. A counterpart of this picture is one of the familiar gems of the Pitti Palace collection, so that he seems like an old acquaintance, this pudgy little crooked-eyed man, dignified by his flaming red garb.

The Dutch room comes back to the visitor's mind as perhaps the most individual and best unified among all the rooms. It is large, and one has the full sweep of the old red tile floor, above which is a heavy beam ceiling in dark wood with painted panels. Floors, walls, ceiling and windows seem to be so surely related to each other that they cannot be imagined changed. Here, against the rare faded green brocade of the walls, the works of Dutch, Flemish and German masters seem as much at home as if these old knights and burgomasters were real "ancestors" still inhabiting their own old castle. Van der Meer's "Concert" and Terburg's "Music Lesson" seem to be merely taking place in adjacent rooms. The Rembrandt "Landscape" and "Storm at Sea" are particularly interesting as being rare subjects in this master's repertoire. Nor, together with these masterpieces, do I hesitate to mention the bowls of orchids upon the tables, whose bronze-green colors, so wisely chosen, seemed an emanation of Rembrandt tone.

On the third floor is the large Titian room corresponding in size and place to the Raphael room on the floor below. Titian's portrait of Anne of Austria and her mother and his wonderful "Rape of Europa" are quite sufficient to account for the name of

the room. Here also is Velasquez portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, very similar to that recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts.

But perhaps in the whole collection no single picture equals in importance a small one which stands, like the little Raphael, upon a table by the window. "Christ bearing the Cross" is one of seven pictures which all critics agree upon as indisputably the work of Giorgione, the contemporary of the first half of Titian's long life. Not only is it interesting as a rare work of a fascinating personality, but the picture itself, whose great art appears all simplicity, has the power to stamp itself forever on the memory. That such a picture should be in our midst is matter for national pride.

It is mere bewilderment to try to name even the rarest of the treasures which furnish the rooms opened to the public. That is just the point they do actually furnish. Who, even for the sake of the masters, has ever felt a compelling desire to live in the Louvre or the Uffizi? But here, one could be at home with all this beauty; one forgets the individual gems in the pleasure of an alluring open fire upon a broad hearth, with all its suggestion of leisure and security; or, in the constantly recurring surprise of an open balcony with a new view of the court, fragrant and tuneful with memories of the south. This is not a museum; its appeal is not to the archæologist, the historian or the collector. It is rather a creation, the love of beauty in operation to a definite and successful end.

Must it not have been, also, the love of home and the love of country that materialized this Arabian Knights' tale upon our shores? MARY AUGUSTA MULLIKIN.

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"Stop joking," said Venus.

"I'm Sirius," answered the Dog Star.



**"Awful"**

In a recent Boston paper the following verses were printed. Having an extra copy of the paper I gave it one day to Lu Orrell Eddy (who lives opposite) saying, "You will like a taste of Boston culture."

She sent it back with her comment in the verse which follows, which I call pretty cute of her, and hasten to share with Lasell readers.

**An Overworked Word.**

I know an awful woman,  
Not young nor very old,  
Who puts one qualifying word  
To uses manifold.  
Whate'er she sees, or does, or feels,  
Or hears, or ever heard,  
She gives expression to them all  
In one poor, weary word.  
'Tis awful here, and awful there,  
And awful all about,  
Sometimes she's awful thin and weak,  
Again she's awful stout.  
She's awful hot, or awful cold,  
Or awful grieved, or sad;  
She's awful sick and awful tired,  
And then she's awful glad.  
Her dinner's sometimes awful late,  
But it is awful nice;  
Her oranges are awful sweet,  
But cost an awful price;  
Her husband's awful busy,  
Her boys are awful jolly,  
But the recent rise in values  
Made them awful melancholy.  
The town is awful wicked,  
The church is awful cold,  
Policeman awful timid,  
And school girls awful bold.  
'Tis awful here, and awful there,  
And awful all around,  
From an awful splendid sunset  
To an awful muddy ground.  
Now if this awful woman  
Will pause an awful minute,  
To read her dictionary  
And learn what there is in it,  
She'll find that this word, "awful,"  
Has certain limitation,  
And *don't* apply promiscuously  
To all things in creation.  
—Luthera Whitney, Springfield, Vt.

"The awfully awful lady,  
Across the awful way,  
Returns the awful poem  
With thanks,—but let her say  
It may be awfully lawful  
To use so strong a word;  
But "don't" with "it" is awful,  
At Lasell 'twas never heard."  
See the point?

**Life Lessons from Martin Chuzzlewit.**

ALTHOUGH most of us read novels, either principally or purely for entertainment, and for the sake of the story, sometimes so strong a lesson is woven into the tale that almost unconsciously we are deeply and lastingly impressed by it. Such an effect has "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. The plot is interesting, though improbable, and is unfolded in Dickens' amusing, ironical style, but what remains with us after reading the book is the underlying moral,—a powerful sense of the value of character.

To begin with, the unpleasant features, which teach us what not to do, certain vices are presented in such loathsome guise as forcefully to repel the reader. In following the development of the character of Pecksniff, for instance, one more than ever despises meanness, craftiness, and hypocrisy, the leading traits in the composition of this wretch, and admires the old-fashioned virtues of simple sincerity and straight-forward honesty, while the man's sham beneficence and pretended love for all mankind also fill us with disgust.

Jonas Pecksniff, the personification of coarseness, brutality and over-powering avarice, is perhaps as repulsive a character as may be found in fiction. Money is his god, and the terrible but richly-deserved end which overtakes him as a result of his greed is a striking example of the punishment of the wicked in this world.

We are warned against the petty but all too common feminine vices of the Pecksniff sisters, so inappropriately named Mercy and Charity, in viewing the unhappiness each brought upon herself. Charity's jealousy, spite and disagreeable disposition finally caused her complete humiliation, while Mercy's vanity, wilfulness and too great desire for admiration led her to choose for herself a life which proved to be one of abject misery and degradation.

Turning now to the consideration of more agreeable and worthy characters, the ever-gay Mark Tapley first appears before our mind. As he himself says, anyone can be "jolly" when all goes well, but it takes someone either naturally hilarious or very determined to turn a smiling face to adversity. Mark certainly had to meet more hardships and difficulties in the course of a few months than fall to most of us in as many years, but through all vicissitudes he preserved so "jolly" an exterior that he kept alive the faint spark of courage in the hearts of his companions, and often cheered them in their distress and discouragement. The picture of Mark on shipboard, ever-cheerful and ever ready to do for others, is one we like to keep before us, and anyone who can acquire his habit of unfailing "jolliness" will do much to lighten the cares and sweeten the lives of those about him.

The chief lesson the book gives us is the value and beauty of unselfishness. Mark is one figure that brings out this point; but we see also the elder Martin Chuzzlewit discontented and dissatisfied with everything in life until he realizes it is his own selfishness that has always made and is still making him unhappy, and sets about making amends as far as possible for what he has done to make others unhappy, and what he has failed to do to make others happy. The younger Martin is brought to a sense of his

own egotism in appreciating his companion's nobility, and learns to consider the comfort and happiness of others before his own.

If more examples were needed, we could dwell upon the gentle kindness of Ruth Pinch, and Tom Pinch's sweet and simple charity, and loving faith in all mankind, qualities which go to make up the sum total of our ideal.

If one could follow the noble examples of the characters in this one book, shunning the vices therein depicted, the reading of "Martin Chuzzlewit" would be of inestimable value in the formation of character.

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### A Vacation Trip to Europe

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Is it worth the cost?

Yes and many times the cost. Is it best to go in a party or by myself?

For the first trip to Europe it is infinitely better to join a good party. Economical of time which is the greatest thing; economical of money, which is a consideration! Far more comfortable, which is worth thinking of; far more effective, which is what you are after.

You see more, see it more comfortably, see it at less expense than any one can by themselves.

For a second trip, go by yourself; for a first, join a reliable high-class party. If you pay \$100 more for three months than some uncertain persons offer to take you for it is money well spent. It comes to only about a dollar a day more, and it is worth three times that to be sure of congenial company, good hotels, wise direction for *all* your time, and the generous care of a leader of taste, intelligence, experience and responsibility. Such a leader Mr. Shepherd has shown himself to be. There is no difference of opinion among those who have been in his parties. He never left his members strand-



ed in some foreign city to get home as best they could, as has happened with several of the low-priced, sometimes high-priced, parties. I have known several such instances.

And Mr. Shepherd always has nice people in his parties; people I'd be willing for you to associate with. And Mr. Shepherd knows how to use every moment to the best advantage. You may tell your people I heartily endorse Mr. Shepherd's parties.

Two sisters once went with me. One had been an unearnest student. Her summer in Europe made her a new girl. Every year in Lasell after that was worth treble to her. Her father said the trip had been worth thousands of dollars if he could put the change it effected in his girl into money. I know many like cases. History is another study. All studies take on a new value. One gets new eyes and a new mind. you can, and go with Mr. Shepherd.

C. C. BRAGDON.

Pasadena, Cal., Feb., '05.

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### **Remember Laura Bridgman**

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This motto which hangs upon our Chapel wall, if translated into the language of this generation, would read, "Remember Helen Keller." But the life, which has opened to Helen Keller, and which has proved such an inspiration not only to her but to thousands of her readers, was made possible by the life of the older woman.

It was my good fortune to know Laura Bridgman and her teacher, Dr. Samuel Howe, and to realize in a slight degree the difficulties which were overcome in "this work of emancipation, the setting free of the power that was locked up in her." More than fifty years ago, Dr. Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, and the founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in

South Boston, heard the story of an unfortunate child, living in New Hampshire, who was deaf, dumb and blind. The strong sympathy of this great man was stirred. He sought and found this helpless little one and took her into his own home. Had this teacher been like many of us, he would have found this problem of education one with no solution, but with an almost divine patience and courage he kept at his appointed task. After six months of daily toil, his first sign of encouragement came. All these hours, that had lengthened into days and weeks and months, had been spent in teaching her the difference between the words pen and pin. By holding them in her hand, feeling of them, using them, and constantly having the words spelled by the finger alphabet, the idea of language as an expression of thought first came to her. It was the awakening of a soul. It was a very small beginning—just an entering wedge. Months and years of steady, and often discouraging effort followed, but the victory was won.

When I first knew her, she must have been forty years old or more. She was bright and enthusiastic over many things. She talked so rapidly with her fingers to her attendant and friends that it was necessary to check her by keeping time on her wrist. She was skilled with her needle, which she threaded at the end of her tongue. She could sew on the sewing machine and earned many a dollar with her crochet and knitting needles. She was of a social disposition, and thoroughly enjoyed the many little attentions that were showered upon her. She interested many friends in the education of the blind, and gained much money for her cause through her published letters.

I well remember a delightful visit she made to Lasell. She was shown about the building, and our work was explained to

her. Among others things she visited the Drill. Nothing fascinated her more. She could not see nor hear, but she could feel the rythm of the movements in the manual and marching, and it was the keenest pleasure to her. She said the girls did not keep perfect step—a fact not apparent to the rest of us. It was as a result of this visit that the motto, “Remember Laura Bridgman” was hung upon our walls.

At fifty years of age she was honored by a large birthday party, and a few years later passed to her reward. She was not as brilliant as Helen Keller, nor as handsome as Elizabeth Robin, nor as remarkable as Thos. Stringer, but she was a true and noble woman, and her character and her accomplishments made her a woman among women. She paved the way for the education of many bereft of those senses which make life endurable.

L. M. P.

L. M. P.

## To Washington

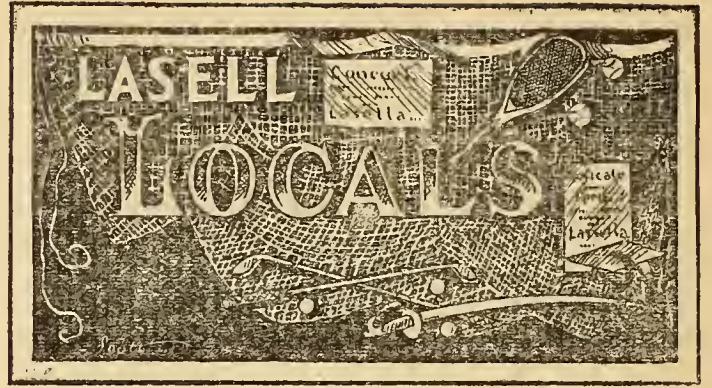
I strongly commend the trip to Washington with Mr. Shepherd during the Spring recess. Mr. Shepherd has so often taken parties to Washington that he knows just how to use every precious minute to the best advantage. It is safe to say that the Lasell party, under his guidance, does twice as much valuable sight seeing as any one, no matter how earnest, could do in the same time.

Washington is, perhaps, the one city of our land which is *worth seeing*. Boston is the second. I trust you are taking the chance to see Boston thoroughly.

Washington's political buildings are worthy to be placed beside those of any foreign country. And to see Congress in session is a good thing for memory's gallery. Not to speak of the Reception by the President, which Mr. S. usually is able to manage.

If I were you I'd go if I could.

C. C. BRAGDON.



Feb. 6.—A large company of girls was accompanied to Mrs. Gardner's Palace this afternoon, by Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Winslow and Miss Mullikin. The weather was exceedingly stormy, but this did not in the least detract from the pleasure of the expedition, and the palace, with its art treasures, received most enthusiastic attention from the Lasell party.

Feb. 6.—Mr. Hills gave the fourth of his series of lectures on music. It took the place of the usual Thursday evening lecture, as Mr. Hills had kindly invited all the members of the school. The topic for this evening was "The Sonata Form." The orchestrelle was used as usual to illustrate and examples of the sonata form from Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were given. Mr. Hills showed, in a very interesting way, how each of these composers had improved upon the work of the preceding one, in regard to the sonata form. After this, "The Marriage of Figaro," one of the numbers on the program of the next Symphony Concert, was played on the orchestrelle.

Feb. 11.—Miss Potter's lecture upon the life and writings of Christina Rossetti was greatly enjoyed.

Feb. 13.—The members of the Lasellia Club lunched at the Wellesley Inn.

Feb. 13.—Professor William R. Brooks of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, gave the first of a series of four lectures upon as-



tronomy. The subject for the evening was "The Story of the Telescope." Professor Brooks began, by saying, that his first inspiration to the study of astronomy came from passing several years of his early life, near the home of Sir William Herschel, and seeing, daily, the great telescope pointing to the heavens. He then went on to tell something of the evolution of the telescope, which covered so many years. With the aid of charts, he explained, in a way clear and interesting to all, the general principles of a modern telescope, and the use of the micrometer. Then the room was darkened and pictures of great astronomers were thrown upon the screen. After these, were shown, pictures of Herschel's telescope, and the interiors of some great observatories.

Feb. 14.—The lecture this evening was upon the great Lick and Yerkes Observatories, and was very fully illustrated. Professor Brooks gave a great many interesting facts about them, making his audience feel that a visit to either observatory would be most profitable.

Feb. 15.—The third lecture was upon the ancient and modern theories as to the shape of the earth. The stereopticon was used, and a most interesting proof of the rotundity of our planet, was given by a moving picture, representing a ship going around the earth. Professor Brooks also explained Foucault's experiment in the Pantheon.

Feb. 16.—In place of the weekly Bible lesson, this afternoon, Dr. William Merrill, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, spoke to the school. Dr. Merrill was one of the first members of the Religious Education Association, which held a convention in Boston this week. He first told the object of the association, then spoke of the religious element present in the life of every one, emphasizing this sentence: Religion is the attitude you take toward life.

Feb. 16.—Professor Brooks' last lecture was upon Wireless Telegraphy and Photography by the Light of the Stars. He described Marconi's invention, and showed a chart with the alphabet used in wireless telegraphy. Then the stereopticon was used to reproduce photographs which the lecturer himself, had taken by the light of Venus. They were wonderfully clear, and we enjoyed hearing how they were taken. At the close of the lecture, Professor Brooks told us how to find Venus in the day time, and asked all the girls who found it, to write him a postal. We were all sorry to say good-bye to Professor Brooks, for his visit with us was as much enjoyed as his lectures.

Feb. 18.—In view of the coming class receptions, Miss Potter gave a short talk on etiquette.

Feb. 18.—This evening several of the girls attended Viola Allen's presentation of "The Winter's Tale," at the Hollis Street Theatre, and report having had a most satisfactory evening.

Feb. 19.—The Reverend Mr. Squires of the Methodist Church, Newtonville, gave a short talk to the girls at the Bible study hour.

Feb. 19.—In the evening Dr. Watkins took a party to Appleton Chapel, to hear Dr. Van Dyke.

Feb. 22.—The evening of Washington's Birthday was a very festive occasion. Dinner was at five o'clock, and a pretty sight was presented, as the girls descended the stairs to the dining room. All had powdered their hair, and were arrayed in gay attire, antique and otherwise. An orchestra played throughout the dinner, and afterward played for dancing in the gymnasium, until eight o'clock. Then all the students except the Juniors and part of the Specials, went to the rooms, and the guests began to arrive, at the first class reception of the term.

Miss Belle Johnson played, Miss Lapowski recited, and Miss Washburn sang. Refreshments were served in the dining room.

Feb. 23.—Miss Potter, Dr. Watkins and Dr. and Mrs. Winslow chaperoned a large company of girls to the Carnival of Nations at the Morgan Chapel, Boston. The Lasell students were especially interested in this, as they had contributed articles for the Japanese booth. The evening was very pleasantly spent in inspecting the various departments of the building, visiting the booths, and listening to a lecture on Russia.

Feb. 25.—Miss Potter gave a most interesting talk upon her personal recollections of Frances E. Willard.

Feb. 26.—Dr. and Mrs. Watkins, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Miss Withersbee, with a large party of students, went to the Eliot Church, Newton, to hear Dr. W. J. Dawson, the great English Evangelist. Both the sermon and the music were of a high order, and worth going far to hear.

Feb. 26.—The Christian Endeavor meeting was omitted, and the Christian Endeavorers and many others, attended a lecture at the Congregational church by Madame Tsilka. She told, in her charming foreign accent, of her captivity with Miss Ellen M. Stone, in Bulgaria. The baby, Elenche, who exerted such a strong, though unconscious influence over the brigands, stood beside her mother at the close of the lecture, and repeated a Bible verse. Every one was delighted with both Madame Tsilka and her little girl.

Feb. 26.—Several girls heard Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis at the New Old South Church, Boston.

Mar. 4.—Miss Potter lectured upon "Manners as a Fine Art," showing that true courtesy comes from unselfishness.

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Who was the first electrician?

Noah. He made the ark light on Mt. Ararat.

After all, are there any among us who can boast of superfluous gray matter which gives us an intellectual right to criticise the intelligence of those about us? Even granting that right, is there not an unwritten law observed by every woman of true refinement, which prevents her from making thoughtless and unkind remarks at another person's expense? Should we not all remember that gentle precept of Emerson's which tell us that "Manners are the happy ways of doing things;" happy for ourselves and doubly so for others.

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The Lasell Club of New York held its twelfth annual luncheon in the east room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Saturday, Feb. 4. Miss Annie M. Gwinnell '88, the President, received the guests. Lunch was served at one. A letter from Miss Carpenter, and a cablegram from Madame Bouguereau, both expressing their regret at not being present, were read, just before leaving the dining room.

A short business meeting was then held, at which the officers for the next term of two years were elected. They were as follows: President, Ada Cadmus McCoy, ('98); vice president, Cornelia Cushing Carpenter; Secretary and Treasurer, Edith A. Harris, '99-'01.

The guests then enjoyed a short musicale:

The following were present at the luncheon.

From New York City.—Winifred Adams Hamilton, ('84-'87); Marie Wilson Beardsley ('93-'96); Mabel French ('00-'01).

From Brooklyn.—Lida Curtiss Bass ('85-'86); Mary Bigelow Green ('84-'86); Grace Huntington ('87); Katharine Pierce Martin ('95); Eleanor Waite Robinson ('98-'00); Laura Chapman Anderson ('93-'95); Kittiebell Chapman Durland ('98); Elizabeth Whitley ('00-'02).

From New York State.—Lucile Wyard Newbery ('87-'89); Georgia Lord Cushman ('98-'00); Edith Allen Thayer ('99); Edith Hawley Dunn ('00-'01); Hazel North ('00-'01).



From Connecticut.—Susan Hallock Couch ('86-'88); Elizabeth Harwood Fones ('89) Sallie Dyer ('00-'01) Mabel Goodwin ('02); Agnes Kellars ('04).

From New Jersey.—Cornelia Cushing Carpenter; Eleanor Chamberlayne ('74-'75); Grace Garland Etherington ('78-'80); Annie M. Gwinnell ('88); Susan Griggs Wilson ('81-'84); Lina Jones Bourne ('88); Gertrude Vreeland Milke ('97-'99); Eleanor Bohm ('01-'02) Edith A. Harris ('99-'01) Elsa Basch ('02-'03).

Allston, Mass.—Alice Campbell ('97-'99).

Pottsville, Pennsylvania.—Isabella Clemens ('01); Kitty Clemens ('99-'02).



### Personals.

In addition to the account of the New York Lasell Luncheon we are indebted to Edith Harris for a letter containing news of Lasell girls whom she has recently met.

Isabella Clemens, ('01) and Kitty, ('99-'02) were visiting her at the Luncheon time and spent one night in company with her at Helen Wiedenmayer Kleinhaus' ('99-'00) who, we are told, has the prettiest home and the dearest little boy ever seen.

Edith writes, "The Sunday following the Luncheon, Mabel Goodwin and Sallie Dyer were here too. It seemed quite like Lasell to have five of us all together again."

Harriet Ward Walker, ('01) played at a reading Edith gave, for since leaving Mrs. Martin she (Edith) has gone on with her elocution, and although considering herself an amateur, helps out occasionally at church and club affairs.

Blanche Gardner, ('00,) and Amy Kothe, ('00) were in New York for Junior week at

Cornell. Amy stopped at Wilkesbarre with Blanche for a brief visit, and then went on to Charleston to Katharine White's wedding.

Speaking for the Club she says, "We ! tried our best to have Miss Carpenter come, but we haven't succeeded as yet. We are still keeping up hope, however."

### Former Pupils Who Have Called

Bessie Dana, Marion Gilmore, Alice Bean, Alice Wright, Cora Penniman, Katherine Jenckes, Lou Hayes, Mrs. Gertrude Watson Linscott, Mrs. Blanche Sage Holcomb, Bessie Fuller, Bertha Warren, Agnes Drake, Laura Simons, Sue Gallup, Bertha White, Eva Robinson, Mary Dodge, Rebecca Eliason, Cora Stone, Ellen Stone, Mrs. Jennie Myrick Gibbs, Edith Grant, Marion Mann, Mrs. Josephine Reed Poland, Fannie Davis, Maude Moore, Grace Hardy, Joanna Deering, Nellie Krause, Jessie Reese Loper, Ethel Hook, Mabelle Whitney, Gladys Patterson, Edna Lockwood, Alice Stahl, Annie Mae Pinkham, Jessie Macmillan, Ella Hazelton, Mary Upham.

### Marriages.

Katharine Vaughan White, '00, was married on February 16, at the Executive Mansion, Charleston, West Virginia, to Wm. Henry Wolfe, Jr.

### Deaths.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Ella Brightman Ricketson, ('95-'96) wife of Frank B. Ricketson at New Bedford, Mass., on February 19, 1905.

Ina Scott, '01, mourns the death of her mother, who died on New Year's Day.

Mr. George J. Englehart, father of Grace P. Englehart, '91, and former mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., died at his home in East Orange, N. J., Feb. 18.

### The Homeland.

---

I have heard with heaviness of heart of the loss of Bessie Lum in the death of her father, and of the sorrow that has come to Virginia Johnson Milbank in the death of her oldest son Lawrence. Virginia was too ill to go to him, but Mr. Milbank was there. Her sisters, Carrie and Gail's wife, went from here to be with Virginia in her trial. Also of the passing on of our beloved Alumna, Lulu Walston Chubb, after a beautiful, brave life. Mrs. Chubb was a gifted girl; entered Smith College Junior, after her graduation here, and graduated with honor. She was always loyal to Lasell and its methods, voluntarily writing me long after her college experience: "I think Lasell is nearer the right method of education than any college." Then after giving some details she added: "Now you see why I am so interested and enthusiastic about Lasell. It comes to my mind more near to being right in more ways than any educational institution I know of." Valuable testimony from such a woman! She had rare talents, and used them earnestly. She was open-minded to an unusual degree. She was loving and lovable. I had almost said, "We ne'er shall see her like again." How those children and her husband will miss her! Lasell mourns one of her best and brightest.

The Better Land gets nearer and dearer to us as the years pass on, and our dear ones reach their home there, theirs and ours by His great mercy.

C. C. B.

---

Mr. Percival Chubb wishes to express to the editor and management of *Lasell Leaves* his appreciation of the kindly sympathy extended to him and his children in their recent bereavement.

Summit, N. J., March, '05:

### The Lasell Missionary Society.

---

On the evening of February 26, Mrs. Tsilka from Macedonia, the companion of Ellen Stone during her captivity, spoke to the Christian Endeavorers at the Congregational church of Auburndale. This was attended by our girls in place of the regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society.

Mrs. Tsilka is a very attractive woman as well as a most interesting speaker, and could not fail to arouse the intense interest and sympathy of all present. She introduced her talk by saying that her object was not to satisfy our curiosity, but to show us the great need of her countrymen and the wide field open to missionaries. She told us how her association with a few children converted by the missionaries led her to become a Christian and spoke of the condition of the Greek church.

Her story of their sufferings while in the hands of the brigands was very simply told, always making us all see the best side of their capturers, for neither she nor Miss Stone bear them any malice, saying like true Christians, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." She spoke so tenderly of the Chieftain's feeling for her little girl who was born during their captivity, and whose death they hourly expected, because the brigands feared her cries would disclose their whereabouts. The Chief entered the room one day, prepared to take away the little child, but when Miss Stone put her into his arms, a beautiful smile spread over his tired, hard face, and tightly pressing the baby to him he fell asleep.

We have never listened to a more thrilling story than the account given by this Macedonian christian of her life among the brigands. We had read Miss Stone's account in the newspapers, but the coming face



to face with her brave companion made us feel that we had done far too little for missions.

We are all in love with the beautiful child, who came with her mother, the babe who was so tenderly nursed by the brigands. We shall not soon forget the touching impression made when the childish voice lisped "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

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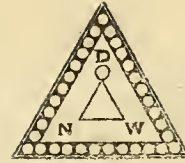
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---

### The Christian Endeavor Society.

The Christian meeting on February 12 was led by Miss Wylie, the topic being, "Christ a servant, and we are servants." The quartette sang "The Shepherd of Israel," which was much enjoyed by all.

The topic for February 19 was, "Glorifying God in our home," and Miss May Florine Thielens led an interesting meeting. Miss John and Miss Fasset sang a pleasing duet.

There was no Christian Endeavor meeting on February 26, as many from here attended the service at the Congregational church.

On March 5, Miss Fuller led the meeting. The topic was, "Home Missions," and Miss Louise Helly read an account of the courageous work of Miss Blake, a missionary in New Mexico.

Here and There With Our

## EXCHANGES



The February number of *The Cambridge Review* has a story "Like Father Like Son," which is to be continued. The *Adelphian* also has one, "Those Leslie Twins." This is something quite unusual for a College or School paper. Why isn't it a good idea, though? We also notice a good article in the *Cambridge Review*, which is entitled, "Whimsical People."

On the first page of *The Sepiad* is a poem "To My Valentine," which seems especially appropriate for the February number.

The Athletics certainly take up their share of space in *The Tattler*.

The *Tooter* can give hard raps all right, and then criticise and call another paper a knocker.

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APRIL, 1905

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VOL. XXX, No. 7

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

---

**A**PRIL brings us Easter and April brings us spring." A little girl, when asked the meaning of Easter, said, "Why, that is the day when all the ladies wear new hats." That is all that this day means to some people. A time when to excel one's neighbor in a costly costume is one's sole ambition. But we forget this extravagant show when we think of the beautiful significance of the anniversary of Christ's resurrection with its promise of eternal life, as typified throughout nature by the coming of spring, of the resurrection of the flowers and the coming of the birds.

Some of us think of spring time more as the beginning of a new year than the actual beginning in January. It is the time when Nature seems to begin again. Oldness is made into newness. Instead of the dull, dead grass of winter, the bright new green of spring; instead of a cold leaden sky, heavy with snow, the brilliant blue. The air is soft and balmy, and underneath the dead leaves of the woods one can almost hear the sounds of quivering, joyous life pushing out of the brown earth to smile a greeting to the tender skies. The robin calls to his mate, swinging on a twig, and the buds are swelling to his music. The warm air brings out the children, and mother is kept busy darning for over-ambitious marble players, and the little girls cut up the clothes-line for jumping ropes. The discordant hurdy-gurdy is in evidence drawing in its train a crowd of dancing youngsters, and in the back yard dull thuds are heard as clouds of dust rise from the dining room rug. But in spite of all this outward renovation, doesn't Nature ask for new things, and better in our lives also, and more things than house-cleaning and new hats.

What have I learnt, where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
What know I more that's worth the knowing?  
What have I done that's worth the doing?  
What have I sought that I should shun?  
What duties have I left undone?

---

### A Sketch.

---

Millicent yawned sleepily and stretched out one dainty slippered foot to the fire. She had donned a filmy lace lounging robe and with a pile of the latest books and a huge box of Huyler's had settled down for a long, lazy afternoon. But as her eyes roamed around the room, the costly details of whose appointments bespoke unlimited wealth, she confessed to herself that she was bored, distinctly bored. "I wish I had something to do," she said, listlessly cutting the leaves of a new novel. "I'm so utterly sick of doing nothing," she added, as she aimlessly read snatches of the story. An unusual phrase caught her attention and she read it again and again. "If for the sake of one's ideals, one suffers, one endures, one creates, the reward will come either now or in the time that is hereafter." It struck the keynote of the story, the simple tale of a man who had braved everything for the sake of his convictions. A common enough story, it is true, but it started in the mind of the worldly girl a train of thoughts destined to change the course of her whole life. She read on eagerly, breathlessly, until the twilight came to cast long shadows on the softly tinted walls.

As she lay there, in the dusk, musing, surrounded by all the luxuries of the fastidious rich, she thought of her own selfish, useless life and contrasted it with the worthy life in the novel. She was surprised at her own thoughts and half resentful of the hold the book had taken upon her. Why she should care for such a tale was in itself strange to



the girl. Her training in the duties of a social puppet had done much toward its undoing, but her real character was the result of long years and generations of hardy seafaring captains, who loved the wild free life of the sea and who had won their wealth by diligent toil. There may, too, have been some spark left in the girl's soul of the light that had led her Puritan ancestors to give up home and country for the sake of that which was far dearer to them than either. However it may be, out of a fireside dream a great and noble determination was born within her to do something worthy the good old name she had inherited. She went to the dainty dressing table, turned on the electric light, and looked closely at her face reflected in the mirror. She wondered a little at her shining eyes and flushed cheeks, but little did she know that a thought had transformed her whole being and made her beauty radiant, almost heavenly. The gaze was no longer listless, the lines of weariness and selfishness were gone, and in their place was the light and the glory of a soul set free.

\*\*\*

A year had passed. Millicent sat huddled up on the floor before the poor little struggling fire, trying to warm her thin, worn little hands. The room in which she sat was bare except for an easel and one or two broken chairs. The girl's white face was pinched and haggard, for she had not tasted food for three days. Yet the old unconquered spirit still gleamed in her eyes and she gazed with a hopeless yearning at the head roughly sketched on the easel. "If I could only express it, she murmured, if I could only find the ideal. I know what it should be, and yet how impossible to put it on canvas. I have worked so hard for a year and yet I can't be satisfied. I can't find my ideal. I am poor, and an outcast from

my own home. I am cold, hungry, half-starved, and yet I can't give up. I must paint. There is something within me that drags me on, that compels me to try, and, though failing, to try again. In my heart I can see the head as it ought to look, the ideal head of my dreams. If I could only make my brush live!"

She dragged herself over to the easel, for she was very faint and weak from lack of food, and looked at the painting half mournfully. "You are poor, little head," she said, touching the wet paint with caressing fingers. "I have tried so hard to make you perfect, and you are nothing—nothing but canvas and paint." And the girl threw herself on her knees before the picture and looked at it with eyes half crazed with hunger and longing. Then something within her seemed to die, and she fell to kissing the head rapturously, until the soft paint stuck to her lips and colored her pale cheeks. "You are nothing," she said again, hopelessly. "I have failed. I have created nothing. It was of no use. I would better have stayed at home and danced. It was all I was worth, to dance and to sip tea and to smile. Fool that I was to think otherwise! Yes, that was my destiny. I should have been content." The convulsive sobs shook the delicate frame and hot tears fell fast on the canvas. At last, worn out with fasting and exhausted by her grief, she fell into an uneasy slumber, her head resting against the foot of the easel. In an hour she awoke, her cheeks flushed with an unnatural color, her eyes bright and feverish. She seized her brush and began to paint from the inspiration of her dream. "I have found it," she said, exultingly, as she painted madly, frenziedly. "It is my ideal. I can make it live on the canvas. I *know* I can. Just a touch here and a little shadow

there. Oh! I know I can do it if I only have time." And she glanced at the door as if expecting someone to enter. "He is out there in the hall waiting—waiting. And he is stern, and dark, and shadowy, and he is waiting to take me away. If I can only finish it before he comes! There is time, I think."

With eyes that saw naught but the wonderful head growing under her flying brush, she painted on and on. The shadows deepened in the little bare room and still she painted. The crude little head on the canvas began to take on beauty and life. The lips seemed to move and to speak and to bid her hasten. The fire in the rusty old grate flickered and died, and still the girl painted, wildly—madly, ever in fear of the shadow that waited in the hall. At last she dropped her palette and brush and sank to the floor with a little weary sigh, as of a child going to sleep.

The last rays of the setting sun came in at the little window and shone on the sad little group. The girl with the paint-soiled hands lying so still and white at the foot of the easel, on which was the picture of a head, whose marvelous beauty was almost a pain. The girl did not know that she had painted a master-piece, for the shadow waiting in the hall had come for her. And the name of the shadow was Death.

J. F.

Q.—How may book-keeping be taught in a lesson of three words?

A.—Never lend them.

A holy thing has this day come to pass,  
Through pain and anguish have I brought forth life,  
Flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul, a babe,  
A tiny, helpless being by my side,  
A heart-beat dropped from me, a miracle.

—Florence Kiper.

## California Letter.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUES:

I say so because I feel it to be true. We are colleagues in making a good school. I can do nothing, the teachers can do little, without your willing help. Greatly do we value your priceless collaboration, which has made Lasell a school not only of good scholarship, but of good sense, fine courtesies and unselfish living.

Your power in making our school of high tone, fine quality, is almost that of creator, and comes partly from what you have inherited from fine parents, and partly from the home training which each one brings with her, and partly from your own good sense.

Keep the atmosphere so pure, so wholesome, so sincere that each one of you will be proud to say, "I am a part of Lasell. I am helping make it what it is."

We have just enjoyed another little Lasell Reunion in our home. Gussie Lowe Brownback, Edna Lowe Wright, Zoe Lowe Brown, and Jennie Brown Titsworth made it for us. Unfortunately Blanche Lowe Wright, Lulu Orrell Eddy, Blanche Ford Hill and Belle Bragdon Barlow could not come. But we had a good time, I tell you, talking over old Lasell times. Miss Carpenter came in for her share. I warrant you both her ears burned. Didn't you notice it on February 3rd?

How well Lasell girls turn out! What good homemakers and mothers and queens of society (in the better sense) they become! I have seen this so often that I have come to expect it, and am seldom disappointed.

Gussie with her two children, Blanche with her three, Edna with her two are spending some months here, having come to be present at the recent golden wedding of



our dear friends Prof. T. S. C. Lowe and his gifted wife. Zoe and her two children live in Los Angeles. Jen Brown is staying here with her three children for several months. All the children are such as any mother might be proud of.

Zoe Hill is coming Friday. We expected to have Florence Hayden with her, but she—sad to tell—has been suddenly called back to Denver by the death of her brother. Our heart goes out to her in great sympathy. Florence has a brother living here, whose wife is distinguished as a reader and teacher of oratory. Zoe Hill and her mother are having a little vacation here.

How proud we are of them all. We were sorry not to see more of Mr. & Mrs. George A. Rich who were on a Raymond excursion and stayed a few days only. Mr. Rich is a brother of our Prof. Herbert Rich who, by the way, has now a fine position as Medical Director of Jacob Tome Institute.

We were also glad to see Mrs. Weil, sister of our Westheimer girls of St. Joseph. Mo. She reported that Yetta's oldest boy is in Ann Arbor; that Nora, Mrs. Lewis Rothschild, lives in N. Y., The Cumberland, 54th and Broadway, and that Helen, Mrs. Eli Cahn, has two children and lives in Kansas City, 3724 Wyandotte Avenue.

Another surprise was Ella Richardson Cushing's rosy girl who is visiting her uncle here. She is a credit to Ella and Carl.

One disappointment we had was in missing the call of Cornelia DeGroff and her father, who left no address, so I could not call in return. Guess they must have been going hurriedly through, or Cornelia would have left word where I might find her. And Lucile Zeller has just done the same thing—called and left no address. So I can't find her!

Jennie Morgon Gard of Groton, Conn.,

has found 14 pounds of recuperation in Pinehurst. She has one child.

Miss Roth is slowly improving in health, though still far from well. She has had a great fight for life.

Sybil Coleman has called, and I have called, but we have not yet met. So I can't say more than that she is here.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, father and mother of Gertrude W. Linscott, '99, have called. They are making the rounds, and I expect to see them when they return from Colorado.

Mrs. Johnston kindly commended Lasell to some people of Tacoma, who were beginning to think about a school. It turns out that the mother, as a girl, was Laura Dickey of Des Moines, well acquainted with Mary, Jennie and Cornelia Williams, Winnie Ewing and other Des Moines Lasell girls, and is a cousin of Dorothy Manning, '95. By the way, Mrs. Johnston (Mildred's mother) is a friend worth having. She never forgets to speak a good word for Lasell.

The mother and sister of Mary and Julia Potter are in Los Angeles, and we expect them to luncheon soon. Isn't it queer how many people come to Pasadena!

And isn't it nice to see them all. I count it one of my winter pleasures.

I want to thank the Editor of THE LEAVES for that true word in the last number about the respect due to "Engaged" cards. I have wondered at the lack of politeness on the part of girls supposed to be well bred, but who have disregarded this plain demand of courtesy. I hope the Editor's well-worded reproof will not have to be repeated.

Our courtesies to each other should be at least as fine as those we show to strangers. The really courteous person will never dis-

regard the good manners due in her own home.

I have had a good letter from Katie Miller Baker, who is now living at 210 Audubon avenue, Wayne, Pa. Mr. Baker has a fine position in Philadelphia. He is worthy of it. Mrs. Baker is enthusiastic about a Philadelphia Lasell Club. I am sure a good one could be had there.

An aunt and uncle of Barbara Vail have recently visited us, and generally throughout California. They, too, found Pasadena delightful. They are fine people.

Dessie Milliken, '92, Mrs. Dr. Bevans, U. S. A., is now stationed at Fort H. G. Wright, Fisher's Island, near New London, Conn. So we may now hope to see something of her. She reports Havana as trying to her, but that the three children are very well. She had seen Lucy Roberts Jack, '91, and her daughters (have we their photos, Lucy?) and Grace Shellabarger Allen, who has returned to Decatur to live, and Ann Walston Bennett, and Martha Stone Adams.

Grace Garland Etherington, and Mr. E., dined with us lately. She has changed little in looks, and it is hard to believe that she has a boy who is Junior in Princeton! Her daughter is at Ogontz! I wonder that any daughter of a Lasellian goes to any other school if she can get in at Lasell! But I suppose they have mates who are going to some other, and so they just try to put up with it! Grace thinks the New York Lasell Club has better reunions than Boston—very glad of that. She reports this year's as very nice. And I do think in proportion to the number they have to draw from that they have more women at their luncheon than Boston does!

Isn't it a pity about Ada Cadmus' baby? I am so sorry for her loss. Hattie Adam-

son Thompson left her cards, and I called at once, but she and Mr. T. were out. Hope I may yet see her.

Met Mrs. L. Prang at Mrs. Robert Burdette's salon lately. She is aunt of our Alice Mayo Hicks of Needham.

A letter from Annie Bragdon Winslow (in Buenos Aires) says they are well and prospering, and that they expect to send their Harold to Evanston to college next fall. Here again Time is too much for me! Think of Annie's boy being old enough for college! Some of us must be getting old, but I am sure it is not I!! Arthur (Mr. W.) is teaching for his vacation on an Estancia, which is *forty-five square miles* large! Quite a patch as father said of an Illinois field of corn!

Have just had a splendid little visit with Dr. Leavitt, father of our Frances, '03. He says Mrs. L. is well, Frances in fine fettle, and having a good time. Dr. L. is a man of broad culture, and very entertaining. Zoe Hill, by the way, had a ring on the right finger. I guess Jimmie has been around!

Who can tell what this headline means? I took it from a recent paper. Who tells gets a prize: "The leaderless drys are still up in a tree."

In another paper the editor says: "The Los Angeles *Times* skins them all." One can tell that this means "the L. A. Times is the best newspaper."

But how would Bostonians like such language in one of its dailies?

If all the pupils and teachers would do as well as Edith Harris did lately in a letter, the Personals Column would be made interesting to a great many more people!

Yours,

C. C. B.



### From an Old Girl.

WHEN we reached Manila, the transport anchored about three-quarters of a mile from shore, and we came in launches the rest of the way. Arriving at the Captain of the Ports, we found several cascoes between our boat and the river wall, which necessitated our climbing over them to find ourselves in an open plaza paved with large stones. Near by are the Quartermaster's Department headquarters, Custom House and numerous other buildings in the style of architecture prevalent in Manila, with a projecting second story and a roof extending over the narrow sidewalk. American flags waving over anything so foreign seemed a trifle incongruous, but were more of a welcome and reception committee than a brass band playing Dixie.

All about us were natives; Malays with the racial characteristics, of feature and manner, straight black hair cut short on the sides and back of the head, and on top several inches long. Their clothing was scanty; trousers of dirty white, tan or the regimentals of the Insurrection, a red, faded with many washings. The undershirt was plainly visible through the gauze-like blouse or loose jacket. Many of them wore felt hats, which seem strangely out of place under a tropical sun, and their feet were as a rule bare or only partially covered by leather or gaudy velvet sandals.

The first woman we saw, short of stature, and straight as an Indian, with glossy black hair, twisted into a tight Psyche knot behind, was really typical. She wore a red and white plaid skirt, scant as to cut, and brief as to length, showing her bare, brown ankles and sandalled feet. An over skirt composed of a yard of plain black calico was drawn tightly from behind with the ends

tucked into the skirt band in front. The upper part of her body was covered first by an embroidery trimmed chemise of white muslin, thinly veiled by a waist made of a hempen fabric, wiry in texture, but of a soft cream tint, crossbarred with red. These garments only reach to the waist line, and are cut low, or rather round in the neck with full wide elbow sleeves and slip on over the head. A square kerchief of the same material was worn about her bare neck and pinned in front. As a head covering she carried the usual load, in this instance a flat round basket filled with the family marketing, and at long range it had the effect of a fashionable hat of the period—a bird (chicken) on the side and turnip tops hanging down behind. The effect was broad and flat!

We found some difficulty in securing conveyances for our party, but at last succeeded in stowing ourselves into three carromatas. These are two-wheeled flat-topped vehicles with one broad seat behind the tiny one for the cochero. Quickfooted ponies drew us quickly through densely crowded Calle San Fernando, lined with attractive booths where pretty little señoritas beguile one into buying jusi and embroidered waist patterns galore. We felt ourselves assuming that strictly Manilanite expression, aptly called the carromata face, for in these congested thoroughfares one feels as though facing immediate destruction. The native drivers seem to enjoy scraping the grease from their neighbor's wheels—perhaps for a chance to scold the other man. We witnessed a collision between a carabao cart, having as its load a single log of native hard wood—the Chinese driver crouching on his heels and guiding the water-ox easily by a rope tied through a hole in its nose, and a carretela or native cart filled with Filipinos just land-

ed from the Cavite ferry. The Chino and Filipino drivers abused each other soundly, each in his native tongue, but they both swore beautifully in English.

At the end of Calle San Fernando our ponies took a running start to cross the Binondo bridge, which is over one of the many esteros or canals which form a network through the city, and are often as picturesque as those of Venice. This bridge was paved by the Spaniards about ten years ago with blocks of native hard wood, and although probably millions of teams have crossed it, yet there are no signs of wear, and sample blocks were taken from it to be shown in the Philippine exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition.

Crossing another plaza, past the picturesque Binondo Church, with its great bronze bells, which turn over and over as they ring, we found ourselves as we supposed in Chinatown. The Calle Rosario is bordered on both sides by Chino shops where one can buy everything from a mouse trap to a ready-of quality. The shop keepers for the most of quality. The shop keepers for the most part sit on stools at their doors, leisurely smoking one of their many long and curiously shaped pipes. If one stops and asks for some article, he is usually answered by "No got," and it is necessary to enter and look about, one's self, when frequently the search is not in vain. Behind these shops, each about ten by fifteen feet, stretches a succession of dark rooms, up steps and down, with passages to the right and left, forming a perfect labyrinth which has been likened to the catacombs of Rome. There are no areas, yards, or courts and to reach the center of a block it may be necessary to enter several shops, one after another, to find which penetrates the farthest. The Rosario is only about three squares in length, and

we then turned into the Escolta and traversed one block of this, the principal business street. Here the shopkeepers are Spaniards, Filipinos, Germans, Americans, Japanese and Hindoos, whose bazaars are perhaps more enticing than all the others. Across the Bridge of Spain, that lasting monument and pride of the Dons, a sharp turn to the right, and before we knew it we found ourselves crossing the moat, facing the Parian Gate, and about to enter the old Walled City or Manila proper, which the Spaniards fortified in times gone by when attacked by marauding hordes. A few moments more during which we passed quickly through narrow and compact streets, laid out with mathematical precision and a great contrast to the portions of the city outside the walls, where it seems as though houses have been built to flank carabao paths,—and we reached our hotel, a hostelry very typical of the East. Through massive double doors, on one of which is a stunning brass knocker in the form of a dolphin suspended by its tail, across a paved hall or court on each side of which are guest rooms approached by several steps of checkered black and white marble, and one mounts by easy stages an old stairway and reaches a vast hall office and dining-room combined. One entire side is taken up by sliding windows with panes of oyster shells, in lieu of glass, opening upon a tiny garden, and on the other side are massive mahogany doors opening into the bedrooms. Each of these is furnished with one or more fine old narra (also narrow) canopied beds, with carved posts and top, supporting the inevitable mosquito net. There are no springs or mattresses to a Filipino bed, the bottom being of cane, like our cane seated chairs in the States, covered by a hand woven mat or patati. The bedding consists of a pillow and blanket (and sheets by request).



The ordinary Spanish house is only two stories high on account of earthquakes, the first or ground floor being frequently paneled and filled in with brick. Entering a small door, in the large or carriage doors, one finds oneself in the coach house, often being able to see the horses in their stalls. There are perhaps one or two rooms down here for the servants. An easy stairway of highly polished hard wood or marble, leads to the living rooms of the house. They are vast and airy, the outside walls being composed entirely of sliding windows, with oyster shell panes about three inches square, through which when closed a subdued light filters.

These rooms all open into each other by large mahogany or narrow double doors, so that when they are open, the house has the appearance of being one great room.

The floors are also of mahogany or narra, dark with age, and polished like mirrors by the dancing feet of the muchachos who skate over them daily on banana leaves.

In America a thrifty woman who desires to save her pennies for a rainy day, stays away from temptation, the weekly bargain counters, but this ruse is unavailing here, for one is visited daily by numerous Chino pedlers. They carry their stock in trade in pasteboard boxes tied up in linen clothes, and balanced on their shoulders by a yard stick which is invariably a Spanish vara and only thirty-three inches in length. These packs contain all sorts of things, lace curtains, table linen, hosiery, laces, embroidery and buttons, but most attractive to the American woman, delicate Canton silks in rolls, linens, and often pina and jusi—the daintiest of Philippine fabrics. The prices vary with the customer's length of residence in Manila and her knowledge of Spanish. To a new comer the amount is usually stated

in gold—perhaps \$4.00, but if a Chino tries that dodge with an experienced shopper, she feigns indifference and offers him four pesos (\$2.00 gold) instead, and will be that much poorer at once or at least after a little more controversy. Their favorite speech is "You allee right. Me like what you pay, otro señora dos pesos mas." (Another lady must pay two pesos more.) A novice always spoils her chances of getting a bargain by the eagerness of her face which is easily read by these Shylocks of the East, for they have learned by experience that Americans as a nation are self-indulgent and will pay any price to gratify their desires.

On Holy Thursday we took the 7 a. m. ferry to Cavite to spend the day with friends, the Treasurer of Cavite Province and his charming bride, a former Washington girl. The one hour trip across the bay, calm as a lake but beautifully opalescent in the early sunlight, the ships riding at anchor, transports and merchantmen, besides the tiny fishing boats with their vari-colored sails, all seemed like a peaceful illustration of the typical ending of some fairy tale "and all were happy ever afterward." It was difficult to believe that a battle had been fought here, unless we came in sight of the havoc wrought by Dewey's men, and beheld the barnacle-covered hulks of the Spanish fleet.

The Maria Christina had just been raised and many skeletons discovered in her fore-castle,—men who were in the hospital and could not escape before the sinking of the ship. They are to lie in state in the Manila Cathedral with an impressive funeral service and then be sent to Spain for interment beside the Castilian monument to her illustrious dead.

It is said that it was necessary for the Maria Christina to make an anual visit to

the Hong Kong dry-dock,—in fact her bill for repairs was always anticipated by the owners as a part of their yearly income, and when she went down they seriously contemplated retiring from business, but they had not speculated upon the destruction which may be wrought by uncharted rocks or unwary sea captains

Our host met us at the wharf and we drove to their picturesque home in San Roque. After an appetizing breakfast we went down to the causeway connecting Cavite with the mainland where we were told we should find a boat to convey us to Cavite Viego, our ultimate object being to call upon Mrs. Aguinaldo, Sr. To our consternation we found that our boat or banca could only come in to a point about thirty feet from the shore, the space between being patrolled by bare-legged natives.

It slowly dawned upon us that we were to be carried aboard. The men simply mounted the natives shoulders as they would a couple of ponies, and our host,—a six-footer, had some difficulty in keeping his feet up out of the water. We women were lifted bodily like two babies and deposited in our tiny craft.

The banca is an outrigger with bamboo poles attached to the ends, resting on the water about eight feet away on each side to prevent capsizing. We could not sit erect as the matting covering was so low. The banca shipped water occasionally, and rocked considerably, but in about half an hour we were carried ashore at "Old Cavite," and landed in deep sand. A winding path past the old church, which the Filipinos partially destroyed when firing upon the Spaniards, leads to the main street of the town.

The day being a fiesta the church was open and we heard strains from a brass band

within. We entered, saw the black-robed native priests before the altar, the life-sized figures of the Virgin, and Christ kneeling with His cross, in the transepts, and in what remained of the nave, and the band, composed of four musicians.

There seemed to be no worshippers except those who followed us inside, and their departure was co-incident with ours. Nipa houses, close together, border both sides of the main street, but we soon reached a more pretentious dwelling in the Spanish style, with its garden surrounded by a high iron fence painted red, and were told that we had reached our destination.

A retinue of muchachos met us and escorted us into the main room or salon, when they slid back all the windows and brought forward chairs, which were primly placed around the wall. The floor of highly polished dark wood was perfectly bare. Two settees and about half a dozen straight backed chairs with dark carved wood frames, cane seats and backs, a grand piano, round marble-topped table, and one bent-wood rocking chair, completed the furnishings. There were no ornaments or knick-knacks of any kind, and yet the two remaining objects were full of interest to us. One was the illustrated proclamation of President Roosevelt in regard to the St. Louis Exposition, and the other a ceiling painting by a Manila artist, representing the birth of the Philippine Republic. A life-sized figure of a girl in native costume holding a flag of the new Republic sits upon a flight of steps watching the setting sun of Spanish glory, while beside her lies abased the flag of her whilom conquerors and the broken chains of serfdom.

We had ample time to observe each detail before the entrance of Senora Aguinaldo, who came in with the simple cordial manner



of any well-bred woman receiving her friends. We all shook hands and exchanged greetings in Spanish and then she seated herself in the rocking chair opposite us. She appears to be about sixty years of age, rather taller than the average native, with strong, almost masculine, features and sad eyes wherein lies buried a disappointed hope. Her clothes were subdued in coloring and cut in strictly native fashion, while her only adornment was a jet rosary and crucifix which was suspended about her neck. She asked us to remain for tiffin or at least partake of liquid refreshments, and when we declined, expressed the wish that we at least try the tones of her piano.

She conversed fluently and freely and seemed interested in meeting us. It was suggested that she remove the ceiling painting which is on canvas, temporarily, and send it as a side attraction, with a dime admission, to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. She hesitated a moment and cast her eyes over it, and then said: "It does very well where it is."

The remark called to mind an incident which is said to have happened in this very house, in which her son Emilio played an important part.

At a reception which he held, an American woman dropped a highly prized jewel, and when he learned of her loss he inquired its cost. She replied that the intrinsic value was perhaps 1500 pesos, but that the associations connected with it were great. He turned to his secretary and said: "If the lady's ring be not found, give her a check for 1500 pesos."

In the course of our conversation, she incidentally mentioned that the village padre was in an adjoining room, and as we assumed that his local gossip would interest her more than we could hope to do, we ex-

cused ourselves from a longer stay. The Senora thanked us for our call in true Spanish fashion, and after we had once more shaken hands, with many "Adios," we started back to the boat landing. On the way, we tried to count the number of men we saw with fighting cocks under their arms, and then wished we had tried to count those who had none.

In Manila, it is usual in going through the poorer districts to see native men sitting on their heels, nursing and training their roosters for the weekly bouts at the cock pits. The owners pick off most of the feathers from their birds' legs and breasts, showing intensely red flesh beneath, but they are bathed, well fed and receive more attention than some of the brown babies.

Cock fighting is undoubtedly the sport of the masses, and pits are located on every road leading out of the city, but they are just beyond the municipal boundaries. They are the largest nipa structures made and are capable of holding several thousand people. The sides and supports are of bamboo—that mammoth reed which is used for more purposes than any plant which grows—and the roof of nipa, but the construction is wonderfully clever, for no nails of any kind are used.

MERCY S. INGALLS,  
115 Calle Nueva Ermita, Manila, P. I.

There is a little fellow in one of the Los Angeles schools who has gained world-wide reputation by his quaint remarks. This is his latest. The teacher asked him for a definition of responsibility the other day.

"Responsibility?" he replied. "Why, I don't know 'zactly what Mister Webster calls it, but I kin give you a example. S'pose all the buttons what a feller's s'penders is fastened to come off, all except one. Why, what a awful responsibility there'd be on that button."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

**Dear Old Briggs.**  
**From Zion's Herald.**  
**C. C. B.**

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Briggs is the handsome St. Bernard who (I say "who" advisedly, for he is a personage in Lasell history, just as Nig is or Mike is—and no disrespect to Mike or Nig or Briggs) owned Lasell Seminary while he was in the flesh. A stranger could tell he was lord and master by the air with which he stood on the slope and gazed out over its acres, by the proprietorship visible in his whole sedate and satisfied bearing as he lay in his own place on the lawn and counted the girls as they came in from walk, by the evident right with which he arose and investigated the bundles they brought, or by the reproof which he sniffed at any who were out after their proper time. He knew which ones ought to go alone and which ought to have company. He did not always want to go—he loved his ease on the grass—but when his sense of duty prompted, he never shirked. Those whom he saw fit to accompany used to consider themselves favored, so reticent was he as to his real motives and so kindly in his chaperonage.

The air of hospitality with which he greeted strangers was only tempered by his careful scrutiny of any whose character he felt it necessary to investigate before admitting them to the sacred precincts. He kept his own calendar, but it was perfect. If the church bells rang on week days, he resented it with dismal remonstrance; but he never howled when they rang on Sunday or for evening meeting. He could talk, too. He seemed to enjoy standing at Mr. Bragdon's knee, telling him about things and consulting as to wise measures of dealing with events. He argued against or accepted the schemes presented to him, as seemed

to him good. He understood English, as was many times proved by his doing what was suggested in any words and in any tone. He was obedient, though he often said what he thought about it in language not to be misunderstood.

Briggs used to be Dr. Brodbeck's property. When Edith came to Lasell, Dr. Brodbeck was living in Charlestown, and having no yard at the parsonage, he readily accepted Mr. Bragdon's offer to keep him at Lasell. When Edith went home over Sunday, Briggs mourned. When she came back on Mondays he rejoiced sometimes forcibly enough to throw her to the ground, which he did not understand and visibly regretted after it was done.

When Edith left Lasell, Dr. Brodbeck took Briggs away, but later, still having no good place for him, let the Seminary acquire him for good. And with dignity far beyond that of the ostensible head of the school he entered upon his duties, which he faithfully performed, according to his own notions of them, to the end.

He was not old when he was taken away, although everybody called him "Dear Old Briggs," and he did not resent it, knowing how common it is that persons in authority in a school are called "old" when they are yet young. Such trifles did not disturb him.

He was not a quarrelsome personage, though he could (until his place in the village was conceded) whip Danes and others twice his size. But he didn't like to fight. He did it as a duty.

The New England climate brought on rheumatism. The doctors said it was gout from too high living; after which verdict Mike with tearful explanation in language Briggs clearly understood, reduced his rations. Everybody knew Mike would rather





**BRIGGS**





have gone without his own meals than reduce Briggs'. But in an evil day the gout reached his heart, and he expired in the arms of his faithful friend and was buried with simple rites as became him, under the turf on the slope of the lawn where he used to love to lie and watch his peculiar charges, the girls. A simple stone marked "Briggs" shows where he rests. And his memory is green at Lasell as shall ever be the grass beneath which he sleeps. The girls as they come in, look where he used to turn his face so lovingly toward them, and seeing only the white stone say, with moistening eyes, "Dear old Briggs!" Who could want more loving remembrance? Not I. And if dogs go to heaven, I hope Briggs will be in my mansion its faithful keeper, its sympathetic companion, as of old.

Pasadena, Cal.

### Grandmother's Easter Bonnet.

IT seemed as though one of the brightest Sundays of the year had been set apart for a display of Easter millinery, and the wonderful creations of the dressmaker. As I sat by the window with grandmother Stark and watched the church-goers, we fell a chatting on a much worn subject.

Why should the holy Easter-tide, I asked, be regarded by so many as more significant of the coming spring, and therefore of new wardrobes, than as symbolic of the resurrection of Christ, and the moral changes thereby wrought in this world of ours?

"Yet it has always been so ever since I can remember," murmured Grandmother, "and I shall never forget that year when I wore my brown bonnet on Easter Sunday."

Realizing that I might hear a story for the asking, I urged Grandmother to live that Easter over again, when new bonnets were as dear to a girl of seventy years ago as they are to the girls of today.

"Well, it was about two weeks before Easter," she began, "that mother and I were dusting dishes out of the china closet, when Fan, my oldest sister (your great aunt, my dear) burst into the room, full of excitement.

'The Woodrow girls have got their Easter bonnets from the city, and they are beautiful! perfectly beautiful!' she cried. 'And only eight dollars,—Mother, do let me send for one. Just a *five* dollar bonnet,' she pleaded, as Mother's lips were shaping a refusal. 'Surely, I can afford to dress as well as the Woodrow girls!'

The last was an unfortunate remark, for with the pride which ever walks hand in hand with poverty, the weak point of our family was the subject of dress. We had always given in to Fan's every wish, and she, without knowing it, was becoming very selfish. The winter had been a hard one, and we both realized that unusual expenses would be impossible. Nevertheless, Mother said quietly, 'Very well, Fan, you may order the bonnet, but Joyce and I shall have to wear our same old bonnets of last year?'

Fan for a moment looked sober at this, but the vision of lace and pink roses proved too enticing, and she answered happily, although a trifle shamefacedly, 'Your bonnets are very pretty, and quite like the latest models. I'm sure they 'll do.'

Of course I said nothing, as became the youngest daughter, but my heart rebelled as I thought of my dingy little brown bonnet, and remembered that I had never liked it, and that Tom had declared he would be glad when the snow came and I could 'shed that brown top knot' as he expressed it.

Tom! That was what hurt most. The village gossips had long been wondering which of the Stark sisters he would choose, for 'though a year older than Tom, Fan was

always anxious to make a good impression on this lad who had gradually developed from a playmate into the more dignified and distant relation of a friend.

The next two weeks were hard ones for me. I searched all my ribbon boxes in vain, and when dear old Deacon Ryder asked me to sing a solo in the choir Easter morning, I immediately thought of that terrible bonnet and said 'no,' but at the pained surprise on his kind old face, knowing, too, how impossible it would be for me to give a reason for my refusal, I reconsidered the matter and consented.

Shall I ever forget how I felt as I stood up before the congregation and waited for the organist to play the prelude to my song! I saw Tom look at me quizzically from head to foot, his eyes resting for one long moment on the poor little 'top-knot,' and then roving towards the pink and white maze of loveliness on Fan's pretty hair.

Then, as I commenced to sing, and intent on that alone, poured out my heart and my voice together, for music was to me a passion, an inspiration, a world apart, I mercifully forgot everything except the song. Many have told me since, that never before nor after that Sunday, did I sing as I sang then. But afterwards—. Not one word of the sermon did I hear, as I sat there, miserably profaning the Sabbath with thoughts of nothing but that odious brown bonnet.

After church was over, I waited for Fan, and Tom joined us, as usual, he and Fan chatting brightly, as I walked beside them longing to reach my room and have a good cry.

As we came to the gate, Fan turned with a coquettish frankness and asked Tom how he liked her new bonnet.

Tom looked at her, and then at me, and said slowly, 'It is becoming to you, Fan, and

you look very pretty—but Joyce looks like an angel.'

I did go to my room, and I had a good cry, but it was from joy, not grief. Up to the day your grandfather died, my dear, he never tired hearing me tell about that time when both our minds were filled with the thoughts of a dingy little brown bonnet on a beautiful Easter Sunday."

M. B. S., '06.



March 6.—A large party went in to hear Lucia di Lammermoor.

March 8.—In spite of the fact that it was raining very hard, the party that went to hear the double bill, Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci, thoroughly enjoyed the evening, as the operas made them forget the inclement weather. Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, sang in Pagliacci, and Mme. Maria de Macchi and Miss Bella Alten sang for the first time in Boston, both were very favorably received.

March 9.—Dr. Watkins took all the Juniors in to the State House. The girls went all over the building, and then went into the Senate Chamber. They found this very dull, as they were going through with routine business. Next the girls had the pleasure of meeting Governor Douglas. Then they went to the Chamber of Representatives. This was very interesting, as a lively debate was going on. The men seemed to be doing a good deal of joking, but they were



making points all the time. The question before the house was whether patent medicine should have the percentage of alcohol, it contains, marked on the label. One man caused a good deal of merriment by a bottle of Peruna which he was using as an example of the amount of alcohol. This medicine contains twenty-six per cent. of alcohol.

March 11.—A large party went in to see "Les Huguenots," and reported a very pleasant afternoon.

March 11.—Miss Potter gave a very interesting lecture on "Dress." She told us how our character was reflected in our manner of dressing, and that we couldn't be too careful about the little things, collars, cuffs, etc. She also said that simple girlish dresses were much better taste for school girls to wear than to try and dress like our mothers. We were all very sorry that this was Miss Potter's last lecture.

March 11.—The annual election of Town Officers which gave the girls a very good idea of voting. The election returns were read at three ten, and gave the majority to the Junior candidates.

March 15.—The Orphean Club gave a cantata, "The Wishing Bell," under the direction of Mr. Dunham. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. May M. Stokell, soprano, and Mrs. Julia Shewell, contralto, with Miss Curtis as organist, and Miss Ross as accompanist. The cantata was a great success, owing to the careful instruction which the girls had received from Mr. Dunham.

March 18.—Mrs. Loomis gave the first of her lectures on "Home Sanitation. She began with the very origin of the home, and traced its growth and development in a very interesting manner.

March 22.—The second class reception

was held, and all the girls who had not attended the first one, went. All who were there reported a very pleasant evening.

March 25.—Mrs. Loomis gave her second lecture. This one was on "Bacteria." The little germs that cause so much trouble in the world. She told us that they were not all troublesome ones, that some of them were very useful. She told us of Pasteur's experiments, and how much they had done for the world.

March 26.—Dr. Stuart of Evanston, Ill., spoke in the afternoon. This took the place of the regular morning Bible Study.

March 27.—Trunks were brought down and the packing began.

March 27.—A large party went in to see the exhibit of Claude Monet's paintings. The exhibition was very fine, and was notable for the fact that so many of the paintings were owned by people living near Boston.

March 28.—A concert was given by the music pupils, every number of which was enjoyed.

March 29.—Spring vacation began.

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### Dr. Stuart at Lasell.

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ON Sunday afternoon, March 26, Dr. Chas. Stuart, of Northwestern University, chairman of the committee for the revision of the Methodist hymnal, addressed the students on the subject of the Christian life. The leading thought was that belief in a personal, loving, sympathetic God, not acceptance of a formulated creed, not membership in a religious society, not any of the too common substitutes for the essentially Christian spirit, and life constitutes religion, but rather the whole tone, temper, and attitude of the soul, fixed and informed by personal relations of the

closest and sweetest, truest and most satisfying nature with God, through Christ. This personal element omitted, no truly effectual uplift of spirit is possible. A more tenderly moving plea for the modeling of life on the noblest and finest lines, for the strengthening and exalting of it by that spiritual communion with God that brings always joy and helping to the soul, we have seldom heard.

Dr. Stuart's winsome presentation of the higher life was emphasized by the fact of his own devotion of an afternoon of what must to such a busy man have been very precious time, to the endeavor to bring a message of help to a company of young people personally unknown to him. The students of Lasell recognize with appreciation this unselfish effort on their behalf. Always it is true that the proof of value in any form of religion is the type of soul it evolves.

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### Easter Morning at Stratford on Avon

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**I**T was Easter morning. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, and the whole earth seemed to feel the joy of spring. The church bells were ringing out on the fresh morning air, telling all of joy and gladness. For long ago, on this day Christ had risen, giving life and love to all the world. The stone had been rolled away, and the dark sepulchre held no more the body of our Lord and King. The people were going to church. Old ladies rustled by in their heavy silks, looking five years younger than the day before. Little girls in their new Easter bonnets and light dresses, walked by with their mothers.

A young lady, who seemed to be unconscious of her immediate surroundings, was slowly approaching the church, when suddenly a young man hurried up behind her,

lifted her from the ground three times and kissed her. She laughed as she pulled herself away from him and called out that he had no right to take the kiss without first asking if she were willing to part with a six pence. We were rather surprised, and turned to our hostess for an explanation. She noticed the bewildered expression on our faces and explained what had happened.

In the northern part of England on Easter morning, all the men parade the streets and claim the privilege of lifting every woman from the ground three times, and of receiving in payment either a kiss or a silver sixpence. This has long been a custom with our people said our hostess. There used to be several other old customs, one of which was throwing great quantities of apples into the church yard after the evening service; but this one of kissing the women and that of sending colored eggs, are the only ones that are observed now.

We had reached the steps of the old church and stood near the door looking out upon the Avon. A silence fell upon us as we listened to the gentle murmur of its waters mingled with the sound of the wind through the trees. It was with a feeling of awe and reverence that we entered the church to worship where our great poet Shakespeare, had worshipped, and where his body now rested.

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### Marriages.

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On Thursday evening, March 30, 1905, Nellie Grace Bartholomew, here in '94, was married to Mr. Lester Allen Newell at Southbridge, Mass.

From all accounts received, we learn that the marriage of Katharine Vaughan White, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Albert Blakeslee White, to Mr. Wm. H. Wolfe at the executive mansion, Charleston, W. Va.,



February 16, was an unusually festive occasion. Many guests were present from other states, Alice Jenckes, '99, and Amy Kothe, '00, were two of the six bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe spent part of the honeymoon in Florida. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Wolfe and wish the bride every joy.

We have received the announcement of the marriage of Ethel, daughter of Bishop Earl Cranston, to Dr. George Lane Taneyhill, Jr., on March 25, at Washington, D. C.



### About a Few of the "Old Girls."

We are indebted to Elsie Reynolds, '00, of East Haddam, Conn., for some very interesting items about the old girls. We wish to thank her for these items, and we wish more of the old girls would send us word about the different girls.

Lucile Newman Postelethwaite has a small daughter, Isabel, born in October. She is living in a fine new house that Mr. Postelethwaite has just built in Colorado Springs.

Ethel Knowlton Whiting has a daughter, "the dearest baby you ever saw."

Edna Cooke, '97-'98 is spending the winter in California, going about the state.

Laura Birdsey is spending hers in Florida.

Catharine Tompkins was visiting in Canada through January. She now lives

in New York. "Tom" is godmother to Gertrude Vreeland's daughter.

Rex Reynolds, '00, spent ten days at the Fair, last fall, but the only Lasell girl she saw was Bessie Fuller, here in '99-'00.

Ella Brightman Ricketson died in February, after an illness of seven weeks. A husband and daughter survive her.

Cora Penniman has announced her engagement to Mr. McFarlane.

Bess Shepherd, of '94, has been spending her vacation week in Auburndale with her father and mother. She has charge of the French Department in the High School at New Britain, Conn., and finds it a busy place. She meets old Lasell pupils but seldom, and hopes any that are near, and can do so, will call upon her, 22 Park Place, New Britain, Conn.

Alma Hubbard writes a letter to Bess Shepherd ('94) containing so much of news about our girls and their blessed children, we have asked Bess to let us publish it. In part, she says

"I received one of Mr. Shepherd's circulars the other day, and it brought back very vividly our delightful summer of 1896; somehow it seems impossible to realize that it will soon be nine years behind us. I heard from most of the party about Christmas time. The Staleys are in Florida. They will be starting homeward in a couple of weeks I suppose, and I want them to stop off here, but have not as yet received much encouragement. I spent a delightful two weeks with them in December, and saw several Lasell girls. Kate Hamilton Corbin for one, but I did not see her children as I should have liked. She has three, two boys and a baby girl, named for Emily Rowe.

Anna invited Nella Smith Voorhis and her small boy up from Ottawa for two or three days, and while she was there had a

little luncheon for us, so in that way I met several of the girls. Kit Seiberling-Firey was there, and although I had never met her I had heard so much of her from the other girls at Lasell, I felt almost as though I knew her.

Nell Smith has a dear boy, Horace, who looks and is a good deal like his mother. Anna and I both feel quite in love with him. He is just about the best child I ever saw and very attractive. Nell reported Ad. Commins Shiras ('90) as quite well, better than she has been for some time. She has two very attractive children, Katherine and Margaret I think their names are, and Carrie Clarkson has a lovely little girl, Elizabeth, who must be about eight years old, and a three year old boy, Maurice. He was just a baby when I was there, and so good and dear. You see I am very much interested in all my Lasell nephews and nieces, and keep track of as many as possible.

I have been west several times lately, but have not had an eastern trip for over three years. When I go east there are so many people to see, I have a regular itinerary, and plan it all out beforehand.

There is really nothing to tell you about myself; I am busy most of the time, but haven't a great deal to show for it. The busiest season of all is close at hand now, when the house-cleaning and gardening try to crowd each other out. The latter occupation is so much more enjoyable that I grudge the time which must be given to the former.

Julia's children are all well, the oldest, Irvin, is twelve years old—think of that—and the second boy, William, is as tall as he. Our only girl is nearly eight years old, and the baby, Dana, almost three, so you see Julia has quite a little family and is kept very busy. Louise is well and busy with

S. S. work. With kindest remembrances to you all,

ALMA R. HUBBARD.

March 7, 1905.

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### Lasell Missionary Society.

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Around a cheerfully blazing grate fire in the gymnasium, the Lasell Missionary Society held its regular meeting, March 19, at six o'clock. After the opening hymn and prayer, another hymn was followed by the minutes of the previous meeting, which were read and accepted. It was moved and seconded to send twenty dollars to the Moradabad school in India, and twenty-five dollars to Caroline Lasell at the Barcilly Orphanage. Scripture reading by the president and a hymn, were then followed by an interesting address on China by Miss Louise Hodgkins. Miss May Florine Thielens favored us with a solo, and the meeting closed with a hymn.

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### She Wanted to Borrow.

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An old woman whose husband was ill in bed sent for the doctor, who came and saw the old lady.

"I will send him some medicine," he said on leaving, "which must be taken in a recumbent posture.

After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled.

"The recumbent posture—a recumbent posture!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if old Mrs. Smith has got one to lend me."

Accordingly she went and said to her neighbor:

"Have you a recumbent posture to lend me to put some medicine in?"

Mrs. Smith, who was equally ignorant as her friend, replied:

"I had one, but to tell you the truth I have lost it."



## Deaths.

Miriam Nelson was called home by the severe illness of her grandfather. We were very grieved at the news of his death.

On Saturday night, April 1, George Matlage, the father of our "Pris" died. Mr. Matlage had been an invalid for a number of years. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family.

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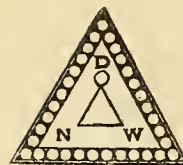
## Societies.



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 Critic—Martha Laurens.  
 Marshal—Marion MacGregor.  
 Committee on Program—Mabel Martin, Sarah Strong.

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## The Christian Endeavor Society.

The Endeavor meeting on March 12 was led by Miss Mary Potter, and the subject, "Christ, the Great Physician," proved to be a very interesting one.

The meeting of March 19 was omitted on account of the Missionary Society meeting, and that of March 26, also, as a chapel service led by Mr. Stuart of Northwestern University was held in the afternoon.

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True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.

Ben Johnson.

Here and There With Our

## EXCHANGES



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: The Cricket, Belmont, California; Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; Amherst Literary Monthly, Amherst, Mass.; The Philomath, Framingham, Mass.; The Tatler, Nashua, New Haven; The Tripoid, Roxbury Latin School, Boston; The Crescent, New Haven, Conn.; The Usonian, Malden, Mass.; High School Life, Melrose, Mass.; The Student, Lewiston, Me.; The Quill, New Brighton, N. Y.; The Adelphian, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass.; The Advance, Salem, Mass.; The Literary Novice, Newark, N. J.; The Racquet, Portland, Me.

We notice that the Lepiad has a very artistic cover design.

It might prove more convenient to their readers if the Tatler and the Usonian dated their covers.

The article in the Amherst Literary Monthly entitled "A College Man's Conversation" contains excellent advice which might well be taken by most boarding-school girls. All the other contributions of this magazine are also, as usual, of a high literary standard.

A great many of this month's exchanges contain interesting stories.

The Cambridge Review is well arranged, and a number of the headings are particularly attractive.

The Crescent has as always a good exchange column.

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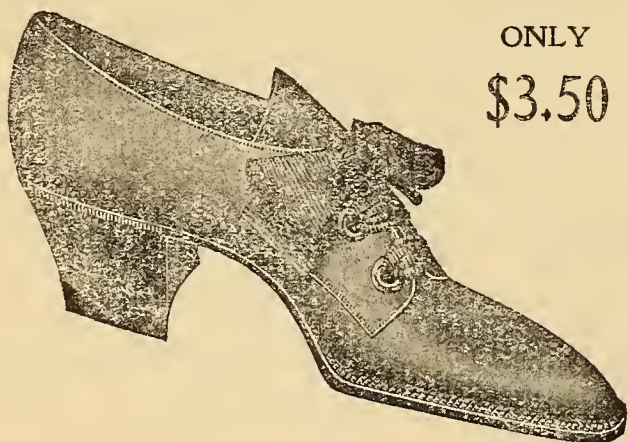
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# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXX, No. 5



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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

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**T**HE time is drawing nearer and nearer, when we will be obliged to take our leave of dear old Lasell. For some it will be only au revoir, but for many a real good-bye, and these hospitable doors will be closed until another summer, and its many hopes and plans have rolled away, and the brilliant Indian summer has come again once more. Let us make the most of our opportunities, while we are here, and not grumble at the things which seem hard now. By and by, perhaps, we would be only too glad to have the chance to experience them. Let us make the most of the dear friendships we have made this past year. Before long we will be scattered far apart, and it will be too late to say the word which might have cheered a lonely mate, or to give a glad good-morning smile which would have brightened the whole day for some weary friend. Let us remember that "we pass this way but once." The year has brought sorrow to some, but joy to all, and the experiences and influences of our lives here have given us new and better ideals to strive for, and have inspired us to try to live to our utmost.

---

Everybody wishes the LASELL LEAVES published and likes to read it, but very few are willing to do any work to maintain it. It is not because they have no time, for they find time to spend playing tennis and golf, and to go canoeing, and it's not because they cannot, but because they are too indifferent, because they will not.

Your turn is coming when you'll be expected to be in the place of the editors, so try to do your part and show your abilities now.

---

Actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends.

**N**OW that the summer days are coming, and we are awakened nearly an hour earlier on account of the cheery sunbeams which peep into our rooms, why not take a lesson from these bright rays and get up an hour earlier—have a splendid invigorating walk before breakfast, and come back with glowing cheeks and happy faces?

There are so many beautiful places about route every time one starts.

Then there are also many opportunities to take part in some athletic sports. Lasell's grounds furnish two splendid tennis courts, a small but well kept golf course, and should the girls care to, as they do in many other schools, they could roll hoops up one side of the splendid drive in front, and down the other side, follow the campus path and then repeat the course. Such fun if all would take part!

And then another thing. You say your lessons are too hard, you have to stay in to do your Latin, Math., or go to Gym. If it's Latin or Math., take it out doors with you. Go for a walk—find some cozy place and sit yourself down, and work in the fresh, clear air. You'll be better prepared in your lessons, and you'll feel better for having been out.

---

### To Take the Drudgery Out of Your Occupation.

---

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.

Do it in the spirit of an artist, not an artisan.

Make it a stepping-stone to something higher.

Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Make perfection your aim, and be satisfied with nothing less.



Do not try to do it with a part of yourself—the weaker part.

Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.

Regard yourself as a co-worker with the Creator of the Universe.

Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be.

Recognize that work is the thing that dignifies and enobles life.

Accept the disagreeable part as cheerfully as the agreeable.

Choose, if it be possible, the vocation for which nature has fitted you.

See how much you can put into it, instead of how much you can take from it.

Remember it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.

Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind, all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.

Use it as a tool to develop the strong points of your character, and to eliminate the weak ones.

Remember that every vocation has some advantages and some disadvantages not found in any other.—*Success Magazine*.

### Quick Work.

A little Boston girl found it difficult to master a stitch in knitting, and her aunt thought to enforce patience by reminding her that Rome was not built in a day. To which came the quick response: "Oh, aunty, how can you talk so? Don't you know that it took God only six days to make the whole world, and I don't suppose He spent more than half an hour on Rome."—*New York Tribune*.

### The Song of the King of the Sun.

I am the king o'er the earth and the sky,  
I—the lord of the Sun.

My glorious banners of gold are unfurled  
From center to crust of this work-a-day world.  
My equals, on earth, there are none.

The flowers that bloom in the field and the dale  
The blossoms of humble birth  
Flaunt forth to the breeze their colors of gold,  
The cowslips and poppies and daisies untold  
Know well how great is their worth.

There are golden lights in a maiden's hair,  
An elusive and tangled web,  
And each of the strands of the skein has been spun  
From the mother glory of burnished sun,  
A living crown for her head.

A golden flash is a leaping trout,  
A vivid glimpse—then lost,  
Yet the royal colors were sparkling bright,  
An artist touch of golden light  
On nature's face embossed.

The stars that shine in the heaven at night,  
Like beautiful jewels rare,  
Twinkle and beam with a golden light;  
Glisten and gleam all the summer night  
O'er this world of pain and care.

There is a golden light in the western sky,  
And gold is the afterglow;  
And the clouds are tinged with a gilding fire  
Which mounts to the heavens higher and higher  
Till the sun sinks far below.

A gilded gleam is a firefly,  
A wandering, dancing spark,  
That flits like an elf o'er the meadows of dew,  
Or a tiny star just dropped from the blue—  
A living glow in the dark.

There is gold deep, deep in the midst of the earth,  
A sparkling gold and pure,  
Yet for this lucre has man bartered his soul,  
For a handful of dust, a pitiful dole  
To strive for, to delve for—endure.

So I am the lord o'er the universe,  
I—the sovereign gold,  
And these are my manifold emblems of state;  
These are the flags of my kingdom so great;  
These are my glittering banners of gold.

The flowers that bloom in lowly fields;  
The stars in the blue at night;  
The treasure of gold the grim earth yields;  
The pulsing sunset light;  
The dancing beams of a harvest moon;

A quivering, leaping trout;  
A glow in the dark, a firefly spark.  
The gleams so fair of a maiden's hair;  
The color of ripening wheat.

All these do but honor the gold of the sun;  
All these are the heralds since time was begun,  
Sent forth from that glorious kingdom on high  
To comfort and cheer dull children of men  
By the radiant king of the earth and the sky.

J. F.

---

### Paid by the Hour.

---

It seemed to Mr. Brown that Johnson, the carpenter, had taken a ridiculously long time making the repairs he had been hired to do, and he determined to come to an understanding.

When he reached the place that was being repaired he found the carpenter's son, alone in his glory.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "I should like to know when you expect to finish here?"

"Well, sir," was the young man's reply, "father's gone to look for another job. If he gets it, we shall finish today; if he doesn't, goodness only knows when we shall finish."

---

### Queries.

---

What did the Oxford tie?  
What did the Baltic sea?  
How did the diamond dye?  
Where can the honey bee?  
When did the canvas sail?  
Why did the cod-fish ball?  
What did the evening mail?  
Whom did the pavers maul?  
Whom did the railroad track?  
What did the Arctic bear?  
What did the carpet tack?  
What did the underwear?  
Who heard the kittens tail?  
Whom did the window screen?  
What did the shingle nail?  
Who thinks the Paris green?

L. L. L.

### From California and the Road.

---

I think my contributions to the March LEAVES were quite out of proportion. I thank you for the space given, and will be more modest this time. But there is so much to tell about it is hard to be brief.

Twice within fifteen minutes the telephone called me. First Mary Seamans of Sheboygan, Wis., announced herself, then Edna Cooke, of Winsted, Ct. Mary has been in Colorado a good deal during the past two years with 43 pounds additional avoirdupois to show for it. And she shows it well. In California she has stayed mostly in Redlands, but was here on a visit. She says Frances Fairchild Benson, '95, has moved from Sheboygan, but she does not know to what place; that Mabel Crocker (Mrs. Geo. A. Hart) lives in S., but winters in San Diego; that Anna Crocker Brigham is in Superior, Wis., and has three fine children; that Louise Zschetzsche, is still L. Z., and in Sheboygan.

Edna Cooke is maturing handsomely, and with her mother, was on her way North with a Raymond party; says she sees several of the Connecticut girls now and then. I gave her (as also Mary S.) a penny to use to send her Personals on for the LEAVES.

I hear that Elizabeth and Clara Creswell will come to Ocean Park for a spring outing on April 15. Sorry I shall not be here to see them.

Ran across Kit Pease Inness, yesterday. I believe I see more old Lasell girls here than I would in Auburndale in the same time. How they do flock to California!

Found Isabelle Bowers in a snug residence in Los Angeles. She looks very well, and is proving her ability to manage a home. The family moved in October last, and is settled here. Her address is 1217 West Fifth street. Some of you may want to write to her.



Virginia Johnson Milbank has been at 742 Garland avenue, Los Angeles, and is again very well. She says the family is likely to move to Los Angeles. We Californians will welcome her and hers.

What do you think this means? "Nose Paint Nip in Santa Ana"? It is a heading in a daily paper.

Ada Barker was seen in L. A., recently.

On our way east I called at the pleasant home of Maud Campbell in San Jose. She was away. Her mother says she is not well. Spent a delightful evening with Edna Sawyer's mother and father, and Helen Thresher Hartzell and her husband and father. Geo. Howard gave us some genuine California lemonade. Lack of time prevented seeing Grace Ordway at Monterey, and Emma Smith Bramhall, '98, at Fair Oaks, as I meant to do. But Pauline Cellins was kind enough to come from Oakland, and Barbara Vail's mother and father from E. Oakland to let me see them. My report on all three is favorable. I approve their looks, spirit, evident growth and fine purposes. Pauline is giving much attention to her music, tho' she modestly refrained from telling how much; and is earnest in church work. At Salt Lake City I learned (what she says I should have known before through Miss Nutt, whom I shall bring to court so soon as I get home, but fear she'll prove an alibi as usual) that Emma Sutherland is happily married, and has the finest baby girl, eighteen months old. I notice that her father, George Sutherland, has recently been made U. S. Senator. Emma says she doesn't notice a trifle like that now, that she has the baby! Heard the Tabernacle organ, and it is very musical and sweet.

Had a pleasant little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Disman, parents of our Florence, and leading citizens of Salida, Col.

Belle Loudon Bragdon presides with

grace and dignity over her mansion in Pueblo, and her three children are more and more worthy of pride. The same may be said of Fannie Hanscome Herbert's three, with whom we had a pleasant, though too short, visit in Denver. I learned that Kate Bucknum, '96, with her lieutenant, has gone to the Philippines. Saw Florence Hayden, '02, Ruth Cleaveland Bates, Clara Heath, Alice Beesley Bridaham, Carrie Brown Cassell, '89, and the fine collection of pictures owned by the father of Jennie Brown Titsworth. Tried to see others, but failed, as some were out, and my time was short. Alice has a five-year old boy that keeps her busy, and she is building a house for a home. Ruth Bates had a mine of information about Lasell folks, and helped me a good deal. If it had not been for her, I should have gone after girls who have changed their addresses without letting me know which no one ought to do. Clara Heath is busy with Artistic Book Binding, which she learned in Paris, and in which she is an adept. Florence Hayden, '02, the dear girl, does not seem to be quite so married as she was to Helen Howes, '02.

In Omaha, Ella Cotton Nash, '00, took me in her carriage to see Kathryne McClanahan's home (no one in) in the suburbs, Grace Allen Clarke, '95, her mother, and her wonderful boy, and Bernadine Johnson's home, where I met her mother, father, grandmother and Eva. They seem to think considerable of Bernadine in that home. A good deal of responsibility to measure up to what our people think of us, isn't it? In this drive I had a good visit with Ella, who is looking well. Mrs. Curtis, Carita's mother, had a bad accident lately, a fracture of the arm. In the afternoon, the following were kind enough to come to the hotel to see me,—my time being too short to find them at their homes. Roberta Steell Hyde, who

said that Lucile was at the Normal School and was doing very well—leading her class; Mabel Taylor Gannett, '95; Martha Stone Adams and her boy; Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95, and her boy and girl; Madge Hollenbeck Binney and her husband; Frances Bowman Gerner, Helen Wallace, Elizabeth Beno, Maude Marriott, Laura Dale and her mother, Eva Kennard Wallace, (who did not bring her three children), Elizabeth Allen Paxton, '98, who did not bring hers, either, May Tulleys, '94, Julia Anderson, '94, who was visiting Alice Andreeson Kountze.

By the inexcusable carelessness of the office of this hotel, "The Iler Grand," (to which I do not see how I can recommend any one), several of the girls, with their children, were waiting in the parlor below for an hour while I was waiting in the room above. In this way, a precious hour or more was lost, but I enjoyed very much the time we had together, and have the pleasure of reporting that every one of the Lasell girls is a woman to be proud of. As one of them said: "The Lasell girls are the best we have in Omaha," (and in that, I have no doubt she would include Council Bluffs; and I would say that was true of a good many other places). And the children were splendid. I wanted to bring every one away with me! I wished for more time!

In Chicago, I saw Mabel Judd's mother, Eva Bragdon Judd, '77, who sent word to Mabel to "Brace up and be as good as she knew how;" and her father; telephoned to Emma Goll Dacy, '98, who reported Mr. Dacy as about the same in health, and the baby in fine shape. (He isn't quite a baby any more, is he Emma?)

In Evanston, saw Frances Bragdon's people, who seemed to think they were glad the time was near for her to return.

The next thing I remember, is a drop into the dining room and your cordial greeting.

### The Hurdy Gurdy's Part.

IT was a very ordinary hurdy-gurdy. Indeed, it was a second-hand one when it came into Gentile's possession, and its tone had certainly not grown less metallic since. But what a world of good even a nearly worn-out hurdy-gurdy may do!

On this particular May morning, Gentile had set out with his dark-eyed little sister, who played the tambourine, and they both felt very happy, for the bright sky promised a successful day.

The old hurdy-gurdy began its good work immediately, for the sallow-faced people hurrying along toward the great factory unconsciously fell into step with the jingling tunes, and looked at life with a brighter eye. They were not music-critics, and cared not if the sounds they heard had never been produced within Symphony Hall.

Harassed-looking business-men and teachers, on the way to another monotonous day's routine, paused a moment, to smile at the little Italian pair, and toss stray coins into the sister's inverted tambourine.

Perhaps the hurdy-gurdy's most open praise, was when a merry-faced school-girl exclaimed to her companion as they passed by on their way from the high school, "Oh, girls! There's no music that cheers you up after a Virgil 'final,' like a dear old tin-panny hurdy-gurdy, is there?" And the dear old tin-panny hurdy-gurdy rattled away more gaily than ever, under Gentile's vigorous turning of the crank, as the bevy of happy maids agreed heartily with the speaker.

But the end of its mission was not yet, for the most glorious good of all was still to be wrought. Late in the afternoon Gentile stopped before a beautiful house at the head of the finest avenue in the town, and began playing. As the familiar strains



**Harold's May Queen.**

of "Creole Belles" were being superseded by those of an equally classical melody, a servant in livery rushed from the house, and angrily ordered the music stopped. Before his command could be obeyed, however, a tall, gray-haired gentleman appeared in the doorway, and beckoned Gentile to him. Interrupting the butler's attempt at explanation, he said, "Richard enjoyed this boy's hurdy-gurdy so much during his whole illness." His voice broke, and he turned to our little musician. After talking with the lad for a time, he told him that his son, a boy younger than Gentile, had just died, after a long illness. But this illness, he said, had been cheered by the frequent visit of the old hurdy-gurdy, and he wished to help its owner, in memory of his son.

Several questions drew from Gentile the facts that he had been to school, and wished to continue, but at present must do his share toward earning money to support a bed-ridden mother and two small sisters, for his brother, who kept a fruit stand, could not do it all.

The gentleman gave the lad a bright half-dollar, and told him to come and play for him often. He immediately investigated the case, and finding it to be a worthy one, was more firmly than ever resolved to aid the boy to get an education.

That was two years ago. Today Gentile is busy in high school, with a position in his benefactor's business waiting for him, as soon as he is ready for it. The old hurdy-gurdy is no longer fit for public service, but occasionally Gentile turns the crank lovingly, and thinks of the good it brought him, unconscious of the many little uplifts of spirit its cheery clangor had imparted to passing strangers.

C. F.

**T**omorrow was to be May Day. The May Queen had been chosen with a great deal of excitement, and all the little boys and girls were waiting in great impatience for the morrow. Marion, who had been chosen their little May Queen, was to give a party, which everyone said was to be quite a grand affair, and the grown-ups as well as the children, waited in joyful expectancy.

That night many little heads were full of happy dreams of flowers, fairies, and good things to eat, and early the next morning, when the great bright sun rose high in the blue sky and the little birds sang happily to welcome in the beautiful day, in many houses could be heard merry voices calling, "O! O! what a bright, warm day! Now we certainly will have the grandest time at the party."

It was only a few minutes before the children would begin to arrive, and everything was in readiness for the May party. The large veranda of Marion's beautiful home was decorated in a perfect wilderness of lanterns, flowers and dainty cozy corners, making it truly a part of the fairyland on the lawn which was arrayed in a most enchanting fashion. Lanterns of brilliant hues and strings of tiny silver bells swinging from tree to tree, swayed and tinkled in the soft breeze. Hammocks, swings, and easy chairs all waited invitingly, and in the arms of a great oak was a most bewitching bower reached by winding steps, almost hidden by vines, and here, a band was to play all the afternoon! A beautiful cherry tree with its snowy blossoms bent lovingly over a table heaped with good things to eat, while to crown all, in the most charming spot in the yard, beneath a rosy peach tree, stood the flowery throne of the May Queen!

Marion herself looked like a little fairy, dressed in the daintiest of white dresses, with ruffles and laces to her heart's content, while on her hair and around her waist were pink ribbons, and on her feet tiny pink slippers and stockings.

Marion, skipping happily about, suddenly was aware of a pattering on the drive, and turning she saw the three little Waringtons in their pony cart. Then the children began to arrive in earnest, and very soon the lawn, so lately quiet, was full of merry chattering little boys and girls, running hither and thither in the greatest glee.

"Oh, Tommy, don't you want to come and swing me?" called a small voice belonging to a still smaller girl, in dainty blue, who was seated in one of the rope swings.

"Sure!" yelled Tommy, with great pride at being thus honored, and grinning triumphantly at the other fellows around he marched off with manly stride.

But Harold Warington, not to be outdone by any such as young Thomas, gathered up his courage and approached, with hesitating step, to where Marion sat enthroned, being besieged by numerous little girls who all wanted to be her maids of honor. Harold's chances indeed looked small, for not only were there plenty of girls by the little May Queen, but also a number of little boys, all trying to talk at once, to win Marion's smiles and her attention all for himself. Harold had long cherished a deep feeling for this certain little girl, and whenever she drew near had a sudden fluttering somewhere on his left side, so now he would wait no longer, but go forward and find out his fate.

"Don't you want to walk around or swing awhile?" suddenly asked a voice very close to Marion's elbow. (Harold, after many pushings and shovings, had made his way this far.) With a smile and a look in her

big, innocent, brown eyes, which made all the other boys tremendously jealous, Marion answered sweetly:

"Why, yes, I guess I would like to," and as Harold helped her down and walked proudly away with his prize, he heard the mutterings of the boys left behind, "The nervy thing!" "My, but he thinks he's real cute!" "Well, did you ever?" and so on.

"Now, what shall we do first? O, I know, let's swing," and as Marion caught sight of a gay hammock waiting invitingly under the trees, she ran quickly toward it, while Harold, following obediently, replied:

"Why, of course, that's just the thing."

After he had swung her until she was tired, he came and calmly sat down beside her, and with their two heads close together (Harold had light, soft, wavy hair, but Marion's was dark brown, and in short, fat curls, which danced as she walked) they had a real "heart to heart" talk.

"Do you know," she began after a pause—the lady, as usual, taking the lead in the conversation—"that I just got a new wax dolly?"

"Well, no,—have you?" he stammered, helplessly, and wondering what to say next.

"Oh, yes, it is just beautiful, goes to sleep, and can talk! And we also have four of the dearest little kittens down in our basement in a basket," she went on happily, at the same time shyly eying a bright, gold watch chain, which hung with studied carelessness from her companion's pocket.

"Would you like to see my watch?" Harold asked eagerly, as he saw her glance, and taking it out with great importance, he showed it to her with unconcealed pleasure.

"Oh, Harold, it is so pretty. Where did you get it, and how much did it cost? When I grow up I am going to have a new watch every day, all different, so I won't get tired of any one," Marion rattled off breath-



lessly. But before Harold had time to answer her questions, he saw some of his less fortunate fellows approaching with bold mien, and divining their purpose, (as supper time was near,) he hastily whispered, "Say, Marion, will you go to supper with me? *Please* do!" as she hesitated bashfully, and then said, shyly:

"Well, if you want me to very much."

So when the boys arrived young Harold was again possessor of the little lady.

"You fellers are all too late," he announced with a wave of his hand, "but you can have her a minute now while I go to see about somethin'," and the boys had to content themselves with that.

At supper the two youngsters kept up their happy prattle, and Harold told his little queen that tomorrow he would take her but in his pony cart and every day after that, and that she must call him her king. Marion, with a great spoonful of strawberries poised dangerously in mid-air, nodded her head wisely and answered "yes," as a matter of course.

"Now you know," he went on, "just as soon as you can write, I shall expect a letter, and then I will answer it right away, and when we grow up we will have a dear little house just for us two; won't that be nice?"

But all too soon did this happy day end, and the children, still full of fun, prepared to take leave of their little hostess. Such a bustling and hurrying! One would have thought a family of magpies had been turned loose.

When Harold came to make his farewell speech, Marion held out her dimpled hand and said "she was so glad he had come," but Harold wanted more, and as he kissed her, whispered, "Be sure not to forget tomorrow at 2 o'clock," and she answered, "No, I won't."

That night her nurse heard the little girl murmur sleepily:

"I like being a May Queen,—Harold is a real nice little boy!"

M. F. T., '06.

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### A Few Common Errors.

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Don't say "cornetist."

Example: He is a "cornetist," should be, "He is a corneter."

Note.—There is no such word "cornetist."

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Don't say "couldn't hardly."

Example: "I couldn't hardly tell how many," should be "I could hardly tell how many," or "I could scarcely tell how many."

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "creole" for "mulatto" or "octoroon."

Note.—A creole is one born of European parents in the American colonies of France or Spain, or in the states which were once such colonies, especially a person of French or Spanish descent who is a native inhabitant of Louisiana or one of the states adjoining, bordering in the Gulf of Mexico.—Webs. Int.

The word "creole" does not imply any mixture of African blood.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "cross" for "crucifix."

Note.—A cross does not imply a crucifix, but a crucifix implies a cross. A cross may be simply a cross and nothing more. A crucifix is a cross with the figure of the Saviour upon it.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "custom" for "habit."

Example: "That is his custom," should be, "That is his habit."

Note.—When speaking of custom we in-

fer national traits; but habit has reference to individuals.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "dangerous" for "in danger."

Example: "He is ill, but not dangerous," should be "He is ill, but not in danger," or "He is ill, but not dangerously so."

Note.—The first expression might be true if said of an insane person.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "demean" for "debase."

Example: "Do not demean yourself," should be "Do not debase yourself."

Note.—Demean, like behave, signifies conduct of any kind. One's demeanor may be good or bad.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "differ from" for "differ with."

Example: "I differ from him in his opinion of Chicago," should be "I differ with him in his opinion of Chicago."

Note.—In matters of opinion use differ with, in appearance use differ from.

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Don't say "discommode."

Example: "I fear it will discommode you," should be "I fear it will incommode you."

Note.—The first is more common; the second, correct.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "disremember."

Example: "I disremember saying it," should be "I do not remember saying it."

Note.—"Disremember" is obsolete or archaic.—Webs. Int.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "distinguish" for "discriminate."

Example: "Do you distinguish between the true and the false in elocution?" should be, "Do you discriminate between the true and the false in elocution?"

Note.—We should distinguish the one from the other and then discriminate between them. One may distinguish without discriminating. The first sentence is indefinite in consequence of its ambiguity.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "don't think" for "think."

Example: "He's not coming, I don't think." "It is not true, I don't think." "They will not let him go, I don't think," should be, "He's not coming, I think." "It is not true, I think." "They will not let him go, I think."

Note.—Two negatives make a positive. By transposing the sentences it will be seen that the word "don't" is superfluous.

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "drownded."

Example: "He was drownded in the Miami River," should be "He was drowned in the Miami River."

\*\*\*\*

Don't say "due" for "owing."

Example: It was due to his carelessness," should be "It was owing to his carelessness."

Note.—The word "due" signifies a debt; the word "owing" a source or a cause, ascribable to.

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Don't say "dust off" for "dust."

Example: "Dust off the chairs," should be "Dust the chairs."

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### Arbutus.

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When early Spring from Winter laughing, leaps,  
'Neath the dead leaves the sweet Arbutus creeps;  
These withered leaves that in late Autumn died,  
Have well protected April's blushing pride.  
So 't is in life, beneath the coldest brow  
May beat a heart alive to friendship's glow,  
And, like the forest flower, is beauty found  
Deep hidden, 'neath the leaves that strew the ground.

L. L. L.



### Anson H. Miller.

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So long had he seemed proof against all the attacks of time and work, it seemed to us that he had taken "The Elixir of Youth," but a strong hand has been laid upon our friend, A. H. Miller of Fremont, Ohio, father of Julia of sainted memory, President of the First National Bank in that city, and he has passed on to the reward of a faithful life. No one has been more closely identified with the progress of Fremont and no one will be more missed in its social, philanthropic, and business circles. His death was beautifully sudden,—just as he many times had wished it to be. Not many of those who read this will remember his daughter Julia, who died in the Seminary twenty-one years ago, but we who remember her have not only her beautiful life in quick memory, but the abiding friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, which has lasted and grown in all the years since we have both had this beautiful girl to remember. Mr. Miller was a frequent caller at Lasell, a man of sterling worth, simple life, large business success, winning face and loving heart, a man whose integrity was never questioned.

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### The Evolution of an Ambition.

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MARY was a happy, vivacious child, but she was fond of sitting in the shade of the big trees and analyzing her feelings and with quaint logic reasoning out the "why of things." She often wondered "where the flowers found their pretty colors" or "how were flowers made anyway," or even the greater puzzle of "how can I think." Mary was sure she was going to be famous—she had always known that—but she had not decided whether she would be a great composer like Mozart, or a poet like Shakespeare, but a doubt as to whether

she would attain these heights never entered her small head. As she grew older she decided to be like Louise Alcott, and so she began to write books, which strange as it may seem, were never finished.

During "the growing up" of Mary, she never doubted but that she would be great, but her idea of her ability was much more modified than it had been. It was not the desire now to be great to be admired, but to help many people. She longed to show other people the beauties she saw which were missed by many. She felt as if she had done nothing to justify the blessings she had received. She often wondered why she saw and felt so much in things and then could not express it, and sometimes, it must be confessed her thoughts were a little bitter.

One night after thinking it all over she decided she would do something worth while, but what? She did not know when she dropped asleep, but she heard some one call her name and saw a quaint, little old lady whose face was beautiful for its very sweetness.

"I am here to help you," she said. "I am your friend. You are longing to do something worth while; you feel you have a mission here, and you have, but not as you imagine. It is not intended that you should do the large things; you are to give the 'human touch' to those who are in need of it. That is what the world needs more than the great deeds. You will not have to suffer the hardships of the successful, for there is no triumph without great labor; but your path will be crossed by many petty worries. You will not win fame, but you will be beloved by many. Your duty is to comfort, cheer and help in kindly ways all in need of it. The great wall would fall were the chinks between the stones not filled, so in life there are many chinks to fill, and with-

out them the great deed would be useless." Mary awoke with a start and realized there was a lesson for her in the dream, and so accepted it as a guide for the future.

Years went on, but Mary never forgot the human touch of kindness. She was married and felt the joy and responsibility of motherhood. She remembered her own childhood, and with keen insight and sympathy guided the little stumbling feet and eager minds through their difficulties. Mary grew older but the years never erased the youthful sweetness from her face. And one day when she was sitting alone her little Mary, now so tall and beautiful, shyly placed a bundle of MSS. in her lap and ran away. On the first leaf was written, "To my Mother who is to all who know her an inspiration for good." She read them over with tears in her eyes, they were just little poems of love, but they gave promise of greater things in the future. And as her mind went back over her own girlhood she saw her ambition realized after all.

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### Baby's Gone to Sleep.

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The flames dance in the fireplace,  
 A glow comes from the log,  
 And hard by in his fussy grace  
 There stands a woolly dog.  
 From spare room to the cellar low  
 There reigns a silence deep;  
 The twilight shadows come and go:  
 The baby's gone to sleep.

A train steams 'cross the dining room,  
 Two shoes are in its track;  
 A bear's tied to the kitchen broom,  
 A horse lies on its back,  
 In grass-land, near the bookcase tall,  
 There stands a flock of sheep;  
 What means this muss in room and hall?  
 The baby's gone to sleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

A friend you have to buy, won't be worth  
 what you have to pay for him.

—Geo. D. Prentice.

### A Deserved Tribute.

The Jamaicans have lately honored themselves in doing honor in a very elaborate way to Capt. L. D. Baker, father of Martha A. Baker, '98, and President of the United Fruit Co. of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

There were a banquet attended by the elite, a presentation of a silver service, and a very complimentary address, and speeches by the Archbishop and other distinguished men of Jamaica, and a characteristically humble, simple manly reply by the hero of the occasion. The daily paper devotes several columns of report and editorial to Capt. Baker and the memorable event, giving a fair portrait of our successful friend.

To our mind Capt. Baker's face is worth a better, but daily papers cannot always do the ideal thing in portraiture. Certainly nothing was lacking of hearty praise in recognition of Capt. Baker's signal services to Jamaica. They call him, with good reason, the "maker" of the Island.

Mattie must have looked on the scene with pride. The day being Capt. Baker's sixty-fifth birthday, there was an added fitness in the celebration of it. The Governor, Chief Justice, and many other notable men joined in this most cordial thanksgiving to the man who has done so much for Jamaica.

We join in thanking God for this earnest, Christian life, and congratulate our Alumna on her father and his work.

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### Impressions in a Street Car.

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It was a cold, stormy evening in February and the streets were so slippery and wet from the light, but steady, rain that had been falling all day, that the homeward-bound crowds picked their way along the muddy sidewalks with exceeding care, trying in vain to keep their eyes from being pierced



by advancing umbrellas, and to keep their own umbrellas from harming other people's eyes. The day had been so raw and dreary it was actually a pleasure to feel the warmth of the electric car. This conveyance does not usually impress one as being especially cheerful, but on this particular evening it seemed the very essence of cheer and comfort.

It was the hour when so many tired working people from all parts of the city are on their way home to enjoy their well-earned night's rest, and the car was crowded with all sorts and conditions of folk. It is always interesting to study the different faces in a place like this, where one sees so many sorts of people, and I like to imagine a little story in connection with each one.

All my neighbors this evening seemed very weary and sad. Over in one corner sat a poor, white-haired old man, with a long hoary beard. The collar of his threadbare and ragged coat was pulled up high around his ears, while his cap sat so far down over his face that scarcely anything but his white beard and fringe of snowy hair was visible. His huddled attitude and wretched appearance bespoke misery. At his feet was a large covered basket which looked very much as if it contained shoestrings, matches and such small wares, and a picture of the poor old man standing on a windy corner during this bleak day, trying to earn a few pennies to take home to his hungry family framed itself in my mind.

To drive away these gloomy thoughts I glanced further along the car, seeking something more cheerful to study, and I soon found it. A large, robust, and altogether prosperous-looking old gentleman was holding a huge basket on his knees. It seemed so unusual to see such a dignified gentleman carrying a basket that I found myself wondering and conjecturing what it might con-

tain, but it was so well covered up that there was no possible peep-hole by means of which one might satisfy curiosity. I had about decided that I was to find no solution to the puzzle when I saw one of the corners of the cover move slightly. I was all attention in an instant and eagerly watched the cover rise, slowly, cautiously, until one fuzzy white ear appeared, followed by another, two bright eyes and a pink nose, and at last the whole face of the dearest of puppies was visible. I imagined this old man when *he* should reach home, and how three or four pretty, curly-headed grandchildren would flock to meet him, all anxious for a kiss, and still more anxious for a peep into the mysterious basket.

As I was imagining this pretty scene, my eyes fell on a group opposite me, an Italian and a little boy whom I decided was his son. I hardly noticed the father at first, I was so attracted by the boy's thin, but pretty face, and his sad, tired look. His lips were blue from the cold and his face was pinched, both by cold and hunger, as I imagined. He had those soft, dark eyes which we so often see among Italians. Their expression was at once sweet and pitiful and the child seemed longing for a kind glance. He and his father were both poorly and thinly dressed, and from the violin and the harp at their feet their calling was evident. The little fellow was so tired that he could scarcely sit up, and every few minutes his eyes would close, his head nod, and he would almost fall asleep in real earnest, when a sudden shiver would shake his tiny frame and awaken him. The father's face wore an expression of utter despair; he seemed perfectly oblivious to everything and everybody around him—even his little son, except that occasionally he looked at him indifferently without the least visible change of expression.



Next to my little friend sat an elderly lady whom I noticed especially because of her hard, stern face, so unlike the little boy's. There did not seem to be a particle of feeling in any line of her face and though she was comfortably wrapped up in furs, she looked cold and seemed to send an icy chill over everything. Could she have a heart anywhere under that nice warm boa? Perhaps she had but it was at least only used on special occasions, I thought, like the country parlor, for weddings and funerals, and took no interest in common, every-day affairs. She was the "pink of perfection" as far as clothes were concerned, and she sat bolt upright, as if in fear of rumpling her finery. As I looked at her, wondering if there were possibly a tender spot in any corner of her heart, her face, which up to this time had been perfectly passive, began to change and—could it be true? Yes! the smallest suggestion of a smile appeared at the corners of her mouth, and sending out its rays into her eyes, covered her entire face with its reflections, in one moment changing it into one of the most beautiful and kindly faces imaginable.

I glanced around the car to discover the cause of this sudden transformation, and, not finding it, looked back at her. Ah! I had found it! The poor little Italian boy, being unable any longer to ward off his sleepiness, had dropped his tired, heavy head upon that immaculate boa! and there it rested in peace, while a half smile, suggestive of happy dreams about warm fur coats and soft, downy pillows, played about his mouth.

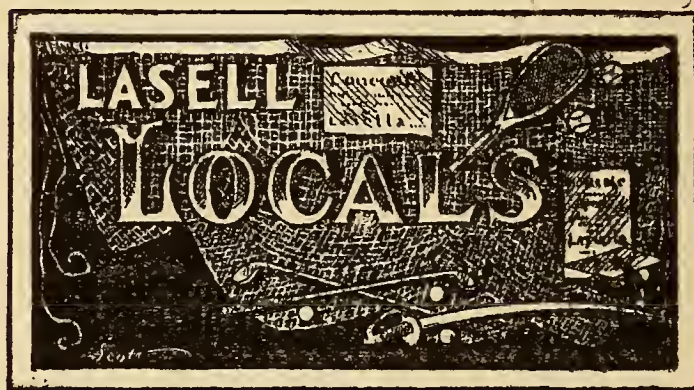
As I looked at this unexpected transformation of the lady into the "Good Samaritan," and at the little sleeping boy I thought of these words of Longfellow's:

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

And I wondered if my little Italian lad's night was not just now filled with the music of that unspoken but perhaps not unfelt sympathy.

No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of a girl for a girl: no hatred so intense and immovable as that of a woman for woman.



April 8.—Mrs. Loomis gave a very interesting lecture on Bacteria. She told us that they were divided into three classes, billiard balls, lead pencils and cork screws. Also how hard it was to get a pure culture, the extreme care needed, and that the invention of the patric disk had rendered the cultivation some easier. Many of the cultures of the different contagious diseases have been obtained, and have enabled us to treat the disease much better.

April 12.—Mr. Williams, assisted by Prof. Hills, gave Enoch Arden. Mr. Williams read with a great deal of feeling, and with the musical accompaniment it was very beautiful. The music corresponds well with the character of the piece and adds greatly to the enjoyment of it.

April 13.—The Senior French Class gave a very delightful French reception. All the girls became French misses and any one passing the parlor doors would have thought that they were in France. A very delight-



ful program was rendered, Alphonse Daudet being the author chosen. Mlle. Le Royer gave a very interesting talk on Daudet's life and works, and the only wonder was how she could talk French so rapidly and easily, as it was beyond any one else there. Delicious refreshments were served.

April 15.—A very large party went over to the "Barn" at Wellesley to see "The Silent Woman." This comedy of Ben Johnson's was given by the Harvard Chapter of the Delta Upsilon. The parts were well acted and the play was very well staged. Between the acts the Wellesley girls sang some of their songs.

April 16.—Mr. Call, of the Dover Street Rescue Mission, spoke. He told us about the work that the mission was doing, and something about the character of the people they came in contact with. The talk was very interesting and instructive. The Lasell girls take a great interest in this mission.

April 20.—A most enjoyable evening was spent listening to Mr. Daggett. Mr. Daggett is a student at Mr. Power's school, and certainly does the school great credit. Mr. Daggett first gave some humorous selections, and one of these, a pantomime entitled "The Bachelor's Button," was very cleverly done. Mr. Daggett next gave a reading from David Copperfield. After the reading a reception was held, to which the seniors and special students of Mrs. Martin were invited to meet Mr. Daggett.

April 22.—Mrs. Loomis gave a very interesting lecture on "Building." She told us how essential it was to choose dry soil to build on, and that the cellar was one of the most important parts of the house, as the air coming from the ground was very injurious to health. She again emphasized the importance of plenty of fresh, pure air and sunlight to health, and that the best

way to guard against the harmful bacteria was to keep our bodies in a healthful condition.

April 23.—As it was Easter Sunday the regular Christian Endeavor meeting was changed to a matin meeting.

April 26.—Miss Shedlock gave a very interesting talk on Hans Christian Anderson. In the talk she said that the reason Anderson was such interesting reading for children was because he always remained a child at heart himself. His works are interesting to both young and old, as there is a great deal of philosophy underlying his work which interests the older people. Miss Shedlock recited several of his works in a most enjoyable manner. One of the stories was about a little princess who wandered to a strange court, and as she was so ragged looking no one would believe that she was a real princess. To test her the Queen Mother had a pea put in the bed and then twenty mattresses put on top. In the morning the little Princess complained that her bed had been so rough that she couldn't sleep. Then they knew she was a real princess, for who else could have felt a pea through twenty mattresses. Miss Shedlock said that a real live princess wrote her that she had put ever so many peas under just one mattress but couldn't feel them at all. After the reading Miss Shedlock read for the girls in French.

April 28.—The four societies held an open meeting which was very enjoyable. Each society contributed one musical and one literary number.

April 29.—Mrs. Loomis gave a lecture on plumbing. It is of great importance that the plumbing be of the best. The pipes should have no bends. The plumbing should be exposed and be well ventilated. The basins, tubs, etc., should be simple and easily kept clean.

April 29.—The Junior Cotillion. The Juniors gave a dance for the entire school. The gym was decorated with pennants, and numerous cozy corners were in evidence. Miss Mabel Macomber, violinist, assisted by Miss Belle Johnson, furnished the music. Miss Washburn was mistress of ceremonies. In the grand march, led by the class president, Miss Anthony, red roses, the class flower, were the favors. Refreshments were served during the evening, and the dance was a great success.

April 29.—Dr. Watkins led chapel for the last time, and every one was sorry to have him leave, but we know that the church which has gained him as a pastor is to be congratulated. At the close of the regular chapel exercise the Senior President, Martha Haskell, presented him with a copy of the sermons of Phillips Brooks in behalf of the faculty and school. The Leaves wishes Dr. Watkins the greatest success and prosperity in his new home.

April 30.—Dr. Peloubet had the morning bible class.

April 30.—A party went to the Dover Street Mission.

May 1.—In the morning the girls balloted for a May Queen, and at dinner, just before dessert, the two girls who had received the next highest number of votes, Hazel Carey and Louise Kelly, crowned Miriam Nelson, who had been elected Queen of the May. Miss Bates lead the girls in the school cheer in honor of the Queen.

May 1.—Just as we were seated at the dinner table our dear principal, Dr. Bragdon, walked calmly down the stairs. The girls gave the cheer for him. We are all very glad to have him with us once more.

May 1.—Under the direction of Miss Bates the girls gave a campus serenade in honor of Dr. Bragdon. The Seniors were

in the Crows Nest, the Juniors on the steps and the rest of the school grouped around. The Seniors and Juniors both gave their class yell.

May 2.—The Allerlie came out and was received heartily.

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### Real Happiness.

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Binghamton Press:

Not in the bustle of excitement of theater or dance—real happiness comes from within. If one has a contented spirit, then they are indeed blessed. By a contented spirit is not meant a lazy one. A contented spirit may be possessed by one ambitious to achieve great things. The artist, poet or writer, however ambitious, may possess it, and possessing it do better work. The poet then sings a happy, contented lay. The writer's thoughts are inspired. The artist puts a germ of the spirit on his canvas and so reaches some other soul, for the contented spirit has a drawing power.

We say the contented spirit is from within, and yet that is in a measure wrong, for it is the shadow of the spirit that is the image of God reflected here on earth. And some let it shine through all this world's over-gloss, so beautifully that we say they have the treasure of a contented spirit. They really belong to the "don't worry" class, resting their endeavors with a higher power, and so cultivating the contented spirit.

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### Crowded Out.

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There is a contractor who most strenuously objects to the teamsters in his employ leaving their wagons unattended outside eating houses. So when he came across a flagrant breach of this regulation the other day, his angry passions rose.

With fire in his eye he rushed into the



eating house, and found his employee placidly investigating the interior mysteries of a chicken pie.

"What do you mean by it?" he cried. "How dare you leave my horses in the street? How came you to do it?"

The startled teamster looked up, his mouth full of pie crust.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "there wasn't no room for them in here!"

L. A. TIMES.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.



### Personals.

Mabel, '03, and Florence, '01, Pooler and their mother spent the winter in Summerville, South Carolina.

Bess Draper, '03, spent a little over a month this winter in Cincinnati with Florence, '02, and Edith, '03, Ebersole. During her visit, Emily Brookfield spent a day in Cincinnati, and they all had a delightful Lasell talk together.

Florence and Edith Ebersole visited Helen Ebersole Swartzel in Columbus during October. She and "Karl" have their little home fixed up very nicely. They saw Hattie McGregor in Springfield for a couple of hours.

We are indebted to Miss Edith M. Ebersole, '03, for these interesting items. We wish more of the "old" girls would send us bits of news.

From "The Peoria, (Ill.) Journal," of April 30th, we learn that Josephine Milliken Roth, '99, gave a charming reception in honor of her classmates, Mrs. H. J. Coupland (Katharine Mason) of Boone, Iowa, and Miss Emily Bissell, of Rockville, Conn. Daisy Cook, Mrs. Linn, assisted. The reception was evidently in Mrs. Josephine's usually perfect vein.

Sarah Corey Bray, '83, gave an illustrated lecture on "Japan and the Japanese," at the Congregational church, Auburndale, on Sunday evening, May 7th. Who has heard our Sarah once, wants to hear her again. This talk was in her own inimitable style.

Isabel Blackstock, '03, in a recent letter, commends the influence of Lasell against slang, sends thanks to Miss Potter for the dainty Lasell Calendar, invites the Principal for the Jubilee in '06-'07, and requests him to bring Misses Ransom, Potter, Carpenter, Nutt, and a few others, with which request we shall most gladly comply. It will not be a serious matter to close Lasell for a year. She mentions letters from Grace Woodworth, who is teaching French for a pastime, Bessie Draper, who has been visiting the Ebersoles, Cornelia Douglass Houser, who is getting to be more and more of a homebody. Isabel was recently bridesmaid, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing more than the bride herself. A second story is building for the Lucknow College, on which we congratulate her.

Mary Goodwin Olmstead, '03, writes a chatty letter, telling of her wedding trip to Virginia Beach, getting a glimpse of our South land, which was new to her. She has since busied herself with her home, her music, and her Sunday-school class. Often sees Mabel Goodwin, Bertha Hayden, Emily Hale, Florence Grout, Edith Harber, Ethel Hook, and Sarah Hughes. She closes her

letter by saying, "Lasell friendships are worth while."

Emma Smith Bramhall, '98, likes California. Her health is greatly improved, and she likes the country life, which she says "Fair Oaks" is. She says: "Of all schools I have seen, if I had to do it over again, I would go to Lasell."

Mrs. Mary Johnson has presented to the Library a beautifully illustrated book, of which she is the author, entitled "Longfellow's Early Home." This has been a labor of love with the author, who knew the poet, and his home in Maine, and has been able to give some pictures which are rare and valuable. It is something to present to the public anything new about the life of our famous poet. Mrs. Johnson has certainly put the public in her debt by this publication.

From recent advices we learn that Pearl Keyser has been married to Rev. A. C. Skinner, recently appointed to the M. E. Church in Hyde Park. She sends a notice of an elaborate reception on May 4th, on the part of their new people.

On Tuesday, May 2d, William Cleaveland Clarke appeared at the home of our Grace Allen Clarke, '95. Grace said that, had it been a girl, an application for admission to Lasell in 1920 would have now been made. We are sorry it was not a girl. Our congratulations to mother and father.

Prof. Hogg of Fort Worth, Texas, reports two great grandchildren: one, Alexander Kyle, the child of Julia, Mrs. T. J. Powell, and one of Nan, Mrs. Wynn, William Percy. He says that Clarence Ashenden, Katie Gibbon's husband, is the leader of the foremost vocal club, The Arian, and is in every way a musical leader in Dallas.

We are sorry to learn that our Effie Symns, '93, of Atchison, Kansas, recently lost her father by accident.

## With Sad Heart.

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Lasell records to-day the death of two men eminent in her early history: Charles Wesley Cushing, D. D., and Henry Lummis, D. D., associated for many years in educational work, and now in the same week gone to their reward. Dr. Cushing, for ten years Principal of Lasell, a thorough gentleman and scholar, was beloved by his pupils and revered by his friends. Dr. Lummis has left even until today an impress of hard work and high thinking, helping to lift Lasell to its present superior grade of scholarship. They were both men of ripe scholarship, lofty character, devoted to their work, and of uniform and unfailing courtesy.

May their mantles rest upon us who tarry.

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We are grieved to hear of the death of Ella Hazelton's mother, early in March. We extend our sincerest sympathy.

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## The Christian Endeavor Society.

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In place of the regular Christian Endeavor meeting on April 16, the whole school listened to an interesting talk by Mr. Call of the Dover Street Rescue Mission on the work which is being done there.

The twenty-third of April being Easter Sunday, the Christian Endeavor Society held a matin service at seven o'clock, which was well attended. Every girl brought at least one flower or plant as a little Easter offering, which was taken over to the Newton Hospital in the afternoon. The enjoyable meeting was led by Miss Nell Jones. The quartet favored us with a song, and Miss May Florine Thielens sang a solo very sweetly. On the thirtieth of April, Miss



Bates led a helpful meeting, taking for her subject some verses from the First Epistle of John. Miss Willet sang for us the lovely song, "God's Garden."

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Adapt thyself to the things with which thy lot has been cast, and love the men with whom it is thy portion to live, and that with a sincere affection. No longer be either dissatisfied with thy present lot, or shrink from the future.

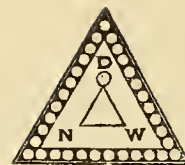
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President—Agnes Wiley.  
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### Marriages.

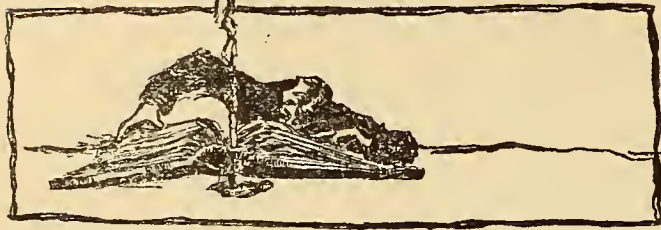
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Judge Scott announces the marriage of his daughter, Ina, Lasell, 'or, to John Ewell Bryant, on April 26th. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant will be at home after May 25th at 412 S. Main street, Paris, Texas.

Daisy Evangeline Curtis and Frank Elmer Richards were married on Tuesday, April 4th, at Nogales, Ariz. Mr. and Mrs. Richards will be at home at Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, after April 20.

Here and There With Our

# EXCHANGES



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

Phillips' High School Review, Watertown, Mass.

The Cricket, Belmont School, Cal.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin, Boston.

The Tattler, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.

Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass.

Crescent, New Haven, Conn.

The Clarion, Portsmouth, N. H.

Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.

The Argosy, Sackville, N. B.

The Tooter, South Omaha, Neb.

Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy, The High School, Milford, Mass.

## Library Books Since Christmas

"The Story of the Bible," Jesse Lyman Hurlburt; Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1903; "The Common Way," Margaret Deland; "The Freedom of Life," Annie Payson Call; "Heroes and Hero Worship," Thomas Carlyle; McClure's Magazine, Volumes XXIII, XXIV; Report of The Religious Education Association, 1903-1904; General Conference Journal, 1904; "American Animals," Witmer Stone and Wm. E. Cram; "Hints to Golfers," Niblick; "Memories of Jane Cunningham Croly"; Elementary Psychology and Education, Joseph Baldwin; "The Land of the Veda," William Butler, D. D.; "Longfellow's Early Home," Mrs. Mary Johnson; "What A Young Girl ought to Know," Mary Wood Allen, M. D.; "What a Young Woman ought to Know," Mary Wood Allen, M. D.; Students American History, D. H. Montgomery; Mediæval and Modern History, Philip Van Ness Myers.

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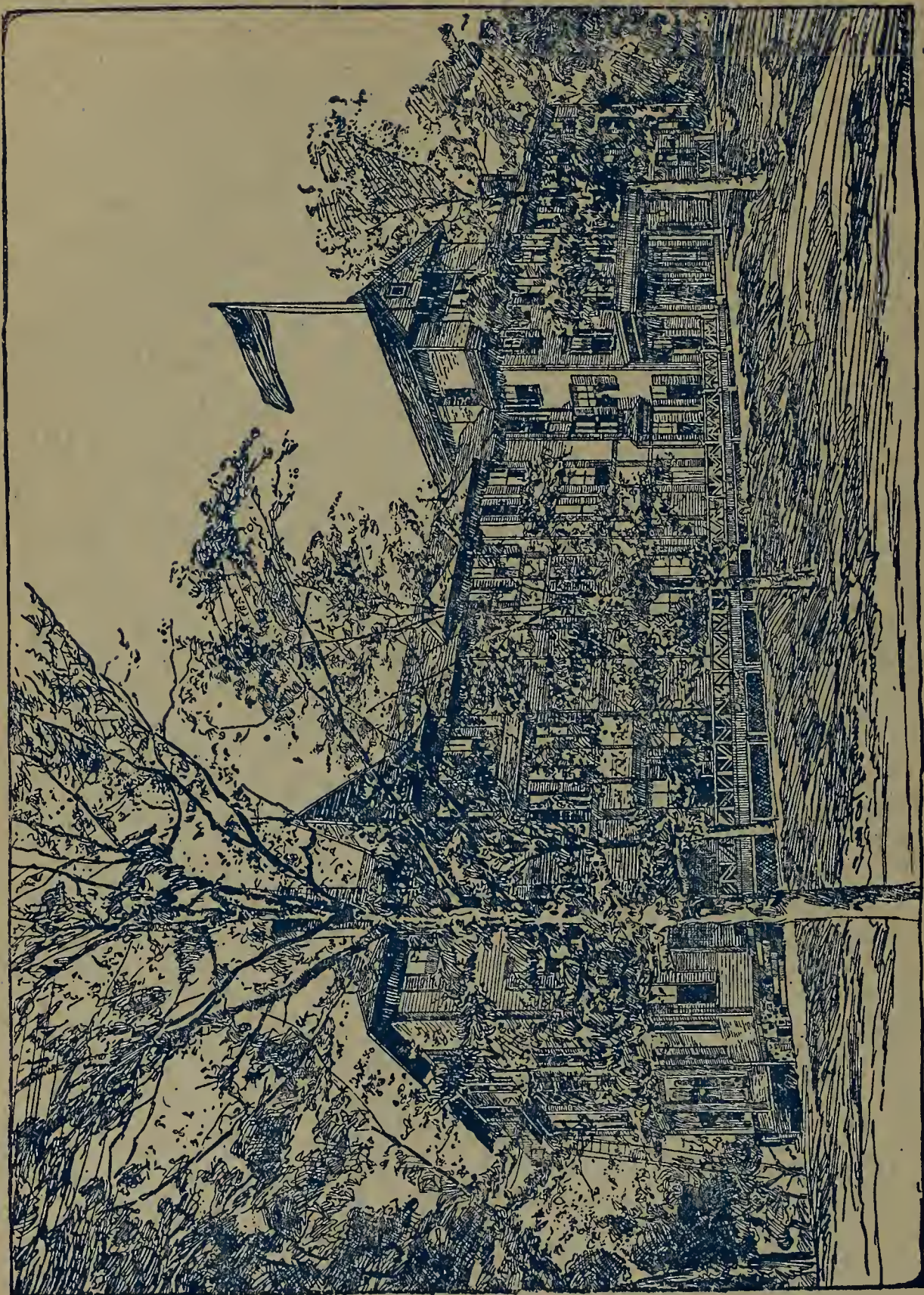
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# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXX, No. 9



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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXX.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JUNE, 1905.

NUMBER 9

Published monthly during the School year by the Lasell Publishing Association.

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnae any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### A Parting Word.

With this number of the LEAVES the school year of 1904-1905 is ended. With what sadness do we turn our faces from Lasell to gain new experiences elsewhere. But the memories of our days here will strengthen us and give us courage to face the future. The LEAVES extends to you, dear Seniors that were, and to all, its good wishes, the hearty hope that the future may hold in store for you countless blessings and much happiness, and that you will not forget the LEAVES when you come across any item of interest to us.

### The Commencement Week.

The first public function was The Senior Reception, held Wednesday evening, May 31. Dr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, Martha Haskell and Miriam Nelson received. The rest of the Seniors were stationed in various groups through the rooms. An orchestra added to the pleasure of the evening.

The Juniors assisted, acting as ushers and introduction committee. Then they served in the dining room where a very toothsome feast was offered.

On Thursday afternoon, June 1, the Studio reception was held. Miss Mullikin, assisted by the girls, received. The work of the pupils was on exhibition. Lemonade and wafers were served during the afternoon.

Thursday night, June 1, was given the last pupil's recital. All the numbers were well rendered.

#### PROGRAM.

##### Part First.

Pianoforte.	Rondo in E flat.	Weber-Liszt
	Miss Rowe.	
Song.	Old Highland Melody.	
	The Asra.	Gow
	Miss Willett.	

Pianoforte. Liebesträume Notturmo III. Liszt

Miss Merz.

Violin. Dors Petit Mignon. Fievet

Valse Gracieuse. Goldstein

Misses E. Harber and E. Sisson.

Pianoforte. a. Nocture, op. 15, No. 2. Chopin

b. Si oiseau j'étais. Henselt

Miss Laurens.

Song. Oh! Hast Thee, Sweet. Hawley

Miss E. Harber.

Pianoforte. Cachoucha Caprice. Raff

Miss Gould.

#### Part Second.

Organ. a. Pastoral in F Major.

b. Prelude and Fugue in F Major. Bach

Miss Chedsey.

Pianoforte and Organ. Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2.

Chopin

Misses Cooley and Curtiss.

(Organ part arranged by Mr. Hills.)

Song. a. My Star.

b. Spring. Mrs. Beach

Miss Washburn.

Pianoforte. Caprice espagnol, op. 37. Moszkowski

Miss Belle Johnson.

Song. Summertime. Daybreak.

Morning. Ronald

Night

Miss Greil.

Pianoforte Quartet. Overture to Tannhauser.

Wagner

Misses Rowe, Tillinghast, Gould and Cooley.

Miss Curtiss—Organ.

(Organ part arranged by Mr. Hills.)

Chorus. Finale. (From the Wishing Bell).

Barnett

#### Orphean Club.

The Society Banquet to the Seniors on June 2 was the largest ever held here. Unique programs, tasty food, good music, with witty toasts and responses made a great evening for the one hundred and sixty feasters.

Toastmistress,	Stella Boothe
Welcome,	Mildred Peirce
Response from 1905,	Martha Haskell
Memories of 1905,	Ethel West
Song,	Clarissa Gibbs
The Western Girl,	Katherine Washburn
Roommates,	Frances Bragdon
Song,	Mary Willett
Mails at Lasell,	Hazel Carey
Farewell,	Jean Fleming
We have room for one toast:	



### Roommates.

---

After pausing for an instant while meaning glances are exchanged between countless pairs of eyes, let me assert that anyone who has never had a roommate cannot realize with what deep and sincere pity we more fortunate mortals regard her. Think what an experience she has missed. Imagine never having had that first painful meeting, when each of you furtively tries to scrutinize the other of you when that other is not looking, and both of you select the same moment for the attempt, with rather embarrassing results. Remember with what delight you discover that you both like and dislike the same girls, and with what even greater delight you sometimes indulge in little differences of opinion—quite friendly, of course, especially when comparing the advantages of the East and the West, and discussing questions of pronunciation.

The postal service is quick, the telegraph is quicker, and the long distance telephone is quickest of all, but what modern invention can equal the roommate in usefulness and convenience, whether it be a matter of lending the minor accessories of costume, giving advice, closing the window on a cold winter morning, or other little sundries which you yourself are too lazy to do? One of the most touching characteristics of some roommates is the sweet courtesy with which they say to each other. "After you, my dear," when it comes to the house-cleaning problem.

Of course there are times when you feel that a roommate is not an unmixed blessing; when you are trying to study in the company of an incorrigible chatter box, when she flaunts an "Engaged" sign in the faces of your friends, or when she forgets to tell Miss Nutt what you wanted for breakfast, or even that you wanted any breakfast at all.

But these details are of slight importance, even if you fail in all your lessons, or slowly starve to death, and in the end no one will blame me for saying:

"Some other time to sisters  
Or to strikes I'll drink with you;  
But now let each one pledge with me,  
Here's a health to our roommates true!"

---

### Drill Day.

---

Drill day! shall we ever forget it? What a day it was to be sure! Long before the cocks crow at three o'clock the girls were up and flying around, too excited to remember their sleeping sisters. Long before the sun had thought of rising, the drill ground was like a huge crazy quilt of red and yellow. Every available bush, tree or bench was literally covered with one of the rival colors, while the crow's nest was a combination of both peacefully twisted together. At two o'clock there was a great brushing of suits and blacking of shoes, and at three, to the inspiring beat of the drums, mid the blowing of horns and the shouting of friends, Company B marched upon the field. Then came in quick succession Company A, Senior Squad, Junior Squad, Foil Drill and Battalion Drill. The girls did well, and we are proud of them. It was hard at first to face that sea of faces, but soon they took courage from their commanders and drilled like real soldiers. When the decision was given in favor of A Company, commanded by Captain Clark, everyone cheered, and most enthusiastic of all, were the members of Company B, who showed that they could take a defeat as well as a victory. In the Senior individual drill, Corp. Mildred Johnston was awarded the medal. While in the Junior Squad, Private Bessie Louise Thielens came in first, and Private Fanny Thatcher, second. Capt. Vail as Major commanded the battalion.

On the whole Drill day was one of the

most exciting days of the year, and though everyone was worn out after it was all over, all felt that the year of hard marching had not been wasted, and that Lasell had a Battalion that any school might be proud of.

---

**Sermon Before the Graduating Class.**

---

At 10.45 a. m., June 4, Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell gave the Baccalaureate Sermon, which will be printed in full in the *Zion's Herald*. So we give the beginning and end only of a masterly discourse.

I am moved to speak to you this morning from the following verse: "He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."—Isaiah 40: 29.

The fortieth chapter of Isaiah is noteworthy for the fullest, longest, and most inspiriting attempt to define God to be found in the Old Testament. The man who wrote it had not, however, the Christly illumination of John, who was thereby able to define God by a single word: "God is love."

But what any man can say of God's presence everywhere; of His irresistible power; of His control of nature and his manifestation therein and thereby; of the insignificance of man considered as matter; of man's greatness considered as spirit; of the ordering of human history by His providence; of God's superiority to all images and conceptions of Him; of His care for the individual while engaged in the support of the Universe; of His veiling of Himself until the soul cries out, "Where is my God?" and of the manifestation of Himself in our time of need, all this is said in this chapter with the utmost precision and lofty eloquence. When we read here, "It is He that sitteth on the circle of the Earth," it is hard to believe that the author did not know that our Earth is a sphere. It is an equal-

ly whole conception, however, if this refers to the summit of the dome of Heaven as the throne of God."

Men will always be more interested in the question: "What will God do for us" than in asking, "What can He do for us." Our life is governed by what he will do; not by what he can do.

\* \* \*

Young ladies of the graduating class, I look upon these parents and teachers, happy in your happiness, and renewing their youthful sunshine in the light of yours. And I ask myself "What are they desiring for you? What are they praying for, with your names upon their lips?"

Anything is possible. Some bookworm may be saying: "Let her live in books and on books as I do." Some worldly mother who has substituted a wiser school care for her careless and interrupted mothering, may be saying: "Let me get her into society where her accomplishments will find notice and reflect credit on me." Not this, but what are these conscientious mothers and teachers saying to God for you this day?

They are asking that the best things may be yours—means enough to avoid the pettinesses and crampings of want, if God sees best; homes which will use your present graces, and call out further graces? It may be. Smooth and pleasant strewn paths? It may be, for torn and weary feet compel a prayer for an easier way for those who come after us. Noting your melody of voice or the skill of your fingers, are they asking that you may be first among the great interpreters of the masters of music to the multitude? It may be.

But these are but incidents in that which these thoughtful teachers are asking for you.

They desire also that all you have received in studious habit or in the mastery of materials may be the basis on which you will



build that wider knowledge which is wisdom. They would have your thought of the Kingdom of God ever widening, that life may always be interesting to you. They know that life is dull only to those who know little and think less. He who knows most and thinks most and lives in the strength of God, has the most interesting life of any. He can never be lonely. He is never without a great book to read, whether he looks at a star, a plant, or a worm. He is never without sympathy, and its response. Wherever life is, his own life impinges on it, penetrates it, is quickened by it, and quickened in turn. He sings with Whittier: "I cannot go beyond God's care," and understands it because he has first read: "If I ascend into the heavens, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." And I know that those who love you most, wish for you this: that "You may walk in the light, as He is in the light, and have fellowship with Him," and come to know the greatness of that promise: "With Him He will freely give you all things."

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#### Even-Song

was delightful on the slope above, and on the Drill Ground. Teachers, pupils and friends sat and sang the old hymns. The Principal read from The Sermon on the Mount and offered prayer. The Glee Club gave one song.

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Parting is such sweet sorrow.

It is not your mood, but the other man's need that determines kindness.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discrete.

### Class Night.

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ALL day Monday the Seminary was the scene of great hustling and bustling in preparation for the evening. The Juniors labored industriously, making the daisy chain, and the Sophomores decorated the front of the building and porch with ferns, while electric lights were strung along the piazza and around the Crow's Nest. Long before the hour the gymnasium was crowded, and at 7.50 our Seniors marched slowly down the aisle with the daisy chain looped over their shoulders, and singing their class song. When all were on the stage, Miss Haskell, the president of the class, gave the "Welcome" as follows:

Following this was the "Roll Call" by Miss Darling, who quite delighted the audience with her clever hits.

Miss Rogers read the "Last Will and Testament" with great solemnity, while Miss Carey presented the gifts to those to whom they were bequeathed. The Junior class was called up in a body and presented with the piano, which had made an imposing appearance in Senior parlor. The hits were very good, and received hearty applause.

The hit song by Miss Bragdon, although some hard raps were given, was nevertheless very clever.

The prophecy by Miss Henderson was thoroughly enjoyed. Some of our sedate Seniors could hardly be recognized in the characters they pictorially presented in 1920.

The gift of the Class of 1905 to their Alma Mater certainly filled a long felt want. Surely no worthier successor to Briggs than "Dicka Deen" could be found, and when Mike, into whose charge he had been given by the class, carried him proudly down the aisle, the beautiful dog received homage from all sides. Miss Nelson then gave the "Farewell," and as she ended there were

tears in many eyes. After the Recessional the Seniors joined their "supes" on the lawn. Then the long procession of black gowned Seniors, and white gowned "supes," each carrying a torch over the head of her Senior wound around the campus and back to the Crow's Nest to the inspiring strains of the band leading. Here the Seniors ascended to the Crow's Nest, where Miss Nell Jones gave the "Flight of the Crows," which was heartily applauded. The procession now formed again, and marched to the lawn in front of Senior Hall, where each Senior consigned her pet hobby forever to the flames, after which Miss H. F. Carter, president of the Sophomore class, passed the loving cup, and with arms on each other's shoulders, the Seniors drank the health of their classmates. This beautiful ceremony brought the exercises to an end, leaving a touch of sadness and loneliness in every heart, and only the dying flames to keep watch over the burning embers of the gifts of the Seniors.

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#### Welcome by President Haskell.

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Forenoon and afternoon and night. Forenoon, and afternoon—and before we are able fully to realize it, the last night of our school year has come, and as we take our places to give you welcome, we wonder how the months have slipped away so fast, September and October, with their golden days; gray November's "Thanksgiving," and the glittering snow-drifts and Xmas chimes of the dear December holidays, have all passed us, and now that June has flooded the campus with summer green, and our last night is actually before us, we find it less welcome than we had anticipated.

This night, when viewed through the charmed lenses of our freshman opera glasses, seemed like the traditional "golden gate," leading, from the routine and drud-

gery of a too familiar world, into a sort of school girls' "Arcadia," where the arduous duties of the day, consisted in building "Castles in Spain" with our discarded books, or watching the spiders spin webs among the algebra problems. But on nearer view, the mystic gate of our Freshman days fades, and in its place we have a well known wooden portal, which we are loth to shut behind us on all the memories that haunt our school home.

It is a strange fact, that looking back over the year, it is the little things that stand out clearest and most distinct in the blurred view of the whole, the little memories that hold us close to all the meanings of the year. That old corner in the library with the red glow of the coals in the grate, and the rush and swirl of the snow, drifting outside; that still, sharp, winter night with the moonlight lying white on the curve of the hill and the sound of the sleigh bells down the road; the dry grate of the chalk on the board, and the monotonous rustle of papers in the classroom; or the sound of that old two-twenty, bell, when the cherry blossoms are out and the river lies warm in the sun—all are conjured up in our memories of 1905.

And as it is the little memories that will bring back our school home most vividly to us, so also it is the small events, almost unnoticed at the time, that will recall the whole atmosphere of the year most clearly. And so, while thanking those whose help and influence have been concerned to the greatest extent in the life of this last year, while giving them the full measure of love and thanks due them, we wish tonight, to thank you all, individually for the myriad little helps and influences that you have each contributed to the year. Many of them have been unknown to you, but as in the end, it is the trifles that go to make up the whole, so it is these very, tiny, unforgotten helps that have formed the stepping-stones, most memorable in our last year's progress.



## Roll Call.

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*Martha Gay Haskell*, our beloved president. Martha would we think, be a shining literary light later, write perhaps the great American novel that is still awaiting an author, were it not for the fact that she is unfortunately so popular in society as to make it very doubtful that she will be able to effect an escape to the desk and the pen.

*Sara Frances Bragdon*—our class baby. It has been said that at some time in her life she lost the power of speech, and since then has been just "frantic."

*Hazel Marion Carey*. Mrs. Martin's ideal of physical grace and beauty. Hazel herself is not of that opinion. What she does believe in is a game of tennis before daylight (?) with Frances on the other side of the net. If you ever have an opportunity to watch one of their games—don't miss it!

*Mary Roberta Clark*—better known as "Bob." Whose especial joy this year has been commanding Company A. During the past few months she has carried her enthusiasm in this to such an extent that once in the middle of the night she was heard shouting, "Right about face, forward march," so realistically that the whole house at once awoke and turned out.

*Margaret Christine Henderson*. Margaret carries with her always a serene look of sweet innocence, and mild mischief. And the merry twinkle in her eyes shows that she knows a thing or two.

*Edith Clara Harber*. She suffers from a severe case of New England conscience, aggravated by the air of her Western home. Her knit brow and altogether serious view of life when lessons are on, should be seen to be appreciated.

*Nell Davis Jones*, who always carries a

smile up her sleeve. Nell is not fond of talking, but if she could but speak tonight, she would entertain us with reminiscences of "old girls." But let it not be said that she is garrulous.

*Ida Ruth Jones*. Ida's one bad habit is her incessant chatter; when she is about you can't even hear your own ears. Let us hope that by patient endeavor and earnest struggle, she may eventually overcome this habit. She is noted also for her oblique and upward glances of saintly resignation when circumstances become too warm and embarrassing.

*Miriam Hall Nelson*, "fuzzy wuzzy" for short.

"And amid the gold of her blithesome hair  
Bright shone the daisy crown."

Yes, she was our Queen of the May.

*Eila Augusta Patterson*, "Little, but oh my!" our class poetess, a second Sappho. We trust that Eila will overcome her propensity for talking to herself for lack of a more interesting audience, for often this habit has led her to grief when someone else has had the floor.

*Mary Ellen Eliza Etta Emeline Endless Enderby Potter*. Before you stands the brightest member of the class of 1905, for she by dint of hard work has finished a whole year's work in half the time.

*Edna May Rogers*, the class wearer of the cap and bells. A girl of manifold personalities, famous for her reproduction of the various peculiarities of the different members of faculty. Her hair looks red, but it is only because the glow of her brilliant wit has struck through and colored it.

*Grace Evangeline Rowe*. Grace is very fond of the ride between Auburndale and Boston, especially after having visited some candy store. Perhaps some day she will go into the candy business so as to have enough in case of unexpected travelling that she

might be called upon to do. It is only one of her many sweet tastes.

*Barbara Cushman Vail.* She might almost be called *prehistoric*, for she has made sand pies about the back yards of Lasell since infancy. For information on the military drill, consult Barbara, for she has had an experience of five years, and is now major of the battalion.

*Ada Beatrice Wells*, our absent member. Ada finds such an attraction in Newtonville that she has found it impossible to stay more than a day at a time with us. But she has been giving us "absent treatment."

*Laura Ellis Weaver.* Laura came to Lasell for the sole purpose of cultivating her elocutionary talents, and her future will probably be that of an "histrionic" star, for at the present she aspires to the stage.

*Alice Leslie White.* Our scientific member, Lasell's "Chemical Maid," we might say, who rarely does anything precipitate, always uses the retort cautious, views a test to be a coming blessing, fearing not at all a nervous reaction. May she find in life's beaker no disappointing residue.

*Mary Kuykendall Solemncholy Willett*—just solemn enough for a lawyer. If you are puzzled concerning any point on Parliamentary law just consult Mary. She is sometimes irreverently called, "Solemncholy Mary," but this is a misnomer, for she is really one of the brightest and cheeriest of us all.

*Agnes Louise Wylie*—our class artist—of whom we expect so much in the years to come. Her one failing is telling stories, not always new, carefully extracting the point from them before inflicting them upon her audience.

*Helen Alice Darling.* I wanted to say something *very* nice about myself, but they told me it would be in very bad taste.

## Hit Song.

### I.

This Senior class of nineteen hundred five  
Is shy and modest, you may well believe;  
But for our final, class night, parting shot  
As to our standing your minds we'll relieve.  
We hate conceit and too much self-esteem,  
But still we must acknowledge that we are  
Just about the very best; it now must be confessed  
Than other classes we are better far.

### Chorus.

We're models of deportment, and of course  
In things scholastical we take the lead;  
The pattern we, if you take our advice,  
Our precepts and examples you will heed.  
In nineteen five we want you all to know  
Each one of us a bright and beaming light;  
And you surely must admit, at Lasell we've made  
a hit,  
And we're shining, scintillating stars tonight.

### II.

An estimable class is nineteen six,  
And worthy of respect throughout the school,  
Because they are so gentle and polite;  
Because they bear in mind the golden rule.  
For toward the Seniors they conduct themselves  
As they wish others unto them to do:  
They hate to spoil our plans, interfere with our  
designs;  
They're helpful and considerate of us, too.  
We'd like to make them all a little gift,  
In recompense for our pianoforte;  
If we had the wherewithal, we would not delay  
at all.  
We'd improve upon the lesson that they taught.

### Chorus.

Our Senior table we obtained with ease,  
Possession of the Crow's Nest neatly gained;  
Our plottings all the year we've kept concealed,  
Though oft to know our secrets they have feigned.  
A large and handsome, loudly-striking clock,  
O, Juniors, we would give to you, we say;  
Maybe it would wake you up, and rouse you just  
a bit,  
And though slow, you might arrive on time some  
day.

### III.

A contrast we will now point out to you  
For marked originality, we find,  
And to their Senior class strong loyalty  
Components of the Sophomoric mind.  
Our dining-room's attractive all the time,



The tables very pleasant every day,  
 But what a fairyland, from Sophomoric hand,  
 Was here to greet our eyes the first of May!  
 In loveliness our table quite excelled  
 All decorations you have ever seen;  
 With daisies all complete, for our flower's the mar-  
                   guerite,  
 It surpassed the pictures in a magazine.

*Chorus.*

The Sophomores have been very good to us,  
 And with devotion wonderful have striven  
 To execute with most painstaking care  
 Commissions and commands that we have given.  
 O, Sophomores, your enthusiasm's fine,  
 And to us it has made you very dear.  
 Than the Juniors you're more bright, we tell you  
                   so tonight,  
 And for naughty-seven give a rousing cheer.

IV.

The maidens of Lasell are known abroad  
 And famous for their learning far and wide;  
 As gracious in their manner as a queen,  
 And physically beautiful beside.  
 Last winter Mrs. Martin made a list—  
 Twelve Grecian goddesses it was to be.  
 At the critical election, so hard was the selection,  
 That on the list full fifty names we see.

*Chorus.*

Their dignity of bearing and their charm  
 Of personal appearance are supreme;  
 That only twelve were stately and sublime  
 Mrs. Martin woke to find 'twas but a dream.  
 Her exercises surely take effect,  
 And transformations wonderful take place;  
 Evolution of expression, and discarding of de-  
                   pression  
 Will bring the ugliest a lovely face.

V.

Each Monday, Wednesday, Thursday on the Charles  
 A valiant leader takes a happy band,  
 And some can swim, and some have never learned,  
 Some never had a paddle in their hand.  
 It's difficult to separate the flock,  
 Assign each one a satisfactory place;  
 But from chaos order comes, and at last they're all  
                   arranged,  
 And merrily down the river now they race.  
 But by the rushing current of the stream,  
 (If distant from their guide they dare to stray),  
 Boats are turned hind-side before, or driven upon  
                   the shore,  
 And after rescuing them he's heard to say:

*Chorus.*

"I'll never, never take you out again;  
 I can't spend all my time pursuing you;

If you can't keep near me, you'll ask in vain  
 To come with other girls canoeing, too.  
 Hereafter you will disappointed be;  
 Your name will never go upon the list.  
 It is time for you to learn, that some day the worm  
                   will turn,  
 From our merry boating party you'll be missed."

VI.

The deer house with our numerals is adorned,  
 Though little Freshmen did the best they could;  
 With zeal quite worthy of a better cause,  
 With pots of paint and brushes there they stood.  
 A sudden apparition scared them off.  
 A very pretty sum they had to pay.  
 Their artistic efforts gone, the disputed field we've  
                   won,  
 And the deer house bears our numerals today!

VII.

Our Auburndale is such a pretty town;  
 We've many charming promenades to take;  
 But from the multitude of pleasant routes  
 Most carefully our choice we have to make.  
 The busy, bustling business street's tabooed,  
 Our bargains all we must transact at school;  
 Loitering by the river way is attractive, so they say;  
 It's alluring, but it is against the rule.

VIII.

No more of this sad ditty we will sing;  
 We fear that you already may be bored,  
 Although our purpose was but to amuse,  
 And entertainment to our friends afford.  
 But surely by this time you've heard enough;  
 Our repertoire is quite exhausted now.  
 If you ask for any more, we can't give it to you,  
                   for  
 It will be a case of "Echo answers" how.

## Farewell.

It is the time when we must say that word  
 which comes so naturally yet regretfully to  
 the lips at the moment of separation, that  
 word which means so much to every human  
 heart—good-bye. Eugene Field, you re-  
 member, says, in this connection:

"I like the Anglo-Saxon speech,  
 With its direct revealings;  
 It takes a hold, and seems to reach  
 Way down into your feelings;  
 For when a crony takes your hand  
 At parting to address you,  
 He drops all foreign lingo and  
 He says, Goody-by, God bless you!"

Worldly friendships, those friendships of mere convenience, with their lightly spoken words and selfish interests, mean little to us, and have no part in our school life. They are unworthy the sacred name. No better, no stronger friendships shall we ever make than those of our happy school days; they will linger with us in the years that are coming, for once possessed they can never be lost.

To Dr. Bragdon, our beloved principal, who has shown such untiring interest and love for us, not only when present with us, but even when separated from us by the breadth of the continent, we give our grateful appreciation and our sincerest thanks.

To each and every member of our Faculty, you who both individually and collectively, have been to us a source and centre of strength, we also pay the tribute of grateful thanks for the untiring help, and the kindly interest you have shown us. And while we cannot take away with us the comforting thought that we have accumulated a great store of knowledge, during our school days now past, we do feel that we leave you with a purpose to know more, to advance and not to stagnate; grateful for the discipline gained here, and with aspirations to live lives useful, good and noble.

Dear schoolmates, although this year we have in a measure been separated, and have thus missed a little of the joy of a fuller companionship, the little distance which has divided Senior Hall from the main building has been no great barrier. On the contrary, that little stretch of out-doors must surely have lent enchantment, for never before have the girls been as kind and thoughtful as they have been this year; nor the bond of school friendship knit so strong and true. For us, our work here is done, but you will remain to finish yours, to give to Lasell its wonted brightness; and to rise, it may be, to

greater heights of purpose and attainment than we have reached. Schoolmates, to you we give most cordial expressions of the appreciation and the love of the girls of 1905.

Dear classmates—for the past year we have lived and worked and laughed together. We have consoled each other in our failures, and been happy in each other's triumphs, and although we separate as a class, the influence and the joy of our school days together will live forever in our memories. Each one of us will go her way to meet new conditions, and to conquer new difficulties; and as we go on in life, ever warmer and sweeter will grow the abiding friendship of the class of 1905. And as we part, again we give you the assurance of our heartiest love, our kindest feelings, and our lasting regard for you all. The class of 1905 bids you good-bye.

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### The Flight of the Crows.

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"Caw! caw! caw! The Senior Crows gathered in the old ancestral nest for a consultation. For years this had been their abode, steps gray as granite leading up to the nest, with walls as gray, over arched by the swaying boughs of the green old tree above, as every right Crow's Nest should be, the quivering leaves whispering softly above their heads as they sat in council.

"Caw! caw! caw! We have a new home. We must leave this old one to the weather, and the wind, plume our wings, and take our flight—away—away—far—far away to Senior Hall, our new nest." "Quack! Quack! Quack!" broke rudely in upon their ears, as the foolish Juniors came flocking out to their lorn little Junior Bench. "Quack! Quack! Quack!" said the Ducks, "what can all that consultation be about? Those crows are so mysterious! The very ap-



pearance of their black wings tells that there is mystery in the air. Just wait till next year and the miserable Junior bench will know us no more, then we will make these upstart 'Sophs' feel their insignificance."

"Caw, caw, caw," said the Crows, "Let us go forth to our new home. What a comfortable feeling to be rich in the goods of this world! This ancestral nest, here at the entrance of these spacious grounds. That imposing deer house in the rear, like Joseph's coat of many colors, and yonder grand new home waiting for us across the street,—all—all are ours!"

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" came from the bench, "Look at us as you pass by; we are so grateful for even a glance. We are your sworn slaves, proud to be called your supes. All the year we will toil for you, morning, noon and night, if you will but smile our way. Quack! Quack! Quack!"

But the dignified Crows looking neither to right or left, moved away as if unconscious of the ducks, in stately and dignified wise, and were presently seen no more, the doors of Senior Hall closing upon their sable plumes.

\* \* \*

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Again a consultation was being held in the Crow's Nest; but many months had passed, and the Crows were again contemplating flight, not now to Senior Hall across the way, but to places far removed from the quiet and peace of the little village of Auburndale. Out into the great world they were going, never, never more to return to the old nesting-place.

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" Again the Junior Ducklings are in evidence in the vicinity of the bench, vainly trying to attract the attention of their superiors, but now with a very perceptible change in their manner. They are meeker, and less showily dressed. "Quack, quack! my new com-

mencement gown went to pay for that first pot of red paint, for the deer house! And mine for the second; and mine for the yellow; and mine for the black! And mine! and mine! Quack! Quack! Quack."

"Caw! Caw! Caw! Afterall," one of the Crows was saying, "the Ducks have been willing servants. See how carefully they have cared for our caps and gowns all winter long. How patiently they have brushed them and hung them up every day, and how proud they have been to see us coming by in our majestic fashion! How proud the Juniors have been of us all the year! How willingly they offered to paint the deer house for us, glad even to pay for it out of their own pockets! And how happy they were when we took our Senior table, never interfering in any way. What smiling glances were those cast at us across the dining room that night. Perhaps we have not been so appreciative as we should have been. Let us cheer their weary hearts, and leave them something that will insure us a place in their affections forever. Why not leave them this old rallying place of Senior memory?"

And so it was decided.

Then the blackest and wisest and most dignified of the Crows said very impressively, "In behalf of the class of nineteen hundred and five, we the Crows, bequeath to you Ducklings, this our old friend, the Crow's Nest, with the earnest wish that when you, after weary years of struggle shall have climbed the steps of our present fame, and have reached the top, you may enjoy the rest and satisfaction due to high and mighty Seniors; and that when your longing to occupy this lofty seat shall then have been finally gratified, you will find here all the happiness and distinction that you now hope to feel when once you shall plant the foot of possession in the old nest, you will have be-

come dignified then, and will not stoop so childishly to the breaking up of under class meetings, but will devote your few spare hours to assisting the down trodden. And may the Juniors of next year be as generous of yellow paint as you have been. It is the color of sunshine, your golden glory of Juniorhood. To you then we leave this dear old Nest. And may a few words of parting advice go with it. Be not hasty; use all judgment. "Ye are green wood, see that ye warp not." And may our love go with it, too. For though we have tried to cover up the sadness of parting with a little fun, and "the last word" yet deep in our hearts, Juniors, we love you every one.

### Commencement Day.

Bishop C. H. Fowler delivered the address to the graduating class, and at its close, Dr. Bragdon, with the consent of the Board of Trustees, presented the diplomas.

The Glee Club sang several times during the morning.

Owing to the rain, the luncheon was served in the dining room. And the Crow's Nest exercises had to be dispensed with.

About nine o'clock the Seniors serenaded the school. They gave their class song, and several of the school songs.

### The Woman of the Future.

BISHOP Fowler's address at the Lassel graduation overflowed with pungent statements and telling illustrations. Extracts can give but poor suggestions of the force and delicious wit of the whole.

What we want is an ideal, that we may measure ourselves by it, and grow up to it. Morse had coiled up between his ears all the wires of intelligence which stretch across continents and under seas, by which have been wrought that marvellous fabric of civilization.

This is a fair thing to say about women: the treatment of women is the central gauge by which we test all civilization. Sparta strangled girl babies without any remorse; and Sparta taught her sons to steal, and murdered slaves before their eyes to familiarize them with scenes of blood. And Sparta takes a back seat behind Athens, which honored Aspasia. When the Romans captured those Sabine maidens, they treated them so gently that they preferred to stay with their captors rather than go back to their fathers and brothers; the same thing has been happening ever since.

The woman of the future will come, not from the working women, or the fashionable women, but from the thinking Christian women. She will live in a good, sound, compact, healthful body. This kind is immeasurably more marketable than a slim, delicate dying angel. Shakespeare's plays have not one hero, but every play is characterized by some great heroine.

The woman of the future will possess certain qualities: (1) Instinct. It does not do away with reason; it supersedes it. The eagle does not shed his feet because he has pinions; he carries his feet with his wings as a reserve power. (2) Sympathy. Everybody feels the forces of sympathy; few care a penny about a syllogism. (3) Will power. I need only mention this; you recognize it.

(4) Persistency. I have seen a wolf-hound and a bull-dog arguing. The wolf-hound had the best of the weapons. He nipped the other here and there and shook him; the bull-dog only kept pointing his nose at him, until at last he took hold, and did not know enough to let go until they came to the other dog's funeral. (5) Sacrifice, the divinest gift which hovers over us, in which one flings herself as a fagot under a bonfire to light a flame to show others the way. Keep right on; keep studying. You have one friend, the Bible, woman's best, supreme friend.—From "The Greeting."



CLASS OF 1905.

"Deo Juvante."

Sara Frances Bragdon,	Evanston, Ill.
A Drive in the Tyrol.	
Hazel Marion Carey,	Joliet, Ill.
Prison Industries.	
Roberta Clark,	Frankfort, Ind.
The Galley Slave.	
Helen Alice Darling,	Pawtucket, R. I.
Boarding Schools Past and Present.	
Edith Clara Harber,	Bloomington, Ill.
An Old Ballad.	
Martha Gay Haskell,	Auburndale, Mass.
Ancient Lamps.	
Margaret Christine Henderson,	Fort Madison, Ia.
The Stage and Its Benefits.	
Ida Ruth Jones,	Evanston, Ill.
The College Girl's Room.	
Nell Davis Jones,	Paris, Ill.
The Artistic Japanese.	
Miriam Hall Nelson,	Derby Line, Vt.
Sand Transformed.	
Eila Augusta Patterson,	Craftsbury, Vt.
The Educated Girl in the Country Town.	
Mary Ellen Eliza Potter,	Milwaukee, Wis.
The Development of the American Railroad.	
Edna May Rogers,	Watertown, N. Y.
The Educational Movement of Today.	
Grace Evangeline Rowe,	Glen Falls, N. Y.
The Virginian: A Character Study.	
Barbara Cushman Vail,	Oakland, Cal.
Japan's Debt to the Missionary.	
Laura Ellis Weaver,	Xenia, O.
Pictures from Spenser.	
Ada Beatrice Wells,	Newtonville, Mass.
Namiko's Training.	
Alice Leslie White,	Lowell, Mass.
The Cause of the People in Russia.	
Mary Kuykendall Willett,	Flint, Mich.
The Woman for the Home.	
Agnes Louise Wylie,	E. Craftsbury, Vt.
The Reclaiming of Jean Valjean.	

The Alumnæ Association met at three o'clock, the President, Lillie R. Potter of the class of '80 in the chair.

The records and treasurer's report were read and accepted. There was some discussion on the feasibility of the Alumnæ wearing the cap and gown on Commencement Day, but no vote was taken. The following officers for the coming year were elected: President, Miss Potter, '80; first vice-president, Mrs. Silas Peirce, '80; second vice-

president, Miss E. Hazelton, '04; third vice-president, Mrs. Maurice Brown, '01; secretary, Miss N. M. Richards, '93; treasurer, Miss Mabelle Whitney, '03; executive committee, Miss Martha Stone, Miss Cora Peniman, Mrs. J. R. Draper, '84. A committee was also appointed for the mid-winter reunion.

Resolutions in tender memory and grateful appreciation of Miss Martha B. Lucas, class of '60, a most earnest and faithful member of the Association; and also of Mrs. Isabelle Jennings Parker, class of '57, who for all these years has loved and served Lasell. Yea, verily, "borne her name and protected her honor." These two have died during the past year. A poem read by Mrs. Silas Peirce, class of '80, in memory of Mrs. Parker, was written for this meeting by Mrs. Mary Johnson of Auburndale, a former pupil of Lasell. It was a loving tribute to the virtues and character of her life-long friend. Miss Helen Goodrich, instructor in vocal music at Lasell, kindly sang two songs which were charmingly rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by the "girls."

A cable from Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, class of '56, was a delightful greeting from the loyal graduate of whom her Alma Mater is justly so proud. That she remembers us is a joy indeed.

Miss Potter, who by the way, makes a charming presiding officer, and is withal so beloved by every Lasell girl, introduced, in her gracious manner, Sadie Corey Bray, class of '83, who spoke on "Housework as a Means of Culture." This subject appealed to every one present, to those who preforce have solved the servant-girl problem by "doing it themselves," and to those (if such there be of Lasell's daughters), who, not having to do housework, are in mad pursuit of Culture.

Mrs. Bray described a tour through the rooms of a model home. First to the kitchen, where she plead with us to use our best endeavor to have it bright and cheery, the place where we should plan for our living with our very best thoughts, making it a scientific study and conscientious task, to guard the health of our families. She then spoke of the dining-room, where the family gathers; let it be always the place for unselfishness, sunshine, lively conversation and mutual helpfulness. The living-room should be so planned that it is an inspiration for the best reading, for music and pictures of the highest standard, so far as the subject is concerned. A place to be remembered always by the members of the family, as the home centre. Mrs. Bray also mentioned the sleeping-room with the keynote of "Peace," and due regard to sanitation and decoration, according to the taste and age of its occupant. She recommended letting the boys have as good a room as the girls, with individuality preserved in the furnishing. A few words about the attic and cellar, and she closed her address with words so noble and uplifting that we all resolved within ourselves to take a new view point for our housekeeping.

NELLIE P. DRAPER, '84.

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#### Former Pupils Here.

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Mary P. Jones, '56, Newton; Mrs. Fanny Gray Merriek, '56, Newton Centre; Mrs. Mary Shaw Rogers, '56, Boston; Martha E. Stone, Newton Centre; Mrs. Emma Sears May, '57, Newton; Mary C. Penniman, '58, Upham's Corner; Mrs. Lunette Holbrook Lathrop, '71, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Brookline; Sadie Corey Bray, '83, E. Taunton; Nellie Packard Draper, '84, Roxbury; Etta Stafford Vaughan, '86, Watertown; Lillie Eddy Holden, '88, Watertown; Maude Oliver Green, '89, E. Saugus; Susie Richards '91, Weymouth; Nellie Richards, '93, Groton; Harriett Scott, '94, Wyoming, Ill.; Bess Shepherd, '94, New Britain, Conn.; Eleanor Clapp Drinkwater, '95, Braintree; Grace Loud, '95, Everett; Annie Richards, '95, Wey-

mouth; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, S. Braintree Heights; Ethel Loud, '96, Everett; Louise Richards, '97, Weymouth; Gertrude Taggart, '97, Indianapolis, Ind.; Elsie Burdick, '99, Hartford, Conn.; Edith Dustin, '01, Gloucester; Bessie Lum, '01, Minneapolis, Minn.; Katherine McCoy, '01, Kane, Pa.; Georgie Duncan, '02, Bath, Me.; Clara B. McLean, '02, Rockville, Conn.; Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, Haverhill; Mary Upham, '02, Newtonville; Agnes Drake, '03, Pittsfield, N. H.; Carrie George, '03, Lynn; Bertha Hayden, '03, East Hartford, Conn.; Elizabeth Thorne, '03, Gardiner, Me.; Mabelle Whitney, '03, Newton Highlands; Helen Orcutt, '03, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Mary Goodwin Olmstead, '03, Burnside, Conn.; Edith Govert, '04, Quincy, Ill.; Josephine Holmes, '04, Kingston, Mass.; Agnes Kellers, '04, Stonington, Conn.; Theodore Close, '04, Berlin Heights, O.; Grace Hardy, '04, Ashburnham; Jennie Hamilton, '04; Ella Hazelton, '04, Montague City, Port Huron, Mich.; Katherine Jenckes, '04, Newport; Gladys Patterson, '04, Boston; Lucile Zeller, '04, Evanston, Ill.; Alice Stahl, '04, Bellevue, O.; Ruth Evans, Wakefield; Maude Moore, Newfield, Me.; Helen Merriam, Middletown, Conn.; Emily Hunt, Concord; Leora Haley Marvin, Cambridge; Emily Hale, So. Glastonbury, Conn.; Anita Henry Myrick, Worcester; Delia Tripp, New Bedford; Gertrude Atwell, Port Henry, N. Y.; Frances Browse, Grape Island, W. Va.; Helen Royse, Lafayette, Ind.; Alice Bean, Lowell; Sue Gallup, Norwich, Conn.; Emma Ferris, Dorchester; Isabel Ginn, Belfast, Me.; Blanche Harber, Bloomington, Ill.; Irene Wellington, North Oxford; Edith Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Florence Smith, Fitchburg; Rosa Best, Malden; Alice Wright, Worcester; Adele Humphrey, St. Louis, Mo.; Mamie Taylor Butterfield, Waltham; Eva Robertson, Hinsdale, N. H.; Ida Trowbridge Fuller, Saxonville; Alice Mayo Hicks, Needham; Minnie Sawyer, Watertown; Fannie Dillingham, Auburndale; Ethel Littlefield, Troy, N. Y.; Addie Philbrick, Surfside; Edna Lockwood, Pawtucket; Ethel Hook, Brewer, Me.; Harriet Childs, Waltham; Bertha Manchester, Providence; Maud Bently, Lowell; Anna Andrews Barris, Lynn; Fannie Davis, Lawrence, Mass.; Cora Belle Stone, Waltham; Harriette Batchelder Spooner, Auburndale.

Commencement Visitors—Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Ethel Patterson, Mrs. M. C. Bragdon, Miss Elizabeth Bragdon, Mr. and Mrs. Harber and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Potter and Miss Lillie Potter, Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Paris, Mrs. Chedsey, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Tillinghast, Mrs. Sauter, Mrs. Cooley, Mrs. Carleton, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. Fassett, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Marston, Mrs. Warr, Mr. Peckham, Mrs. White, Mrs. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, Mr. West, Mrs. Davidson, Marian Gardner, Boston, sister of Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau of '56.



### How the Rooms Looked.

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Dear Girls:

With Mrs. Bray's message, "Housework as a Means of Culture" still ringing in my ears, I have just made my last rounds of the school home. At the finish, The Annex, as a whole, takes the prize, Dorothy Turner's room deserving special mention. Senior Hall, alas! must be judged by its daily standing rather than its final examination. To be sure, the end is not yet, and perhaps the returning Pilgrims from Portland may make a clean sweep and bring up the standing. The care of the rooms at Senior Hall was good and the effects artistic. Coming nearer home, we struck the storm centre in No. 53. If I had seen that room in time, I am quite sure the occupants would have taken a later train home, but they would have had company, for the girls in No. 11 evidently left a day too soon. I am sure if these young women had looked back, they, too, would have shared in our mortification. The good housekeepers throughout the year were Misses Dealey and Dealey, Pierce and Pierce, Buehner and Beuhner, (It kind of runs in families, doesn't it), John and Miller, Sauter and Potter, Gray and Carleton, Grafe and Graham, Adams and Stone, Simonds and L. Wilson. Fern Dixon's room was especially restful and attractive, on account of the Virtue of Omission. A few choice pictures in the place of a hundred posters and sign-boards. The young women in 74 and 75 deserve most honorable mention, although busier than most of us. They had a way, I think, of "Sweeping a Room as for His Sake." Gym. Hall this year deserves a blue ribbon, "A" especially improved, thanks to our dear M. R. L., our Color Sergeant and her Private company. What surprised and hurt was to find pickles in a room in my neighborhood,

occupied by two girls whom I fully trusted; and in the same room, a missing Lasell Library Reference Book—one never supposed to be out of the Reading Room. Both of these finds troubled me more than all the trash and disorder. One of the girls is to return next year. I wish she would come back with the determination to do differently. On the whole, believe me,

Yours gratefully and hopefully,

LILLIE R. POTTER.

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### Locals.

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May 8. The nerve training class enjoyed an afternoon at the home of Miss Call in Waltham. The excursion was made in a barge, and the girls were charmingly entertained by Miss Call and her friends.

May 22.—Dr. Sprague gave the last lecture of the year. His subject was "The Merchant of Venice." Dr. Sprague considers this play one of the finest Shakespeare has written.

May 27.—Mrs. Loomis gave her last lecture. Her subject was "Food." She told us that the patented foods were often of no real value, and also told us what were a few of the most common adulterations.

June 4.—While we were all at luncheon Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon came down stairs. Dr Bragdon introduced Mrs. Bragdon in his characteristic way as "His Mrs. Bragdon."

June 2.—The non-society girls went on a launch ride to Waltham with Mrs. Wagner as chaperone. Coming back they stopped at Norumbega Park, visited the theatre there, and had a great deal of fun on the merry-go-round.

May 20.—Some of the studio girls, chaperoned by Miss Mullikin went down to Annisquam over Sunday on a sketching trip. As the weather was very pleasant, the party had a fine time, and brought home some sketches and a very generous coat of tan.

### Glee Club Concert.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the year was the Glee Club Concert, Saturday evening, May 13.

The rooms were all decorated with pennants and cosy corners, one room was decorated in Harvard colors, and another in Yale colors. From five-thirty to seven a dainty luncheon was served, to which the girls invited guests.

The seating capacity of the gym. was taxed to its uttermost. One of the enjoyable features of the evening was the little farce, "Six Cups of Chocolate."

All of the parts were well acted. The mandolin club added greatly to the evening's entertainment. Some of the songs were full of local hits, and these were well received. At the close of the program the club sang Alma Mater, and then the whole school joined in giving the Ho hi la.

#### PROGRAM.

1. a. "Give a Cheer for Old Lasell," C. R. Smith  
b. "The Shoogy Shoo," Grace Mayhew  
Glee Club.
2. "Parade of the Dolls," R. Gruenwold  
Mandolin Club.
3. Solo—"Love is meant to make us glad,"  
Edward German  
Miss Washburn.
4. a. "My Lady Chlo'," H. Clough-Leigher  
b. "Song at Sunrise," Charles F. Manney  
Solo by Miss Harris.  
Glee Club.
5. "The Darkies' Cradle Song," J. W. Wheeler  
Mandolin Club.
6. Farce.

#### "SIX CUPS OF CHOCOLATE."

By. Edith B. Matthews.

Adeline Van Linden,—German Girl,	L. Harris
Marian Lee,—a transplanted Southern Girl,	I. John
Dorothy Green,—a New Englander,	S. Booth
Hester Beacon,—a Bostonian,	C. Gibbs
Jeannette Durand,—a French Girl,	M. Peirce
Beatrice Van Kortland,—a New York Girl,	U. Cooley

#### PART II.

7. Duet—"The Song of the Birds," Rubinstein  
The Misses Thielens.

8. "A Petis' Pas," P. Sudessi  
Mandolin Club.
9. a. "The Maiden and the Butterfly," Eugene D'Albert  
b. Waltz Song—"Carmena," H. Lane Wilson  
Glee Club.
10. Solo—"In May-time," Olney `Speaks  
Miss Gibbs.
11. "Amoureuse," Rodolphne Berger  
Mandolin Club.
12. a. "In the Garden," Schumann  
b. "Alma Mater,"  
Glee Club.  
"Campus Serenade"  
by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs  
on the campus.

### The Woodpecker.

There's someone tapping at my chamber door,  
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

But the light is out and I cannot see  
What anyone wants at this hour with me.  
For I've been just 'as good as good can be,  
So I say come in quite steadily.

Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

'Tis only a friend at my chamber door,  
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

So we fall to chatting quite busily;  
And we laugh a laugh so full of glee  
That afar up the hall goes the melody.  
Then once again there comes for me,  
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

There's a wee small tapping at my chamber door,  
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap,

There's a voice like the murmur of the summer sea,  
Which says, "Dear birdie, I'm surprised at thee,  
That you should not think more lovingly  
Of your friends who are resting wearily!"

Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

There's something tapping I can hear once more,  
Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

But there's no one about that I can see;  
'Tis merely my conscience tapping at me,  
To know how I could so naughty be  
As to grieve Miss P— so painfully!

Tap, tipy, tap, tap, tap.

M. B. S., '06.

### Campus Serenade.

Silence over dusky walls  
Night's deep mystery throws,  
Only now the quiet moon  
Through dim heavens goes;



Underneath the stars we'll watch  
So no harm come nigh,  
While we sing you all to sleep  
With this lullaby.

*Chorus.*

Good night, dear ladies, good night,  
Sleep safe till morning light;  
In dreams of happy hours find delight,  
While we are saying good night.

Summer's touch to hill and stream  
Sweet life brings again;  
But to us it brings, alas!  
Thoughts of heavy pain;  
Listen while we sing to thee  
Tonight, our dear Lasell,  
For we're saying lingeringly  
This last, sad farewell.

*Chorus.*

Good bye, bright school days, good bye!  
Lived here neath brightest sky,  
For these sweet memories oft we'll sigh  
For now we're saying good bye.

*Repetition of chorus.*

Good bye, dear Seniors, good bye,  
Heaven send you brightest sky,  
For you in memory oft we'll sigh,  
Good bye, our Seniors, good bye.

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**Certificates and Prizes.**

Certificated in cooking: Sarah Caldwell, Clara Myer, Miriam H. Nelson, Edna Rogers, Grace Rowe, Lura Tufts, Barbara Vail.

Certificated in Fours years' Pianoforte: Roberta Clark, Grace Rowe.

Prizes in Bread Making: First, Edna M. Rogers; second, Grace Rowe.

Honorable Mention: Sarah Caldwell.

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**Lasell Missionary Society.**

At the last regular meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society the minutes and the treasurer's report for the year were read and accepted. It was moved to send from the remaining money in the treasury, \$15 to Miss Chisholm; \$10 to Miss Blackstock in India; \$5 to Mrs. Tsilka's little baby, whom we all fell in love with when

she was here with her mother, and \$5 to the Floating Hospital in Boston. A hymn was then followed by the election of officers for next year, which were as follows:

President.—Miss Simes.

Vice President.—Miss S. Caldwell.

Secretary.—Miss L. Kelly.

Treasurer.—Miss E. Peirce.

Executive Committee.—Miss Packard, Miss H. F. Carter, Miss Julia Potter.

Auditor.—Mr. Winslow.

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**Christian Endeavor Society.**

The Christian Endeavor meeting on May 7 was led by Miss Patterson, the subject being "The Making of a Christian: his exercise." We were glad to have a solo by Miss Mary Potter.

The regular monthly consecration meeting was held on May 14. The subject for the week was "Spirit-filled Christians," and Miss Annie Dealey led. Miss Tillinghast and Miss John sang a charming duet.

A business meeting was held on June 4, and the following officers elected for next year:

President, Miss May Florine Thielens, Vice President, Miss Annie Dealey, Secretary and Treasurer, Miss John. Music Committee, Misses Gibbs and E. Peirce. Prayer meeting committee, Misses H. E. Carter and S. Caldwell.

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**Personals.**

Mabel Carter of Denver writes of her regret at missing Mr. Bragdon's call; of her enjoyment of her neighborhood to Mrs. Herbert (Fannie Hanscome); and that Mrs. Russell, who was Martha Lorimer, has moved into her neighborhood. She asks after the Drill, saying how sorry she was to give that up and that she was prevented from finishing her course.

✓ Hattie Freebey, '95 Lasell, has been admitted to the District of Columbia Superior Court and Court of Appeals, and expects the Master's Degree this spring. ✓ She has had a delightful winter. She recommends George Washington University, of which she is at present librarian, to any of the pupils going to college. Says it is going to be the greatest University in the United States. Her enthusiasm is a good thing about Hattie.

Helen Ebersole Swartzel is the happy mother of a little Mary Helen, born April 30.

Maude Haller Everett writes that she has changed her home from Denver to Morsemere Park, Ridgefield, N. J., that her husband died in '03 of typhoid fever, that she has two boys, Richmond and Charles, both "Prodigies." She says it would be hard to find sweeter or "badder" youngsters than they are; that her health is not good, which we are surprised and sorry to hear. She says: "I frequently see Satie Mills Dodge, of Yonkers; Jennie Hasbrouck has a responsible position, which she ably fills in the Normal School at New Paltz. They are my Lasell chums, and dearer to me than when I knew them at Lasell."

Fraulein von der Kall writes a very cordial letter from Ruhstort, Germany, where she is teaching in the City Girls' High School. Teachers in Germany have a life tenure, and have a right to a pension. A teacher's salary increases according to his time of service, and in every way the system is German-managed, which means well-managed. Some of you that want to teach might go there and get into line. She speaks delightfully of her memory of her stay here.

The engagement of Miss Hazel Carey, '05, and Mr. Adams of Joliet, Ill., is announced.

Fayette Gleason Shepard arrived at Council Bluffs during April to make happy our Gertrude Gleason's heart. Our congratulations.

Sade Hollingsworth Thompson of Evansville asks for a catalogue for a prospective pupil, with pleasant words of delightful Lasell memories.

Many will be interested to learn of the marriage of the son Frank of our former engineer William Batstone to Theodosia Irene Park, on May 29, 1905.

Married, June 1, Florence Benton Wilber to William Meyer Heckler. Mr. and Mrs. Heckler will be at home after July 1, at Winnetka, Illinois. Our congratulations.

Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, writes of the passing away of her grandfather and of the consequent breaking up of her home in Winchester, Ky. Her sister Nora is now with her in Torres, Sonora, Mexico, and hopes to come to Lasell in a few years. Mrs. Clokey says: "I feel so inclined to send my love to the girls and can hardly realize that all are new since I was there."

Edith McClure, '02, expresses regret at not being able to attend the Commencement Exercises this year, but hopes to spend another Senior Week with us before many years. She says: "Never will there be one so great to me as 1902, but I am interested in them all."

Mrs. Abram Ellwood announces the marriage of her daughter, Sally Ethel to Mr. Frank Edward Gove, on Saturday afternoon, June the third. Our congratulations.

Katherine White Wolfe, '00, acknowledges a recent copy of the LEAVES, tells of her happiness in her new home in Parkersburg, W. Va., and gives the credit of knowing how to cook good things, to Lasell. She says that Fan White Brightwell and her husband and daughter have been spending a short time at her old home.



Katherine Mason Coupland, '99, announces her marriage on June 27th to Mr. Robert Haywood Fernald of St. Louis. She also speaks of a splendid visit from the old Peoria girls, Jo. Milliken and Emily Bissell, of '99.

Dessie Milliken Bevans, '92, expresses her regret at not being able to attend Commencement this year, but hopes to be with us next time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall Raymond announce the marriage of their daughter, Eva Sherman, '00, to George Hawthorne Perkins, on Wednesday evening, June 14th. Lasell sends congratulations.

Mabel Lutes, '95, has been studying this year at Teachers' College, Columbia University, taking a course in Domestic Science. She writes that she has seen Emma Grant, who has been taking a Kindergarten Course and graduates this year; and that Alice Kimball will be there next year to finish her course. Mabel sends her kindest regards.

A very pretty wedding of May 26th was that of Ina Scott, '01, and John Ewell Bryant, which was celebrated at the home of the bride's father, Judge Scott, in Paris, Texas. The residence was profusely decorated with flowers and palms, and the wedding was one of the prettiest in the history of the town. Owing to the recent mourning in the bride's family, only relatives and intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant will be at home after July 1st at 412 South Main street.

Mercy Sinsabaugh, '87, (Mrs. Owen Ingalls) sends the calendar for 1905-1906 of the Fortnightly Club, of which she is president, and was the founder. The program would be a serious one in Boston. It is on Mediæval Europe from Trajan to Petrarch. Its meetings are from June 29th to March 15th. They have their summer vacation there earlier than we. There are twenty-

five active and two honorary members.

A report comes of the exhibition of the Department of Physical Training of the Jamaica (L. I.) High School, under the direction of Maude L. Stone, '88; and of it the paper says: "A prettier exhibition never was given in any school." Maude seems to do things in good shape and to be popular wherever she goes. After the exhibition, there was some dancing.

Dr. Sargent of the Hemenway Gymnasium, Cambridge, with Miss Wilson and a friend, came to see the Exhibition Drill, and said that our Anna McDuffee was his star pupil and had done the finest work in her new place of any teacher he had recently sent out.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Wood of Worcester and Mr. Samuel Thayer Willis of New York City.

Mr. William Royal Wilder announces the marriage of his niece, Miss Florence Emily Wilder, to John Alexander Logan Campbell, at "The Birches," Stratford, Conn., on June 7th.

Lois Thomas writes from Los Angeles of her regret that she could not attend the graduation of her class; that she is finding a few of the Lasell girls; that Grace Dale is there with Laura; and she finishes with: "I would not have missed my three years at Lasell for anything, and I wish I might have had still another year."

Anna Marbold Wernsing of Greenview, Ill., writes the heartiest of invitations for a visit as Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon pass through her state; sends a picture of her beautiful home; inquires for some of the girls of her day; and signs herself: "A true Lasell girl and friend." We know that, whether she said it or not. Anna is not one of the changeable sort.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin F. Rice, formerly of Evanston, announce the engagement of their daughter, May Louise to George Raymond Jenkins of Kenwood, Chicago.

Entered into Life.

We are sorry to record the death of Mrs. Carrie E. Case of Manchester, the mother of our Carol Maude Case, '99. She was a woman of unusual ability, a devoted wife and mother, and keenly interested in all that pertained to her home and family. She was a member of the South Methodist church and will be greatly missed in the community.

Word has just come of the sudden death of the father of Mrs. Adams, our Martha Stone; in Omaha. Almost no man in that state would have been so much missed. A paper, among other equally friendly things, said as follows:

E. L. Stone was one of the best men who ever lived in Omaha. The good that he has done in this community will live long after him. Everybody who knew him admired him. Modest, unostentatious, capable, genial, just to his employees and to all; of even temperament, always approachable and apparently always happy, E. L. Stone's personality possessed all the attributes of a great and a good man. His long business life was unsullied and his home life was ideal.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS.

Average	Sept., 1904	May, 1905
Weight	53.5 kilos	56.2 kilos
Height	159.18 cm.	160.75 m.
Lung Capacity,	135.4 c. l.	158.3 c. l.
Strength of Chest,	23.4 kilos	31.2 kilos
Strength of Back,	69.3 kilos	89.8 kilos
Strength of Legs,	65.3 kilos	99.4 kilos
Strength of Forearms,	38.4 kilos	47.6 kilos
Number of pupils incapacitated for gymnasium work during the year,		9
Number of pupils in the gymnasium,		143

Strongest Pupil May 1905.

MIRIAM NELSON.

Age.	20 years	Weight,	59.5 kilos
Lung Capacity,	200 c. l.	Strength of Chest,	52 kilos
Strength of Back,	125 kilos	Strength of Legs,	170 kilos
Strength of Forearms,			77 kilos

Tallest Pupil, 173.5 cm.

Heaviest Weight, 82.2 kilos.

Greatest gain in strength, Sarah Strong, 155 kilos.

Number of pupils gained in all strength tests, 102

Number of pupils lost in all strength tests, none

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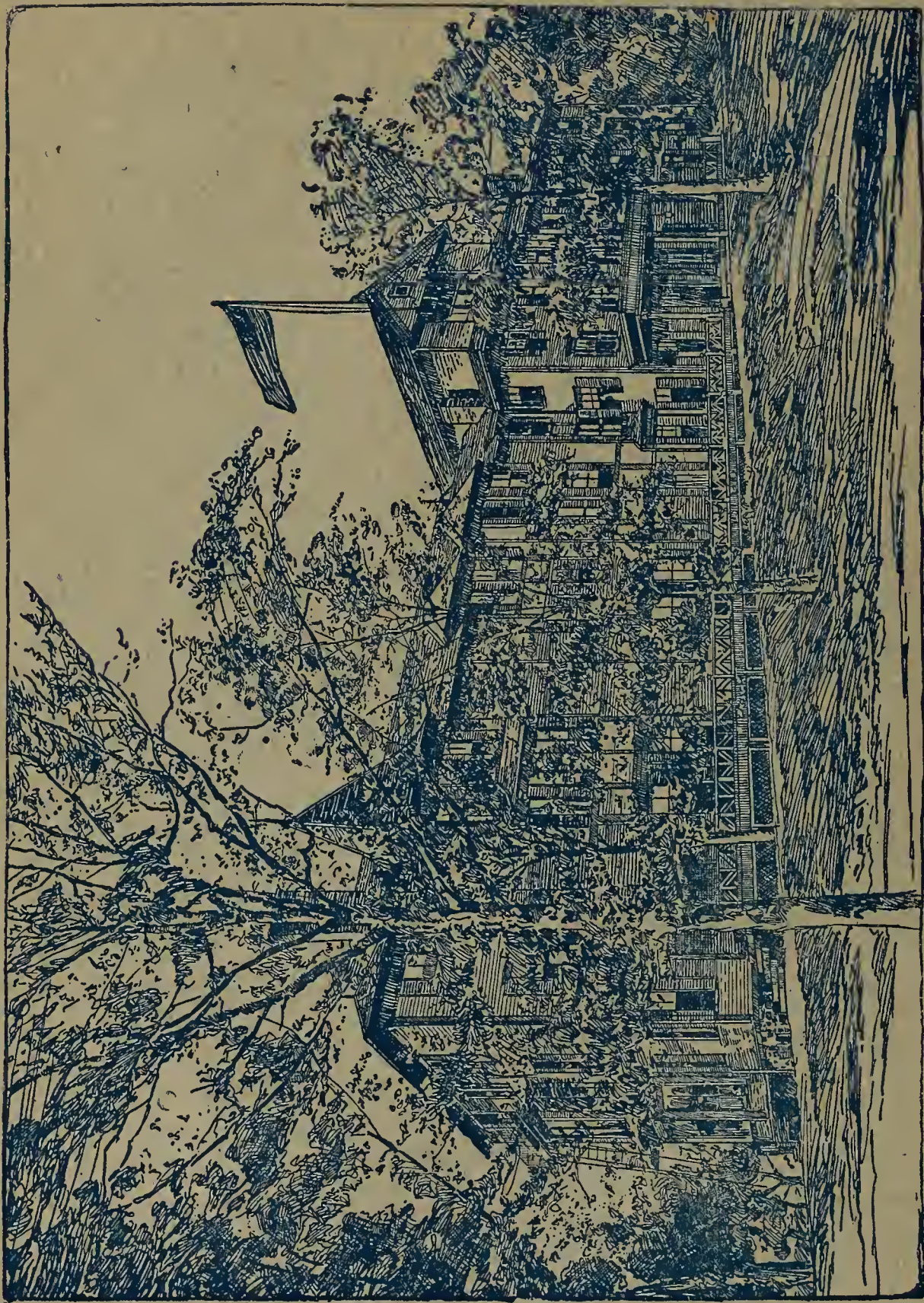
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SEPTEMBER, 1905

# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXXI, No. 1

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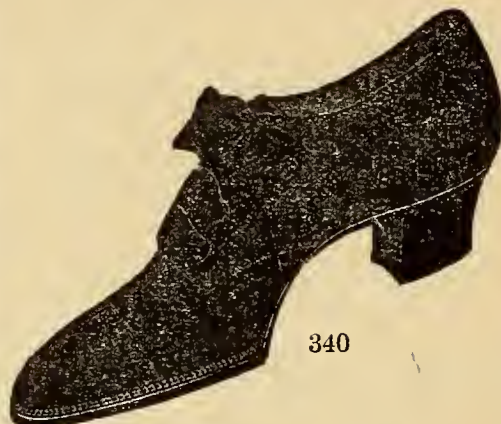
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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXXI. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1905. NUMBER 1

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

Girls! when you receive a newsy letter from some one who has Lasell interests still at heart, do you realize that that same bit of news may be interesting to others of her acquaintance? Any item of interest in the way of Personals will be gratefully received by the Editor.

---

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

Aim at even the highest and thy arrow, if it reach not, will hit the nearer.

---

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,  
 No matter how large the key,  
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,  
 'Twould open, I know, for me,  
 Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,  
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
 That the children's faces might hold them fast  
 For many and many a day.  
 If I knew a box that was large enough  
 To hold all the frowns I meet,  
 I would like to gather them, every one,  
 From nursery, school, and street.  
 Then folding and holding I'd pack them in  
 And turning the monster key,  
 I'd hire a giant to drop the box  
 To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

---

### The Art of Listening.

---

*Opening address at Lasell Seminary  
 by Mrs. Blanche C. Martin.*

---

#### WELCOME.

YOUR presence here is an indication that you have already felt the hospitality of Lasell Seminary. The old students have been most generously welcomed today by the cordial greetings and warm handclasps of old friends, and I know they have extended to the new students that friendliness and good cheer which is ever manifest in the genial spirit that pervades our student home.

In behalf of the teachers of this school and

Dr. Bragdon, our honored principal, it is now my pleasant privilege to extend to all of you a most hearty welcome. We welcome you to share in the prestige of an institution with traditions covering a period of fifty-four years; we welcome you to enjoy the incentive of our ideals—ideals that fit the woman for the home; we welcome you to share the loyal spirit that binds six hundred alumnae to their Alma Mater; to the spirit of democracy which takes for granted self-respect, good breeding, and unselfish principles in every member of our school. We expect you to find in each other the thought, the incentive, expressive of your highest aims. We ask you to demand of us, your teachers, the best that is in us. We are co-workers with you; we understand your aims, we appreciate your efforts, and want you to have in us the confidence that comes through personal friendship and sympathy. *You*, dear students, are Lasell Seminary. Whatever else is here is incidental to your development and your success. *You*, yourselves, give this opening day its splendid atmosphere of youth and promise. So to you students, the life of our school, we all extend our heartiest welcome.

It is fitting at this time to focus our thought upon our purpose in coming together at Lasell Seminary. We naturally associate school life with education, but let us be sure we understand what education means. Too many students are misled by the idea that to go through a school is to come out educated, and teachers are too often deceived by parrot perfect lessons which are mere surface impressions that wear off with the first phonographic recital in the class room. But residence in a school brings meagre results unless it cultivates mental discipline, character, and ability to apply knowledge to life.

I might talk to you about concentration



of thought and the making of a learned mind, or I might take a theme on the use of books, but I have chosen quite another subject. I shall call it Listening. Students that are limited to books and the matter-of-fact information that results from mere memory are ever at a loss in the company of thinking, active men and women. And while every one of us must acquire a habit of vital thinking and a knowledge and appreciation of books for an understanding of universal wisdom, we must also maintain the fullness of our natures by having this other thing called Listening. I mean a listening of the soul, a listening to the universe, to the men and women of our time, to the life about us, to everything and every being that comes into our experience.

There is a sense in which the phonograph is a good listener. It records with unerring accuracy every sound wave that strikes the cylinder. This process is well enough for the phonograph, but not for the human mind. Mind development and mind power comes not from storing away well stated facts, but from the habit of connecting one, set of ideas with another, the habit of relating the facts of today with the facts and experience of yesterday. Brain cells *associated* in a *new way* is the only physical basis for a new idea. The good listener is above all things wide awake, open to truth, ready to learn; and it is this attitude of mind that develops insight and imagination. There are thought stations in the mind, and the process of establishing new *thought tracts* from one station to the other is the only process of mental growth by which the individual and the world move rapidly on to higher thinking and greater achievement. Touch an orange in the dark, you immediately recognize its shape, size, color, taste, because from childhood you have unconsciously developed associative brain fibres between different

centres of the mind. We must take advantage of this law of *association* and hold ourselves open to the significance of every impression that comes to us in order that we may be ready to grasp a principle in life or art by *one impulse* as we get the whole conception of the orange through the sense of touch.

Students are too much dependent on books and teachers. The great lack in our schools today is the lack of personal self-reliance in habits of study. Teachers or books are not infallible. The printed page is merely a record of human knowledge, and the teacher is only a student of maturer years. It is not the complacent, receptive student, but the student that thinks and acts, that is the inspiration of the class room. It is the student that thinks and acts, that puts the stamp of individuality and worth upon everything she does. Our ideas really do not belong to us until they have grown out of our individual experience and reason—until through vital, associative thinking they take form in purposeful, intelligent action.

Education today puts a premium on ability to do. The student graduates from her school with honors and points to her stack of books and careful notes; but these are not her passport to the world of usefulness and responsibility. The question is, what can you do? This is a true test of education and springs from a fundamental law of our being;—a law that every impression recorded in a healthy brain has reflex action in a *motor impulse*:—an impulse to do. To blight this impulse is to blight our energy and responsiveness. Thought and act must go hand in hand, and the person that cannot respond to life with energy to do loses in proportion the joy and worth of living.

A few years ago an American writer picked out an incident of the Spanish-American war to illustrate this crying need of

responsive action. The incident was this:—When war broke out between Spain and the United States, President McKinley wanted to send a message to General Garcia, the leader of the Insurgents in Cuba. President McKinley found a man who, without question and without fear, travelled a hostile and unfamiliar country and delivered the message. The writer was so impressed by the prompt, concentrated action of this messenger, that he wrote a preachment on "A Message to Garcia," and applied the case to everyday life. I want to quote the pith of this writer's message. "No man," he says, "who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well nigh appalled at times by the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slip shod assistance, foolish inattention and half hearted work seems the rule. You are sitting now in your office; six clerks are within call. Summon anyone and make this request: 'Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning Corregio.'"

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

"Who was he?"

"Which encyclopedia?"

"Where is the encyclopedia?"

"Was I hired for that?"

"Don't you mean Bismarck?"

"Do you spell it with a K. or a C.?"

"What's the matter with Charlie doing it?"

"Is he dead?"

"Is there any hurry?"

"Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?"

"What do you want to know for?"

And I lay you ten to one that after you

have answered the question—and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to "carry a message" to Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such a man!

This illustration applies to women as well as to men. It applies to us. Each of us has a place in life, and unless we fill that place and do our work there results the same friction, the same uplifted burden, the same slipshod, half-hearted character that comes in the business world because so few men are ready to do a thing and do it well. Here and now at the opening of this school year let us bring the totality of our strength and purpose to the things we do, for the effect of doing does not end in the deed itself, but in the effect on character—in the development of a personality alert to opportunity—a personality pulsating with life and possibilities.

Life does not consist of great achievements or great opportunities. Unless we put a heroic and beautiful spirit into the everyday duties, and acquire the habit of seeing greatness and significance in little things, the world becomes a conglomeration of commonplace facts. But to the listening mind there is no such thing as commonplace. People do not grow great through phenomenal environment, but through phenomenal appreciation of what they have. Nothing has appealed to me like Celia Thaxter as a striking illustration of this kind of appreciation and growth.

Her home was the Isles of Shoals—those fierce, wild, barren rocks that lift their forbidding heads above the sea ten miles off the coast of Maine. Parts of the islands haven't soil enough to hold a root. In this monotonous isolation she grew to womanhood without the advantage of village school or chapel. Her busy mother, a woman whose life was filled with the ordinary household



cares, was her only teacher, her hard working brothers her companions, a family of five her social circle. Her people were sturdy work-a-day sea-folks. In her home rugged strength had to meet the emergencies of a primitive, rugged existence. She wrote to one of her early friends, "I feel conscience-stricken to write letters except on Sunday, the week-days are so crowded with duty." This was typical of most of her life, and she wrote years later: "I read Dante and peel squash." What had Celia Thaxter to listen to—to enjoy? She enjoyed everything God gave her. Her mother was her queen, her brothers her heroes. The ocean wave was her music. She loved the bleak old rock she lived on, the seaweed and the salt air. There was not a bay-berry tree or a clump of woodbine but she adored. She knew every fern on the island and her pale pink herb, roset and wild grass were as beautiful to her as damask rose and carnations. There too were the birds; she knew their songs of gladness and their cries of distress; they were her companions, her friends; and who shall forget the simplicity and charm of that little poem, "The Sandpiper?" "As up and down the beach we flit, one little sandpiper and I."

Such were the surroundings, such the limitations, if you will, in which Celia Thaxter grew to womanhood. But here was a woman that knew no limitations. Out of that listening, watching girlhood there evolved that artistic, poetic character, that ability to think and to work, that ambition to grow and to be, that gift to solve life's problems and to brave hardships, withal a culture and beauty of personality that puts to shame some of our educated languor and indifference. Her poems are in every library in New England, yet, as she expressed it, she evolved them in the kitchen from among the pots and kettles. Her painting is ex-

quisite for its color and its truthfulness to nature. She enjoyed her Japanese landscapes none the less because she had to paint them busy mornings, while she planned noon-day meal for ten. She found time to play the harp. She found time for artistic reading, and the grateful audiences that listened to her informal readings were moved to tears and smiles by what she had to give. Such was the career, such the achievement of a girl born into the world where it might be said there was nothing to see, nothing to live for but discouragement and discontent. To read her life is to learn what one can do and enjoy if they but listen to the music, the courage, the friendship, the comfort that breathes on every side. You come from beautiful homes, you have at your command the finest music, flowers, books, art, but I must tell you that it is only by soulful listening, patience and industry, that you will find in your rarest flowers and fine art what Celia Thaxter found in a blade of grass and painted saucer.

Some one has said that the aim of life is to idealize our experience. That was the secret of Celia Thaxter's splendid character. Celia Thaxter was not, perhaps, a great woman in history. Her greatness lay in the fullness and beauty of her private life. Distinguished writers, scholars and artists were proud of her friendship because within her was a power of appreciation and a glow of enthusiasm that made those in her presence rise to their best efforts and feel with her the great privilege of life. She was a great listener. And I repeat again that her power to enjoy the greater privileges that came to her in abundance in later years was not because of her phenomenal environment, but because of her phenomenal appreciation, in youth, of the simple things that came into her life.

"Who sees the earth in a grain of sand,  
And God's face in a flower,  
Holds infinity in his hand,  
And eternity in an hour."

The majority of the human race is mediocre, and examples of abnormal power and human genius often appal and discourage us. The greatness of women like Celia Thaxter is a stronger example and a more possible ideal, for it is the greatness of a developed, well-rounded nature—a greatness that is within reach of us all. Great genius usually develops at the expense of other faculties; but in the well-rounded nature each faculty nourishes and reinforces the other until all blend together as one perfect creation of power, and with maturer years ripen into the glory of personal and spiritual beauty. Celia Thaxter, herself, was the most beautiful poem of all her poems. Her dress, her bearing, her manner and conversation was an expression of the fullness, poise and splendor of her inner life. Her wisdom and religious faith grew out of a life-long search for truth and the craving and desire that she might have light from a higher plane. You come here among us to be educated—to be lifted up. The great thing you must be thankful for, dear students, is that you have the wide opportunity, the time, the place for *self-realization*, you have the fertility of youth, the elasticity of brain, the glow of enthusiasm, the heat of aspiration. It is through the right direction, conserving and blending of these endowments that out of your life development is to come the deed that is worth while, and the personality that is to add a hundred-fold to the worth and significance of the deed.

In different periods of our growth we are amused, aroused, nurtured and inspired by different motives and different activities. It is only by responding and being true to

these different stages that we live an abundant life and gather fruit in the higher wisdom and spiritual development of maturer years. Even youth has this higher vision, and I hope and believe that every heart here tonight will unfold the same womanly affection, the same beautiful character and uplift of thought expressed in this poem, this appeal which sprang from the heart of Celia Thaxter:

---

### Appeal.

---

The childish voice rose to my ears  
Sweet toned and eager, praying me,  
"I am so little, Grann, dear,  
Please lift me up, so I can see."

I looked down at the pleading face,  
Felt the small hands' entreating touch,  
And stooping, caught in swift embrace  
The baby boy I loved so much.

And held him high that he might gaze  
At the great pageant of the sky,  
The glory of the sunset's blaze,  
The glittering moon that curved on high.

With speechless love I clasped him close,  
And read their beauty in his eyes;  
And on his fair face kissed the rose,  
Sweeter than blooms of Paradise.

And in my heart his eager prayer  
Found echo, and the self same cry  
Rose from my heart through heaven's air,  
"O gracious Father, lift me high!"

"So little and so low am I,  
Among earth's mists I call to Thee;  
Show me the glory of thy sky—  
Oh, lift me up, that I may see!"

---

### Pupils This Year.

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Berenice Adler, New Orleans, La.; Jessie L. Abrams, Hartford, Conn.; Nellie V. Albright, Orwigsburg, Pa.; Marie L. Andrews, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Edith H. Anthony, So. Dartmouth, Mass.; Pearle Ethel Argue, Toledo, O.; Marion M. Atwell, Orono, Me.; Helen W. Andrus, Yonkers, N. Y.; Bessie M. Bacon, York, Pa.; Katherine L. Balch, Marshalltown, Ia.; J. Fredericka Behn, Rochester, N. Y.; Amy J. Bemis, Worcester, Mass.; Anna G. Blackstock, Shahjahanpore, India; Esther D. Black-



stock, Shahjahanpore, India; Imo D. Blakestad, Chicago, Ill.; Lois S. Blaisdell, York Village, Me.; Isabella C. Blyth, Evanston, Wyo.; Florence E. Boyce, Keene, N. H.; Gertrude Bragdon, Bayonne, N. J.; Amy F. Brannan, Cleveland, O.; Phyllis Brock, Melrose, Mass.; Margarita C. Buehner, Portland, Ore.; Meta M. Buehner, Portland, Ore.; Mabelle Burwell, Winsted, Conn.; Agnes E. Bullard, Caryville, Mass.; Vera M. Butler, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Ruth E. Butterfield, Kingman Me.; Dorothy G. Caldwell, Newtonville, Mass.; Sarah C. Caldwell, Corpus Christi, Texas; Marjorie B. Carleton, Old Town, Me.; Ina E. Carlow, Worcester, Mass.; Helen E. Carter, Hastings, Minn.; Helen F. Carter, Dorchester, Mass.; Alice J. Chase, Sebec Station, Me.; Minnie L. Chase, Sebec Station, Me.; Florence E. Child, St. Paul, Minn.; Anna L. Conant, Plainfield N. J.; Marie Cogswell, Portland, Ore.; Edna L. Cones, Columbus, O.; Cora M. Danforth, Yonkers, N. Y.; May E. Davenport, Cincinnati, O.; Fannie Dealey, Dallas, Texas; Annie Dealey, Dallas, Texas; Florence H. Disman, Salida, Colo.; Fern Dixon, Bristol, R. I.; Lillian M. Douglass, Camden, N. Y.; Nellie B. Dyer, Holbrook, Mass.; Cornelia H. Eaton, Lee, Mass.; Mary M. Eaton, Montowese, Conn.; Katherine Fassett, Spokane, Wash.; Elsie C. Fengar, New London, Conn.; Josephine W. Fish, Kensington, N. H.; Margaret M. Fuller, Pawtucket, R. I.; Lela H. Goodall, Sanford, Me.; Florence G. Graham, Toledo, O.; Grace T. Griswold, Providence, R. I.; Marjorie Gunn, Springfield, O.; Etta H. Handy, Cataumet, Mass.; Madelene T. Halberstadt, Pottsville, Pa.; Lyllis Halsey, Montclair, N. J.; Ina M. Harber, Bloomington, Ill.; Arline B. Hardinge, Denver, Colo.; Frances M. Hartman, Hartford, Conn.; Helen H. Heath, Morristown, N. J.; Alice D. Hobbs, Aurora, Ill.; Alcine W. Hotchkiss, Ansonia, Conn.; Florence A. Hovey, Detroit, Mich.; Elizabeth B. House, New York City; Marie E. Howald, Hamilton, O.; Helen Huntington, Elizabeth, N. J.; Clara H. Huttenbauer, Avondale, Cincinnati, O.; Bertha Inglis, Paterson, N. J.; Julia C. Irwin, Lafayette, Ind.; Helen Marie Jackson, Brookline, Mass.; Belle A. Johnson, Williston, Vt.; Jennie M. Johnson, Middletown, Conn.; Mildred Johnston, Evanston, Ill.; Bess G. Judson, Galesburg, Ill.; Mabel E. June, Sheridan, Wyoming; Louise Kelly, Springfield, O.; Fannie Kemper, Galveston, Texas; Maude L. Kennedy, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.; Julia E. Knight, Rockville Centre, L. I.; Corinne M. Krag, Columbus, O.; Florence M. Lane, Dorchester, Mass.; Martha M. Laurens, Charleston, S. C.; Helen E. Leavitt, Cambridge, Mass.; Gertrude Leonard, Auburndale, Mass.; Esther L. Levi, Victoria, Texas; Madeleine B. Lovitt, Yarmouth, N. S.; Flora M. Luce, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Charlotte J. Marshall, Worcester,

Mass.; Mary L. Masters, Jacksonville, Ill.; Ruth E. Marston, Campello, Mass.; Clara Mattlage, New York City; Louisa A. McCarty, Williamsport, Pa.; Kathryne G. McClanahan, Omaha, Neb.; Ethel L. McCorkindale, Holyoke, Mass.; Helen Irene Meyer, Hastings, Minn.; Sarah B. Milleisen, Bloomsburg, Pa.; Felonise Moore, Ironton, O.; Louise W. Morrell, Passaic, N. J.; Yolande Morrison, Toronto, Canada; G. Florence Mountain, Chicago, Ill.; Clara F. Nims, Watertown, N. Y.; Hazel B. Orcutt, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Louise B. Paisley, New York City; Esther M. Parker, Franconia, N. H.; Anna Frances Parker, Franconia, N. H.; Lillian F. Pautot, Cleveland, O.; Elizabeth S. Peirce, Brookline, Mass.; C. Mildred Peirce, Brookline, Mass.; Carmen M. W. Percy, Oakland, Cal.; Amy E. Plant, Newton, Mass.; Mary W. Porter, Northampton, Mass.; Julia E. Potter, Milwaukee, Wis.; Lillie N. Potter, Milwaukee, Wis.; Helen Purington, Galesburg, Ill.; Mabel L. Puterbaugh, So. McAlester, Indian Territory; Ethel G. Radcliffe, Shelton, Conn.; Lucy E. Reilley, Gleasondale, Mass.; Cora S. Reinherz, Roxbury, Mass.; Mary J. Richardson, Littleton, N. H.; Florence M. Rogers, Greenville, Me.; Helen Rosenthal, Avondale, Cincinnati, O.; Pauline W. Rowe, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Charlotte P. Ryder, Bangor, Me.; Dorothea Saunders, New Haven, Conn.; Irene M. Sauter, Westfield, Mass.; Helen L. Sebring, Sebring, O.; Florence M. Serviss, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Maude B. Simes, Somerville, Mass.; Edna A. Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Ida C. Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Winifred L. Smith, New Haven, Conn.; Pauline M. Spear, New York City; Marion Stahl, Bellevue, O.; Florence D. Stark, Norwich, Conn.; Amy Stefferson, Memphis, Tenn.; Caroline K. Steinmetz, Reading, Pa.; Maie B. Straight, Kent, Conn.; Inez Stratton, Hudson, Mass.; Edna H. Strickland, Rockville, Conn.; Geneva H. Strong, New Haven, Conn.; Sarah H. Strong, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Katherine H. Swett, Southern Pines, N. C.; Ethel Taft, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Lucy L. Terry, Galesburg, Ill.; Fanny I. Thatcher, Bennington, Vt.; Etta Thayer, Burlington, Vt.; Edna L. Thurston, Cambridge, Mass.; Edith M. Tilton, Leominster, Mass.; Jessie Tucker, Wayne, Neb.; Dorothea L. Turner, Rutland, Vt.; Grace L. Vicary, Canton, O.; Anne Vickery, Fort Worth, Texas; Helen A. Wait, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Katharine C. Washburn, Melrose, Mass.; Glenna Webb, Springfield, O.; Judith Weill, Kansas City, Mo.; Edna K. Wheaton, New Bedford, Mass.; Ethel P. Wilde, New Bedford, Mass.; Mary Wilmarth, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Annah L. Wilson, Hudson, N. Y.; Louise Anita Wilson, Joliet, Ill.; Lucy G. Wilson, Washington, Ia.; Martha E. Wilson, Joliet, Ill.; Ada K. Wood, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Mildred D. Woodbury, Burlington, Vt.; Elsie A. Young, West Glover, Vt.





Sept. 26.—The new girls began to arrive.

Sept. 27.—Classification of new girls and arrival of old girls.

Sept. 27.—Address of welcome by Mrs. Martin on behalf of faculty. We were all charmed with Mrs. Martin's noble ideas and thoughts, which were given us to carry with us through the year, so that we, like Celia Thaxter, might "listen and do."

Sept. 28.—Leon H. Vincent, honorary member of the class of '06, gave the first of his series of lectures. His subject was "Dr. Johnson and His Literary Club." He touched lightly on Bosworth, Goldsmith and Burke, and certainly gave us a delightfully clear idea of the nineteenth century literary work. After the lecture the seniors met Dr. Vincent in the parlors of the school.

Sept. 28.—The old girls, assisted by Miss Bates, serenaded the newcomers.

Sept. 30.—Miss Potter's lecture consisted of a few gentle hints regarding our domestic life and local affairs. She suggested the following motto for this school year: "Diligent in business and fervent in spirit."

Sept. 30.—The reception to the new girls. A very enjoyable evening was spent in the gymnasium, dancing and getting acquainted. Music was furnished by an orchestra and refreshments were served.

Oct. 2.—A large party made a trip to Bunker Hill, at the same time visiting the Navy Yard and going aboard "Old Ironsides."

Oct. 5.—Dr. Vincent lectured on Oliver Goldsmith and Lawrence Sterne. He dwelt especially on "Tristram Shandy" and "Vicar of Wakefield," the masterpieces of the two authors.

Oct. 7.—Miss Nutt lectured on "Health and Hygiene." She told us how to preserve our good health during the year, dwelling on the necessities of plenty of fresh air, exercise and cleanliness.

Oct. 7.—The Senior French class gave a delightful French reception. The receiving line consisted of Mlle. Simes and Mlle. Pierce. During the evening piano solos were rendered by Mlle. Anthony and Mlle. Harbor. Delicious refreshments were served.

Oct. 8.—The Lasell Missionary Society held a very interesting service in the chapel. There was a processional from the gymnasium to the chapel. Maude Simes, president of the society, presided, and Dr. Condict, from India, gave an interesting address on that country.

Oct. 9.—A large party of students made the trip to Concord and Lexington, visiting the many points of literary and historical interest.

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### Letter.

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Camp Wallace, Union Province,  
Phillipine Islands.

My dear Mr. Bragdon:

I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter a few days ago, telling me the addresses of the other Lasell girls in this far away country, for although I am quite a distance from them now, we may not be during our whole tour in the Islands. We are liable to move down to Manila at almost any time, and the report is that we will remain here only until after Christmas. We are very sorry for this, for we like this post very much, but it is so far north, and such a



distance from any other, that it is a great expense to the government to keep it up, and it will probably be abandoned when we leave it, or turned over to the constabulary, as the people in this part are very peaceable. Perhaps you would be interested to know what our homes here are like. They are built of bamboo, about four feet from the ground so they can dry out during the rainy season, (which is now) and consist of a centre living-room, a dining room, off of one side, a bedroom off the other, a kitchen, servant's room, and bath (a big tin can with a shower attachment) in an L at the back. But we are very comfortable, and I like the continual summer very much. The only thing I object to in the Phillipines is the smelly fish, for their only diet is rice and fish, and the older the better. I wonder how many girls in school would be shocked if you read it to them, and I will never forgive you if you do, for I can just see you at that desk reading some girl's letter and turning it upside down and over and over to find where the next page is. My "meal tastes" do not count much in the army for we have to go where we are sent, but I surely do like to be out of doors all I can and ride horse-back, and that sort of thing, and my one fear is that we will be stationed near some large city sometime where I will have to think how I look, and be proper, instead of out in the free open country where I can do as I please. We had a right pleasant trip over here, only I am not much on sea travel, and I got so tired of seeing nothing but water all around me for a whole month, that I fear I formed a permanent distaste for it. Since we have been here we have had the excitement of seeing three disabled Russian war-ships, an earthquake, and a man bitten by a shark; so you see my experiences are enlarging. I do wish you would write me again, for it did seem so

good to hear from you, and please remember me to all your family, and any of the teachers whom I may know. With kindest regards from Mr. Mueller and myself, I am

Very sincerely yours,

KATHERINE BUCKNUM MUELLER...

July the twenty-third.



### Personals.

Helen Staples called upon Mrs. Bragdon and Belle in Pasadena, and they in turn tried to find her, but they did not meet. She was on her way to Yosemite Park.

Our sympathies go out for May Rice, whose mother died suddenly at the Plaza Hotel in Chicago June 10th. Their relations were peculiarly tender, and at home or abroad they were always together. Mrs. Rice was a native of Cambridge, Mass., and married at Palmyra, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah Katherine Uhrich announces the marriage of her daughter, Sarah Tryphena, to Mr. Ralph George Ludwig on Thursday, June 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig will be at home after September first at 26 South Fourteenth street, Allentown, Pa.

Eva Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall Raymond of Salem, and Mr. George Hawthorne Perkins, were united in marriage at the Second Unitarian church of that city on Wednesday, June the fourteenth. The ceremony was followed by a reception at "The Overlook," 438 Lafayette street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Baldwin announce the marriage of their daughter Edna Caro-

line to Mr. Edward Howard Bourne on Thursday, June the eighth, at West Boylston, Mass.

Arthur Emmick, husband of our Blanche Ford of Toledo, Ohio, died on June 10th at his home, 1120 Madison avenue, after an illness of nearly two years.

Dr. Wm. R. Clark, D. D., president of the Lasell Board of Directors, died at his home, 85 Rindge avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

During the summer Miss Bates spent a month at Lake Winnepesauki. The rest of the vacation she was at her home in New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Potter attended the Ann Harbor Commencement after leaving school, then returned to Auburndale for a few weeks. She also spent a month at Scituate, on the Massachusetts coast.

Miss Carpenter spent a pleasant summer visiting in Western New York, making excursions to Geneva, Chautauqua and other places.

Miss Witherbee spent several weeks in the vicinity of Lasell, then went to Philadelphia for a month. The remaining weeks she spent at her home in Southern Delaware.

Mrs. Martin spent a profitable summer in studying a new Italian method of voice culture.

Miss Packard had a pleasant summer at her home in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow spent a few weeks in Vermont during the early summer. They returned to Auburndale for the remaining time, during which Dr. Winslow took a course in the Harvard Medical school.

The engagement of Martha Haskell, '05, and Eugene Clark of Auburndale, was announced on September 15th.

Mary Potter, '05, was at home during the summer, but is now visiting friends in Fort Madison, Iowa.

The marriage of Bertha Hayden and Olcott Frederick King took place on October 3d, in East Hartford, Conn.

Mlle. Le Royer and Mrs. Loomis spent a delightful summer abroad, remaining in Paris for some time, and returned to the States by way of England.

Helen Darling, '05, visited Miriam Nelson at her home in Vermont for weeks.

Nell Jones remained at her home in Paris, Ill., during the entire summer.

Margaret Henderson's summer was spent in the mountains of Mexico, with occasional trips to various places of interest in the Republic.

Edith Govert, '04, visited Frances Bragdon for one week and Mildred Peirce, '06, was at Evanston two weeks. During the summer Frances has seen Lasell girls frequently, among them Charlotte Theale, Majorie Blackman, and Louise Grunewald, who were much interested in hearing what went on at school last year.

Leslie White, '05, spent her summer at Craigville Beach, Hyannisport, Mass. We all mourn the death of Leslie's father, who passed away this summer.

Fraulein Heinrich passed the summer with her family at Norwell on the South Shore.

Roberta Clark, '05, visited Mary Masters and Lucile Harris for several weeks in September.

We are glad to hear of the gradual recovery of Grace Rowe, who was very ill with appendicitis.

Ida Jones spent a week in New York, after leaving Lasell, and returned home where she spent the remainder of the summer.

Mary Willett, '05, had a lovely visit with Sarah Strong, in Amsterdam, N. Y. From there she went to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, where she spent a day with Edith Simonds, and saw Ethel West, Sarah Strong, and Ruth



Marston. Mary intends spending the winter in California.

News from Chicago, tells us that Bessie Louise Thielens is now attending the University of Chicago, and May Florine is teaching kindergarten.

Emma Schlapp and Helen Jackson are at the Cambridge Training school for Nurses, 1000 Massachusetts avenue.

Stella Boothe visited the Misses Buehner for a week this summer. They had a fine time in Portland, visiting the Fair. Stella is now teaching kindergarten in Spokane.

Ina Harber visited Callie Le Seure in Streator, Ill.

Edith Anthony spent a few weeks with Theodora Close in Toledo, Ohio.

Emma Bone and Emily Brookfield are rooming together in Chicago, studying music.

Katharine Washburn, '06, visited Jennie Hamilton, '04, at Port Huron, Michigan.

Kathryne McClanahan spent several weeks on the Pacific coast, visiting Portland, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and the Catalina Islands.

Mabel Hamlin, Hamilton, N. Y., announces her engagement to Mr. Wayne Root; also that she will teach next year in the Hamilton High School.

A beautiful souvenir of Monterey, Cal., gives evidence of the continued interest of Grace Ordway, whose home is in that beautiful spot.

Welcome word came from Miss Orton, Miss Roth's principal, in Pasadena, and her most loving friend, to whose devotion Miss Roth owes her life, that our former, well-beloved teacher is noticeably improved in health. She writes, "She is getting well slowly, walks a few steps with a cane and some one beside her. We have just taken her to the beach for two weeks' change."

This is a good deal more than we last winter dared to hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Clark, Jr., Helen Morris, '95, announce the birth of their son, Clarence Jay Clark, June 28, 1905.

Margie Schuberth and Blanche Kelley, '96, made us a splendid little visit in July. Margie was visiting Blanche, and they came and stayed over night, just as good Lasell women ought to do in the summer time when there is plenty of room. Both physically bear worthily the name "Lasell," and mentally, I could see no deterioration. Such visits are more welcome than you can guess.

From their most interesting and pervasive chatter about old Lasell girls, we had reports about Lestra Hibberd's baby, Marie Wilson's baby and Dorothy Manning's baby; (Dorothy has moved to Nashville, Tenn.) that Margie saw Cara Sawin, '96, in the Hippodrome in New York, and that Alma Hubbard has gone to Honolulu to visit Maud Baldwin. Her father will go on to Japan.

Blanche says that Miss Bemis is a girl worth having.

Barbara Vail on her way to her people in California, whom she has not seen for ten years, wrote: I stopped at Altoona, Pa., at St. Louis to see Louise Gibert, and at Pasadena." Of the passage over the desert, she said, "Why didn't you tell me how beautiful it is? I had no idea of it." And this one thing I thought I had told you through the LEAVES for the last three or four years—how beautiful it is! She said, she made the acquaintance of a young woman, who, when she offered her her book, said, "Is it a classic?" Where do you suppose that girl is from?

Ruth Kimball, '98, writes that the Houghton girls visited her a few weeks ago, and that they were expecting New

England friends to visit between Red Oak and Clarinda.

The fine portrait of Frances E. Willard, the first woman of her generation, lately hung in the sitting room, is a gift of a niece of Principal Bragdon, Mrs. Josephine Fitch Whitson, wife of Professor Whitson of State University, Madison, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond Houser, Troy, Ohio, (Cornelia Douglass, '02), announce the arrival on June 22 of Frank Douglass Houser and Richard Bond Houser, the class babies of nineteen hundred and two.

Mrs. George E. Mathews, formerly Dorothy Manning, '95, has moved from Dayton, O., to 800 Third Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.

Sarah Caldwell went into money making in the vacation, in the way any girl might do, although she doesn't say how much of her \$5.00 a day she got from her own folks.

Katie Miller Baker, here in '76-'78, of Wayne, Penn., visited Auburndale, with her daughter on her return from a three month's trip in Europe.

Nellie Packard Draper, '84, writes, "I wonder if the Lasell spirit" is a matter of inheritance. It looked like it this summer at Cottage City, to see Clarissa Flint Barker and Lillian Packard Draper apparently as good friends as were their mothers, Edith Flint and Nell Packard, '84, not so very many years ago."

Mr. Bragdon met Julia Hammond McBride from Chicago, who has been staying part of the summer at Point Allerton; she says she met Mae Burr Day at Eleanor Clapp Drinkwater's.

Eila Patterson, '05, spent some time this summer with Agnes Wylie, at her home in Vermont.

Edith Harber, '05, was in Lynn, Mass., during the early summer and later on visited friends in Indianapolis, Indiana,

Mrs. Bragdon met Lois Thomas on the street of her new city of adoption, Los Angeles, and Lois writes of meeting Barbara Vail, when she passed through Los Angeles.

Agnes F. Kellars, '04, wrote from Pleasant View Beach near Westerly, R. I., where she can sit on the beach and dip her feet in the ocean; says Jessica Haviland and Cora Danforth are at Watch Hill not far away. She was planning to visit Katherine Jenckes, '04, at Newport.

Florence Ebersole, '02, spent some weeks at Saratoga; intended to visit Bessie Draper, '02, in Troy, but was suddenly recalled by the threatening illness of her grandfather, Dr. Jacob Ebersole, the father of our Mary Ebersole Crawford and Caraline Ebersole Martin, '85. Dr. Ebersole's translation took place. He was one of the mightiest and sweetest men of God it has been my privilege to know. There is no question as to his new environment and his intense delight in it.

Edith Ebersole, '03, spent some time at Evansville, Ind., and saw Sade Hollingsworth Thompson. Annie Kirkwood visited Caraline in June. While in Evansville, Edith made a trip to the Mammoth Cave. Her father and brother have been doing the west thoroughly. Florence's father had his outing on the Jersey shore.

Corinne Richter, '04, visited Katharine Jenckes, '04, at Newport, then went to Grace Fuller's at Albany, intending to go later to Edna Roger's, '05, at Watertown.

All but three of the class of '04, were present at the June Commencement. Zoe Hill, '01, is engaged to George Herbert Mayne. He has persuaded her, against her will of course, to be married this fall.

Laura Chase, '02, writes that Ellen is now in Seattle; that Eo Schram is married and has gone to housekeeping in Seattle;



Mollie Harris is travelling and enjoying herself; has had several postals from Helen Howes, '02, from interesting places in Europe; missed Bessie Draper, '02, when she, (Bessie) called on her. Lois Thomas is glad to be back in California, though she enjoyed her years in the east. Grace Dale and Laura spent a day with her and had a jolly talk about old times.

Anna Ampt, '98, visited Margie Schuberth, '96, at the summer home in Charlevoix, Mich., Edith Blair, '97, also. They saw Daisy Aull, '98, for a moment as one was entering, and the other leaving a boat. Margie becomes strongly amphibian in summer.

Josephine Holmes, '04, authorizes us to announce her engagement to Mr. Harker S. Perkins of Lynn.

We get a gentle notice now and then that time is passing. This came to us the other day with the wedding cards of our Ella Stocking's daughter, Ella Marie Porter to William Black Towns, Tuesday, September 19, Everett, Mass. At home at 83 Chestnut street. It does not seem long ago that that beautiful girl, Ella Stocking, brightened us all with her sunny life, too early translated to suit our human wishes and judgment. She is just as vividly present as in those bright days of her happy school life.

Ella Ellis Holway writes an excellent article on "The Trip to Marietta, Ohio" for the Sandwich Observer. I have been that way often, but never knew there was so much on the route.

Edith Locke Slaten (Mrs. Charles W.) has moved to Decatur, Ill., and is now boarding at 414 West Main street.

Dessie Milliken Bevans, '92, whose husband is now stationed at Fort H. G. Wright, Fishers Island, N. Y., hopes to attend next Commencement exercises, since

she is so near Lasell. Within a year or two we expect to have her daughter, Dorothea, with us.

Francis Leavitt, '03, sends her love to the old girls and the new, and wishes she might be here. During the summer she met a "Lasellia" of fifteen years ago, Mary Beckwith, who was then in Butte.

Amy Lothmann of Cincinnati, and Clara Meyer of St. Louis, have been travelling through the West this summer, meeting many of their Lasell friends—Anita Wade in Los Angeles, Meta and Margarita Buehner in Portland, being among the number.

Amy Kothe, 1900, is thinking of forming a Lasell Club at Indianapolis, which could arrange a meeting of Lasell girls in that vicinity at least once a year. We think it would be a good plan. She and Alice Jenckes, '99, were the only Lasell girls present at Katharine White Wolfe's (1900) wedding, which was beautiful in every respect, and in her opinion there never was a happier, sweeter bride than Katharine. Florence Plum, '01, and Amy saw a good deal of each other, and they, together with Edith Pearson Smith, called on Bess Krag, who was visiting in Indianapolis for a short time. Edith Pearson Smith is very proud of her little son.

Isabelle M. Bowers has moved to 1217 West Fifth street, Los Angeles, California. She saw Laura Chase, '02, the other day, and hears often from Grace Ordway, who is enjoying herself in Monterey.

Irma John of Dallas, Tex., writes an appreciative letter of her year at Lasell, which she says was the happiest of all her boarding school life. We are sorry not to have her here this year, but trouble with her eyes prevents study for the present.

E. Bertha White, "ever loyal and devoted to Lasell" sends greetings and best wishes for a prosperous year. She has had a

happy summer, spending two weeks with Lutie Harmon, and also attending the American Institute of Instruction at Portland, Me. She saw Kitty Moses Hill, Helen Deering Love, Joanna Deering, '02, and Thomasina Libby. Bertha tells us that Theodora Bratten is living with her mother in Breckville, O., and last winter did Settlement work in Cleveland. She is engaged to the son of Dwight Hillis.

Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, writes that she received a call from Barbara Vail, '04. She thinks the Lasell pin that Barbara wore, neat and unique, and likes it. She has a private pupil in Italian, and is working two hours a day on her music.

Bernadine Johnson is "homesick to return to Lasell." She has not been sick a day since her return home and recommends Lasell to a friend who may send his daughter another year. "He said he had heard how I had regained my health, and as his daughter was not very strong he thought Lasell would be the best school she could attend. I told him he would never regret it as long as he lived, and father and mother both said the same thing." Bernadine is working now for her father, and enjoys it very much.

Edna Cook met Elsie Reynolds, 1900, in Hartford. Both preferred to shop so talked little. Edna was maid of honor at a wedding Commencement week, therefore prevented from being here.

Mary Thomson, Mrs. Omer Cox, whose death is noticed elsewhere, lived last winter near us in Pasadena, and we had several delightful calls together. She specially enjoyed the visit of Mrs. May Emery Yale, '98. She did not look at all sick, and I supposed she was a well woman. She will be remembered as one of the two sisters here in 1898, from Crawfordsville, Ind. Caroline is now Mrs. Charles B.

Moore, and lives in Colorado Springs, and challenges us to inspection of "the nicest baby girl that ever was born."

By the invitation of the trustees and faculty of the University of Illinois, Lasell Seminary appointed Nora J. Burroughs of the class of 1897, as its delegate to the installation of Edmund Janes James, Ph. D., LL. D., as President of the University, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of October, nineteen hundred and five.

We have received a charming little booklet setting forth the attractions of The Cairo, Washington, D. C., which is owned by the husband of our Mamie Beach Schneider.

The engagement of Josephine Chandler, '96, to Andrew Davis, Pierce of Dorchester, is announced.

Mrs. Josephine Milliken Roth, '99, and Mr. Roth, send from charming Dresden good wishes to all connected with Lasell.

Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, is happy to tell us of her engagement to Alfred Warren Alyn of Pittsburgh, Pa. She expects soon to be in Cincinnati.

Carrie George and Miriam Nelson are to be married—next week, so they said.

We were glad to see Mrs. Geo. I. Stocking, mother of our Ella Stocking, who called this summer.

Mr. Eben Thresher, father of our Helen Thresher Hartzell, '88, called with his new bride.

Grace Bullock, '02, is at Miss Wheellock's in Boston, learning kindergartening, and says it is fine. This is in the right direction, Grace.

Ruby Blaisdell Carter and husband autoed through the country for fun in the splendid early October weather.

Nora Burroughs, 1897, saw Clara Krome at a wedding. She was looking excep-



tionally well. Nora says there is a mighty cunning Helen Thayer Williams who arrived at the home of Julia Aldrich Williams about three weeks ago.

Mrs. Robert H. Fernald's (Katherine S. Mason) new address is 1245 North Kings-highway, St. Louis, Mo.

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### Marriages.

Rena French Masters and James J. Sheppard on Wednesday, July 12, at Chapin, Illinois. At home after November the first, 310 W. 97th St., New York City.

Mabel Harrison and Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Whittier on Friday, July 28, at Leominster, Mass.

Marie Louise Barnes, '96, to Francis Sawyer Douglass, on Tuesday, September 12, at Dover, N. H. At home after Nov. 15, 89 Locust street, Dover.

Marion Emma Mann, '02, to Warren Barker Miles, Wednesday, Oct. 11, at East Weymouth, Mass.

Florence Nelson Thompson to Jay Gates, Tuesday, Oct. 17, at Trinity church, Boston, Mass. At home Wednesdays in January from 4 until 7 o'clock, 415 West Stafford street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Helen Roberts Orcutt and Burr LaMonte Smith, Wednesday, October 18, at Hornellsville, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Gowing Richardson and John Howard Child, at 1041 Beacon street, Brookline, Mass.

Sarah Stephens Fulton to Murray Gibson Sawyer, Wednesday, October 11, at Minneapolis, Minn. At home after November 15, 116 Twelfth Street, South Minneapolis.

Ida Pearl Houston to Rufus Henry Chapin, on Wednesday, October 11, Holyoke, Mass. At home Thursdays in January, 179 Northampton street, Holyoke, Mass.

### Deaths.

In great sympathy we record the passing on of Bruno H. Goll, brother of our Emma Goll Dacy, '98, and Ida Blanche Goll of Chicago.

We are grieved to hear of the death on September 25 of the father of Lila Warren of Brooklyn, N. Y.

James Hewson, father of our Myrtle, '99, and Lotta, '02, passed away on Wednesday, September 20, after a short illness. He has been for many years a prominent member of the Grand Avenue M. E. Church of Kansas City, and much interested in charities. He will be sadly missed in the community.

We sympathize most sincerely with the relatives and friends of Mary Thomson Cox, who passed away in California on September 17. "A beautiful life ended, as it seems to us, all too soon."

If we could only help our dear girls in these times of stress and pain how gladly would we! But we can only say our word of love and pray that He who only can give any comfort may have them specially in His loving care when the waves strike hard.

A great surprise came to us in the summer in the death of Grace Fibley Pennell. We had a little visit with her last winter in Pasadena, and had no idea she was not the same energetic, strong, vigorous woman whom we used to know. Grace Fibley made an unusual impression in this school, and upon our hearts and memories. In Portland, the home of her entire married life, twenty-two years, and in the Williston church, she will be specially and greatly missed.

---

"Oh, yes," she said proudly, "we can trace our ancestry back to—to—well, I don't know who, but we've been descending for centuries."—*Francisco Town Talk*.

## William Bouguereau.

On the 20th of August, France lost one of her most able artists, in the person of William Bouguereau.

Beloved by all those who knew him as a friend, he will be regretted by the young men and women who were encouraged by his cordiality, his untiring devotion to his art, and his helpful criticisms. He possessed to the highest degree the difficult art of being severe with kindness.

Among the foreign artists whom Paris calls every year to her schools—the Americans will feel the loss most keenly, for Bouguereau was less a stranger to America than any other artist, having been married to Elizabeth Gardner, after a romantic engagement of twenty-two years.

Bouguereau, respecting the wishes of his mother, who would not give her counsel to his marriage, finally, on June 22, 1896, married Elizabeth Gardner, who had remained faithful to him during all these years. Miss Gardner, born in Exeter, N. H., came to Lasell and was graduated in 1856, going then to Paris to study, painting at the studio of Bouguereau. He was already known as an artist of talent, having gone as a "*Prix de Rome*" to the Eternal City, he brought back with him this influence of the two Romes, the Sacred and

the Pagan, the beauty of which can be found in "*La Vierge Consolatrice*," and in "*L'Amour et Psyche*."

Miss Gardner following him in his teaching, brought forth many works in which can be retraced the love of the beautiful which her master, later her fiance, imparted to her. She was widely known as his best pupil, putting into her art the inspiration he had received while dreaming of the beautiful on the Pincio Hill, in this Villa Médicis, where all young French artists of talent hope, some day, to go. Madame Bouguereau to her talent adds a great generosity and kindness; while afar from her country she does not forget the associations of her early American life, and we, more fortunate than many others, we are reminded of her by the splendid gift to her Alma Mater, "*Le Judgment de Paris*," picture which illustrates her as the follower of the Bouguereau school; by the "finesse" of execution we can see the elegance and the academical traditions which are distinctive features of a Bouguereau.

Owing to the closeness of our tie with Madame Bouguereau we feel a deep sympathy for her loss.

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I want my girls to understand how grateful I am for summer calls, and how much I care for them.

The space of the Leaves, if I took it all, would not be enough for my stories of their doings and what I gain in news from them. But the mere mention of your coming in a list like the above is so meagre and to me so inadequate that I write this that you may know that I am delighted to see you *every* one, and the trouble you take to come and see the old school and me is very much appreciated by me. And your kindness helps to gladden my heart and encourage my efforts to make Lasell more and more a pride to you all.

### Summer Callers.

Frances Wood, Louise Luquiens, Mrs. Carrie Manning Dexter, '94 and daughter, Margie Schuberth, '96, Blanche Kelley, '96, Mrs. Ida Stebbins Jarvis, Gertrude Clark, '97; Sarah Strong; Ethel West; Catherine Cann; Ruth Evans; Edith Bailey, '00; Mrs. Emma Fernald Brock; Edith Grant, '98; Emma Grant; Mrs. Carrie Ebersole Martin, '85, with husband and son; Lulie Hogg; Janet Bryce; Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, with her sister and sister of Clarissa and Rachel Hammond; Mildred Abel; Cora Penniman; Mrs. Lucile Parish Chickering, Marie Gibert, '03; Mrs. Anna Andrews Barris; Ethlyn Prentice, '99; Annie Richards, '95; Louise Hubbard, '96; Mrs. Isabel Bronson Johnston, '96; Mrs. Therese Dudley Dill and son, Dudley; Corinne Richter, '04; Josephine Holmes, '04; Mrs. Tessie Shiff Clairin and daughter; Florence Shiff; Julia

Anderson, '94; Mrs. Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95; Mrs. Ida Bushnell Simpson; Mrs. Edith Allen Thayer, '99; Mrs. Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95; Mrs. Bessie Harwood Fones, '89, and Dr. Fones; Mrs. Caroline Burroughs McEntee; Lila Woodbury; Ada Wells, '05; Lelah Cones; Laura Simons; Mabelle Whitney, '03; Elizabeth Thorne, '03; Irene Wellington; Leslie White, '05; Mrs. Mabel Sawyer Miller; Grace Kingsley and her mother; Elsie Anshutz; Minnie Sawyer; Helen Jackson; Emma Schlapp; Elsie Burdick, '99; Miriam Nelson, '05; Mrs. Ruby Blaisdell Carter; Grace Bullock, '02; Helen Darling, '05; Martha Baker, '98; Loretta Salmon.

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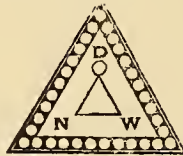
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---

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 Do any faces brighten  
 To hear your footstep on the stair,  
 To meet you, greet you, anywhere?  
 Are you so like your master  
 Dark shadows to enlighten?  
 Are any happier today  
 Through words that they heard you say?  
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 If no one were the better  
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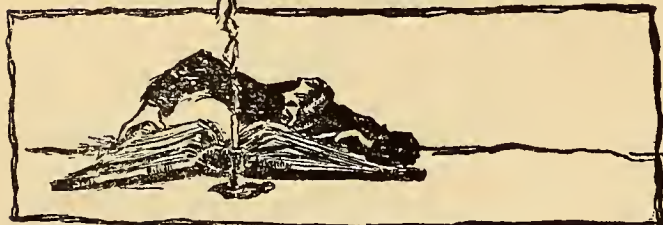
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## EXCHANGES



We acknowledge the following exchanges for September and October:

"The Tech," Boston, Mass.; "The Usonian," Malden High school, Malden, Mass.; "The Student," Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; "The Harvard Lampoon," Cambridge, Mass.; "The Boston University Beacon," Boston, Mass.; "The Aegis," Oakland, Cal.

"The Student," of Bates College, is to be commended for the amount of local items it has, for this is the interesting part to the students.

"The Aegis" is a very interesting paper and we are glad to have it among our exchanges.

The list of exchanges is very small this month, but we hope to have more next month, when all get in working order.

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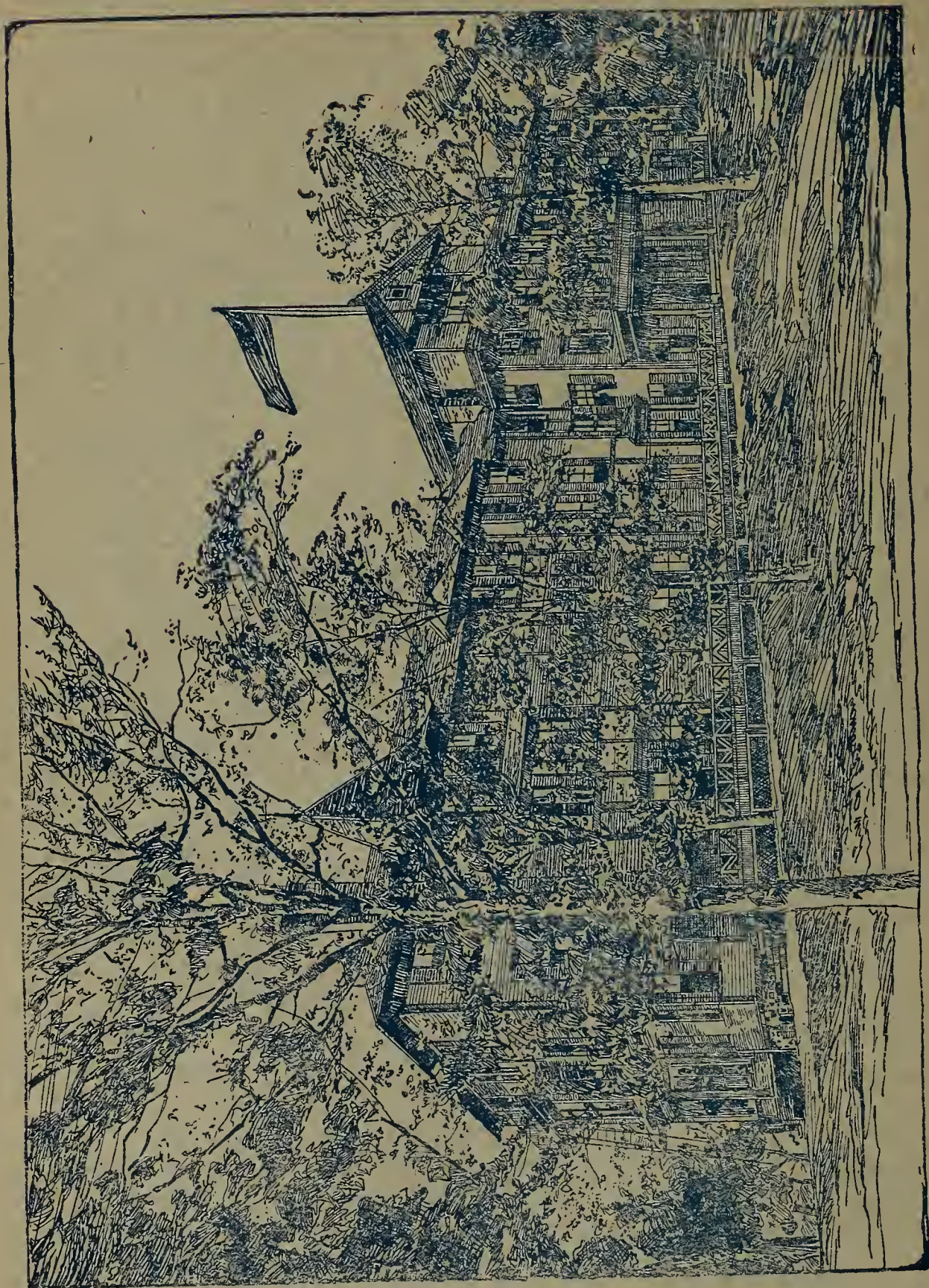
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VOL. XXXI, No. 2



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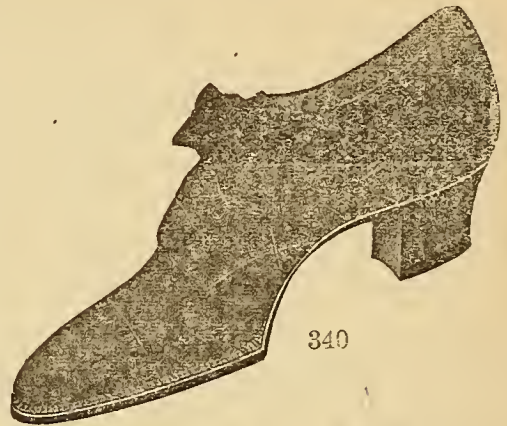
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXXI. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1905. NUMBER 2

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Editor-in-chief

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

**T**O SOLICIT criticism for vanity's sake is wrong, as it springs from a desire for flattery. But just criticism of our faults is very helpful and should always be very thankfully received. Others can see our faults more clearly than we can, and are therefore able to tell us about them so that we may correct them and thus improve ourselves. Everyone desires to become better and how can we if we are carrying a heavy load of faults? Every fault corrected is one step taken upwards.

**W**HEN there are so many good words in the English language, why do we cheapen it by the indiscriminate use of slang. We may think that slang has no permanent hold over us, but some day we will be bitterly disappointed. While talking with some one on whom we wish to make a very good impression, the slang phrase will be spoken then in our mortification we will be very apt to become confused, and in attempting to rectify the mistake many more slang phrases will be spoken, and the good impression will not be made.

Aim at even the highest and thy arrow, if it reach not, will hit the nearer.

### The Autumn Leaf.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Read what is written on this leaf

By frost and shower;

"I lived my life; I knew not grief  
Before mine hour.

"Untroubled, daylong did I play  
Where warm winds blow;  
Mine was a happy, happy way;  
I made it so."

The cheery, sweet philosophy  
From nature's pen!

Thus will she write, at last, maybe,  
On hearts of men,

### The Lasell Trip to the White Mountains.

**T**HERE could hardly be a more ideal finish for a school girl's long vacation than a trip up into the mountains to see how beautifully Nature paints her landscapes before she strips forest and hillside bare for the snow and ice of winter. Such a trip, it was the good fortune of fourteen of us girls to take in September of this year, when, with Dr. Bragdon for conductor, we went to the White Mountains to spend a few days before the opening of school.

There were in the party, Louise Morrill, Lucy Wilson, Helen Wait, Dorothea Turner, Florence Boyce, Dorothea Saunders, Louise Paisley, Anna Conant, Felonise Moore, Mabel Puterbaugh, Gertrude Bradgon, Catherine Cann, her aunt, Mrs. Stoneman, my sister and I. We left North station at 9.30 on Saturday morning, and stopped about noon at the Pemigewasset House in Plymouth to get our dinner. We were told to eat a hearty meal because we should not get anything more until rather late that evening; and taking this advice, we stayed at the table so long that we had to run for the train, which had already been held for us some ten or fifteen minutes.

We enjoyed the trip through the Berkshires from Plymouth to North Woodstock; but we will never forget the ten-mile ride on the top of the stage coach from North Woodstock through the famous Franconia Notch to the Profile House. After we had gone about half way, the ride was broken, in order to give the horses a rest, during which we made an excursion down to the Flume, a deep and narrow gorge at the foot of the Notch. We needed our wraps for the remainder of the stage drive because it was very cold, and, as much



as we enjoyed the trip, we were glad when we had to take the train to Mt. Pleasant House, where we were to stay. Such a hungry, cold, and wornout looking crowd as we were, when we finally reached our destination! A good night's rest, however, prepared us for the next day's long walks into the mountains, and these we enjoyed immensely. That night, they had the usual evening concert at the hotel, and all of us went to hear the music.

On Monday we roused ourselves early, had our breakfast betimes, and with the assistance of Dr. Clark and Mr. Price, managed to get a lot of caps, veils, "overcoats" and blankets to protect ourselves from the cold we expected to encounter on the trip to the summit of Mt. Washington. We were, without a doubt, the funniest looking crowd I ever saw. We took the cog railway at the base station, and began the ascent of the highest mountain of that region, famous the world over. It had rained Sunday, and it was still cloudy on Monday, so we were not at all surprised to see snow. The higher we went the harder it snowed, and the colder it became. The windows were so frosted that we could not see anything without opening them, this we did as many times as we could without the risk of freezing. It was interesting to note the changes in the landscape before we reached the timber line, and after we had passed it, when we saw only immense rocks covered with snow and ice. We did not get the view from the summit, which most tourists so much enjoy, but we thought our trip was interesting enough without it.

We had lunch at the Summit House, and every one of us wrote postals to our friends, telling them about the six inches of snow that covered the mountain, and informing them that the thermometer read 18 degrees below zero. It was rather difficult for us

to get a view of the Tip-Top House because of the driving snow, but we managed to do it by holding tight to each other so as not to be blown away. On the way down we were a little quieter, but we enjoyed the descent no less than we did the going up.

When we got back to the hotel, Mrs. Stickney had a pleasant surprise for us, a carriage ride to Crawford Notch. Of course, we were all willing to keep "on the go," and accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. The ride was something like our previous one on the stage, but the roads were steeper and the mountains seemed much grander and more beautiful. The Notch proper is about fifteen miles long, every turn in it revealing some new and majestic vista. Anthony Trollope says, you remember, "Much of this scenery is superior to the famed and classic lands of Europe. I know nothing, for instance on the Rhine equal to the view from Mt. Willard down the mountain pass called the Notch."

The next day came only too soon, for this was the day for us to leave the mountains. The route back lay through Crawford Notch; hence we had the advantage of seeing on our return a part of the country different from that we'd seen in going.

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### The Christening Exercises and Hal- lowe'en Sports.

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One of the pleasantest evenings of the year was October 28, when the buildings were christened. The girls formed in line with the band at the head, and marched over to Senior House, where the Seniors met them. Maude Simes, the class president, christened the building, breaking a bottle of water. Henceforth we must call it Karandon House. After the cheering

the Seniors marched down and took their place in the line. Next all went to the Annex, which Dorothea Turner christened Clark Cottage. After the cheering, there, they went to the main building, and in the gymnasium, Elizabeth Pearse, junior president, christened the main building Cushman Hall, and Edna Thurston, sophomore president, Gym. Hall, Carter Hall.

After these exercises the usual Hallowe'en sports were indulged in. A great many of the girls had on masquerade costumes under their coats, and when they took off their coats and put on their masks the fun began. Many of the costumes were very clever, and the gym was filled with a medley crowd of darkies, Japanese, Indians, French and German maids, ghosts, paper girls and dignified seniors in caps and gowns. During the evening the band played, and many were the gay dances indulged in. In some mysterious manner the contents of a barrel of apples disappeared, to say nothing of trays of doughnuts and baskets of candy. The merriment kept up till almost ten o'clock. Everybody declared they had one of the best times they ever had at Lasell.

Dear friends, 'tis often said "What's in a name?"  
And yet 'tis by our name that we are known.  
Shall this new member of Lasell's household,  
Nameless, to good old age be grown?  
When Dr. Bragdon built his hearth-fire here,  
That Senior revelries would hold full sway,  
And we, of nineteen six make it our home.

So now, with this pure symbol sparkling clear,  
In our name, and for those who follow on,  
Kate Ransom Bragdon's foster child art thou!  
I christen thee, the new born *Karandon!*

DEAR FRIENDS.—We are gathered here this evening for the purpose of giving this building the name Clark Cottage.

Dr. Clark, whose name it will bear, was for years the honored president of the trustees of Lasell up to the time of his death, about a year ago.

It is with great pleasure that I now

christen, you dear old annex, in honor of this man of noble character, Clark Cottage.

Around this house grow three trees—the oak, a symbol of strength; the chestnut, a fruit-bearing tree, and the maple of beautiful foliage.

With these three, the sturdy oak, the fruitful chestnut, with the beautiful maple, I christen this house Cushman Hall. May each girl who goes out from its walls be strong to live bearing the fruits of good deeds to make life beautiful.

It was Dean Jonathan Swift, who said that the noblest things in this world are sweetness and light, a sentiment which was afterwards echoed by Phillips Brooks. I christen Carter Hall with these sweetest flowers that blow. May the lives of all of its girls be like these flowers.

EDNA LOIS THURSTON,  
"1908."

### A Merry Little Maiden.

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

"Who went down the way with you,  
Little maiden, when the dew  
Strung with pearls the nodding grass,  
As I saw you, laughing, pass?"

"Not a step by yours I heard,  
Not the utter of a word,  
Just your laugh—I should have known  
That in any place, your own."

"No," the little maiden said,  
As she shook her sunny head,  
"No one came this way with me,  
But I saw a honey-bee.

"Buzzing round the milk-white clover,  
And he made me laugh all over.  
Then a bird spoke, overhead,  
And I laughed at what he said;

"And a tree-toad called again,  
Three times over, 'It will rain!'  
But I was alone, you see;  
No one came this way with me."

"Little maiden, now," said I,  
"Your sweet riddle I descry,  
For your comrades were, I guess,  
Eyes and Ears and Happiness."



## The Art of Enjoying the Present.

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THAT living is an art we readily agree, but that the power to enjoy is an art we do not so readily admit. We are inclined to think that enjoyment is spontaneous, something with which the will has nothing to do. We enjoy a thing or we do not enjoy it, we cannot help it whether we do or do not, we reason. But I hold that enjoyment is something with which the will has a great deal to do, and that the art of enjoyment is something that is well worth our cultivating.

Such and such persons, we say, are "pessimistic." They look on the dark side of things, and cross bridges before they come to them, refuse in short to enjoy the sunshine of the present moments, because of some cloud they see, or fancy they see appearing in the dim distance. They will tell us, if we remonstrate, that they are looking ahead and "taking precaution for the future." All that is well enough. But does it never occur to us that by being thankful for the present sunshine, and enjoying it, we might gain strength with which to meet and weather the coming storm; or that it would be profitable for us to find that our cloud had a silver lining? If we know it is going to rain in the afternoon, and so keep us from our wished-for ride, we do not sit down with long faces and folded hands to bemoan our fate, but order our carriage in the morning instead, that we may take advantage of the sunshine while it lasts; then we return refreshed and ready to avail ourselves of the opportunities for other things that a rainy afternoon affords us.

Why does this not apply in general life? Because we have already met sorrow, or fear to meet it in the future, is that any reason

why we should not enjoy the present? Is it not more reasonable that we should improve every chance of enjoyment that comes our way, that we should make this a part of our creed, and cultivate it as an art? The power to thoroughly enjoy is as much a blessing to those about us, as it is to ourselves, and the habit of doing this is not a selfish one unless intentionally made so.

By enjoyment I do not mean alone joy in fun and merriment, but joy in our daily work, in fine physical health, in God's wonderful world about us, in present opportunities for bettering ourselves mentally and morally, the joy in a deed well done,—in short, the thorough enjoyment of every beam of sunshine that shines on our immediate path, with no reference to the clouds ahead or behind.

What better time to cultivate this art than in our youth, when habits are most easily formed? If we can enjoy the present we have good reason to believe that if our future holds more good fortune for us, we can enjoy that also to its fullest extent. If on the other hand the future bring sorrow and trouble, we shall have gained strength to meet and endure it. So, in any case, we shall find it worth our while to cultivate this art of enjoying the present. Lillian Rarapp Dodd expresses my thought thus:

Take the joy of every day."  
Whether it is small or great;  
That which, farther on your way,  
Waiteth you, in patience wait.  
Trust that future good will spring  
Blossom-like along the way;  
Prize each present blessed thing,  
Take the joy of every day,

---

He who can put real human sympathy into the conventional phrases of courtesy is indeed a man of tact.

### Mexico's Independence Day.

ONE morning during the latter part of July when all the people of this little Mexican town were finding relief from the noontime heat in a siesta, they were aroused from midday dreams by the music of the town band. Although by no means an unordinary occurrence, as anything from a great national event to the birthday of the chief town official's cousin is celebrated by a musical procession, still every one goes to the door to ascertain the cause. This time, however, more than the usual excitement seemed to prevail, caused by the distribution of hand-bills, which were eagerly read by all who could secure them. These posters announced in the usual extravagant language that on the fifteenth and sixteenth of September the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence would be commemorated. Attached thereto was a program of the day's attractions set forth in the same alluring fashion as circus bills in the States, but contrary to the usual case in the latter country, everything advertised in Mexico is required by law to be fulfilled exactly as published, and most serious are the consequences to any offender. Just think of how many enterprises would long ago have finished a career if such a rule were enforced in the States. So everyone here read with the greatest interest what was promised for the September fiesta.

Thus began the preparations for Independence Day, and before long almost everything was done with the national feast as the great goal of attainment. Workmen were busy in the alameda and plaza, new flowers were planted; stone seats repaired; old walls painted; houses cleaned inside and out; in short everything was done to present the best possible appearance for the great event. And, finally, when the

fifteenth did come everything was as ready as can be expected in this southern "Land of Manana."

In the early morning of September fifteenth, our last dreams drifted into faint music which became real as we recognized the strains of the town band, then we remembered it was Hidalgo's Day. This day kept in memory of the little country priest who first made the cry for independence is also the birthday of the president, Parfirio Diaz, and is called Don Parfirio's Day, as well. After this melodious ushering in of the feast the rest of the day was spent quietly until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the portals opposite the plaza became the assembling place of a music-loving crowd of Mexicans, who were entertained by an orchestra from a neighboring large city. The portals, an arched stone porchway hundreds of years old, was transformed from its usual venerable beauty into a state of gorgeous splendor. One archway was closed by a large purple curtain in front of which on a carpeted platform, was erected a wooden structure, resembling an altar, covered with green, white and red tissue paper in fancy shapes. On the lower part of this edifice was a large brass eagle which shone brilliantly in the glare of the many lights, and above all this magnificence was a many colored portrait of Hidalgo, with those of Parfirio Diaz and Vice President Raymon Corral, on either side, that of President Diaz being covered with a green, white and red mosquito netting. On the platform were chairs for the honorable committee and leading citizens, while in the extreme front was the rostrum in its fantastic covering of the prevailing red, white and green. The remainder of the portals was a great mass of banners in the national colors, edged with silver and gilt fringe, the gaudiness of which decoration was toned down here and



there by a dark colored print of some president.

The first part of the program, or the hours from four to half past nine, was furnished by the orchestra, who at the end of that time went to the town hall to escort the body of representative men to their places on the platform. After an extended period of waiting the procession finally arrived, the parish priest first, followed by the other honorable persons all conscious of the awful responsibility resting upon them in representing the cause of liberty in general, and the town of A— in particular. After the usual preliminary excitement the second part of the program was begun by the singing of the Mexican national hymn, one of the most beautiful of all the world's national airs, having the sweet sadness of all the Mexican music. Always during the singing of this hymn the greatest reverence is shown by all, the men standing with uncovered heads, and it is not unusual to see tears on many faces, for the song, although one of rejoicing at the cause of freedom, is also one of grief, because the triumph was made so only by the sorrow and death of many. After the music had ended, the priest rang a little bell, and the first orator, escorted by two gentlemen in all the agony of unusual high collars, mounted the rostrum, and the "discoursing" began. Being his maiden attempt, this was a great event for the speaker, and as not unnatural in such cases, he was attacked by stage fright with the result that his words and gestures did not always coincide, but toward the end of his oration he became quite enthusiastic, and his flow of Spanish was something remarkable. When he descended, accompanied by much applause, more music followed, and then another orator escorted in the same manner as the first, advanced to his place, a professional he and smilingly confident in re-

gard to his own ability. After his impassioned tribute to Hidalgo and Mexico, the Act of Independence was read, and the National Hymn was played again until eleven o'clock, when the formal program was ended.

All this time the people had been most quiet and attentive, but the moment the music was finished, the cry of independence was given, and the crowd became a howling mob, embracing each other and crying "Independence, Hidalgo, Mexico." Rockets were fired, dynamite was exploded, and these added to the shrieking of the frenzied multitude made the tumult indescribable. In their efforts to be foremost in the procession forming behind the banner of Hidalgo, many people were pushed down, but at last when a pretence of order had been obtained, the procession started on its march through the principal streets. During the evening many of the houses had been decorated with myriads of lights, which made the town a picture of fairy land in the frame work of the dark mountains. Through this region of brilliancy marched the enthusiastic band of patriots until the necessity of a few hours' rest forced them to say "goodnight;" and all was silence once more.

The next morning dawned with music as the preceding one had done, but on what a different scene. During the night all the houses had been transformed to what appeared to be an exhibition of household goods, but which was in reality the ordinary method of ornamentation. The houses of the richer class were wonderful to behold with their many and various decorations. Everyone who possessed window curtains put them outside of the window bars on the street wall, those less fortunate improvised some from bed coverings, and the very poor sacrificed their mantillas and blankets in order to be no less patriotic than

their neighbor. All the treasured belongings were displayed on the house fronts; parasols, pictures, ribbons and flowers all added to the grand decorative scheme. Early in the morning the streets were filled with people in holiday attire; the men in brightest blankets and most fancy sombreros; the women in best dresses of red, green or yellow, starched in most wonderful fashion and bedecked with all the jewelry and trinkets possible.

All ways led now to the alameda, with its beautiful trees, flowers and large old fountain. The high walls enclosing this park were decorated with green, white and red; while over each arched entrance was a huge eagle made entirely of the leaves and fruit of the tuna or prickly pear. In the center of this place was a carpet, a luxury in the Mexican community, on which sat the committee; the mass of people were not allowed to step within the sacred precinct of carpeted ground, but assembled near by, those wishing to sit down being obliged to bring their own chairs, such being the custom at all meetings here. As usual the exercises began with music, the second number of which was complimentary to the Americans, and which was printed a "Tow Step." The first orator, a Mexican just returned from a ten years' residence in New York, spoke in a way not usually heard in most parts of the Republic, and his words whether of sorrow or rejoicing, held the audience spellbound. It was evident, though, that he had practised his speech several times before, as his father and brother repeated it in an audible undertone, and more music followed until the playing of the National hymn was the signal for departure.

At two o'clock there was, of course, a bull fight, which almost the entire population attended, and which was one continual round of excitement from the moment the

bull entered the arena until the matador by a deft thrust of his sword ended the life of the enraged animal. At the same time a cock fight was going on in another part of town. At half past four the annual school exhibition took place in the portals. After the usual opening number, the national hymn, several "discourses" by children followed, who spoke of the great glory of their country, with trembling voices and gestures, a most essential part of a Mexican declamation, which reminded one strongly of a weather vane flapping about in the wind. All the pupils dressed in new and rather amazing garments and carrying little bouquets, recited the Act of Independence, the immense volume of sound supplying the lack of all elocutionary effects. A harmonium, the only one in private possession of a Mexican, was played upon by a little boy who did remarkably well. Then followed the reward of prizes, each child receiving from the hand of the school mistress a small coin. After the singing of the national hymn by all the children, the people departed for their homes to get a few minutes' rest before the final festivities.

The great event of the evening was the ball, held in the official residence which was gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Almost all the Mexicans, excepting the peons were there, of course, and the ball was considered a great success, as two dashing Lotharios had a serious quarrel concerning a lovely senorita, daggers being drawn, thus adding greatly to the gay excitement. All this time, however, the celebration had not been confined to the dance, for outside the air was filled with the deafening noise of cannon crackers and the shouts of the crowd, which continued late into the evening.

Thus passed Independence Day. At midnight the plaza was deserted, the lights



were out, and the town had become one of darkness, except where the old church tower was outlined in lights against the black mountains. The Sixteenth was of the past, and all was over, save where in the far distance came the voice of some late reveler on his homeward way shouting, "*Vive Independencia, Vive Lilicetad, Vive Mejico!*"

Margaret Henderson, '05.

### The Secret of It.

THE house held a merry family party. They were assembled to celebrate the birthday of Grandmother Birch, one of those delightful women, who lapping over into this day, retain all the vigor and virtues of a past generation.

In enviable health of mind and body, full of energy and interest in everything about her, the vivacious old lady was receiving the homage of a large circle of children and children-in-law, grandchildren and grand children-in-law, not to mention two tiny great granddaughters.

In the course of the evening, while games engrossed the younger ones, the heroine of the occasion sat enthroned in a great chair talking "old times" to an interested group of sons and sons-in-law. These gentlemen, successful in various callings, sharers also in their wives' perplexities and trials in the management of their extensive establishments, were struggling manfully with their imagination to reproduce the condition of Grandmother Birch's younger days.

She had conducted her own household quite without hired help, besides being dressmaker and peacemaker, mentor and friend to her own family of nine children, as well as to the various orphaned nieces and nephews who found shelter in her hospitable home.

"Come, mother," finally exclaimed one of

the sons-in-law, "tell us the secret of it! How could you do all that you did and yet keep sound and sane and happy, and now, at seventy-five years of age, shame us all with your spirit and vivid interest in life? Why, you make us all seem fagged out!"

"Why, I didn't do as much as some other women," said "mother" in deprecatory modesty. But when they continued to demand the "secret," she reflected a little, and then said, with charming ingenuousness:

"Well, you see, I just did first one thing and then another."

The listeners gazed in admiring silence at the beautiful old woman. She, misinterpreting their silence, was beginning to explain, when the manufacturer interrupted.

"Don't, mother!" he begged. "Don't spoil that perfect little autobiography. You '*just did first one thing and then another.*' I intend to have those words framed and hung where every employe on my premises can see them. And," he added finally, "I'll have a copy in my private office, too. And when I'm rushed to death I'll remember to call a halt and just do first one thing and then another."

### Her Third Blunder.

Aunt Abigail had returned from a visit to Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, and was full of her experiences. She had enjoyed the wonderful sights in the exhibition buildings, and had had her full share of the lighter amusements, but one thing had worried and annoyed her.

"There's no use trying to keep up with the procession these days," she said. "When I went to the world's fair at Chicago I looked at all the great buildings, and then I asked one of the Columbian guards—I guess that's what they call 'em—where the side-shows were.

"I presume you mean the Midway, ma'am," he said, and he showed me where it was.

"Then, when I went to the big fair at St. Louis last year I took in the main show, and after that I asked one of the Jefferson guards if he'd kindly direct me to the Midway.

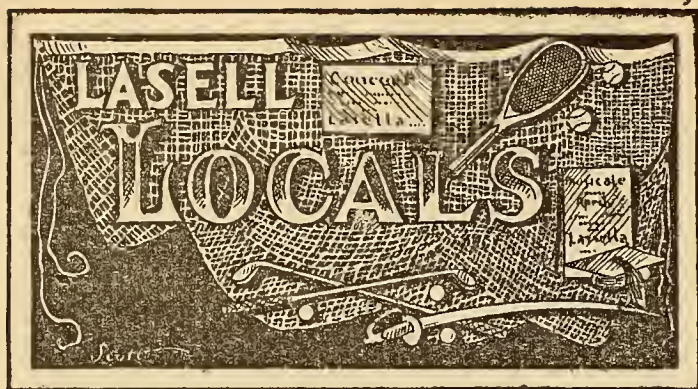
"We haven't any Midway here," he said, "but I'll show you where the Pike is."

"I didn't say anything, but you can imagine how I felt when he grinned and told me where to go.

"Well, when we went to Portland I was bound I wouldn't be caught that way again, and after I'd looked all round I asked one of the young men in uniform where the Pike was.

"We haven't any Pike here, ma'am," he said, "but I'll show you where the Trail is."





Oct. 12th—Dr. Vincent lectured on Jane Austin. Besides giving us an extremely interesting sketch of her life, he read several spicy bits from "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Austin's masterpiece.

Oct. 14th—Dr. Bragdon took a party to Nantasket Beach.

Oct. 18th—A large party went to Boston to see the steamship "Arabic," the largest one of its kind ever in port.

Oct. 19th—Dr. Vincent on Victor Hugo, the chief of the Romantics. From the lecture we learned that Hugo's life may be divided into four periods, viz.: (1) Period of youth; (2) period of his literary career, when "Notre Dame de Paris," the masterpiece of fiction, was written; (3) exile, when "Les Miserables" appeared; (4) old age, the period of the production of a great many less famous books.

Oct. 21st—Miss Annie Payson Call gave the first of her lectures on "Nerve Training." She told us that before we could learn to control our nerves, we must learn the principles of relaxation of the body and concentration of the mind.

Oct. 26th—Dr. Vincent continued with the Romantics, taking up the life and works of Theophile Gautier, the great novelist, historian, essayist and journalist.

Oct. 26th—First appearance of the caps and gowns.

Oct. 28th—Miss Call gave her second lecture on "Nerve Training," developing

more fully the elementary principles which she had spoken of in her previous talk.

Oct. 28th—Christening of Karondon House, Clark Cottage, Cushman Hall and Carter Hall. After the ceremonies were over, the girls had their usual Hallowe'en frolic in the gymnasium.

Oct. 29th—A small party went to Wellesley to hear Dr. Speer.

Nov. 2d—The last of Dr. Vincent's lectures, as well as the last of the Romantics, Alexander Dumas. Dumas wrote and produced books and dramas in abundance, his historical romances being very successful. His most prominent dramas are Christine, Henry III and Anthony.

Nov 9th—Lecture on Dress, Manners and Charm, by Emma Moffet Tyng.

### ersonals.



The call of Mrs. Dessie Millikin Bevans, '92, was something to be noted. Since she was here last she has lived in San Francisco, passed a winter with her children in Alaska, and some time in Cuba. She is now stationed at Ft. H. G. Wright, Fisher's Island, so we have some hope of getting a glimpse of her. She looks as well as ever—I think a little better. She says the Shellabarger girls and Lucy Roberts have each another baby to their credit.

Mrs. Ruby Blaisdell Carter seems to be winning her way. Her last step is President of the Woman's Club at Chicopee, Mass. This seems to be a flourishing



Club, and we know it will be none the less so under Mrs. Ruby's management.

^ Margaret Henderson, '05, has a small American school in Asientos, Mexico, and is very enthusiastic about it. ^ She writes the very readable article found in this number, which she sends with such cordial good wishes, that the eyes moisten. Her address is 1 A Calle de Independencia No. 15, Asientos, Aguas Calientes. Mexico.

Squire Freebey, '95, expects to live in the Rochambeau, on Connecticut ave., Washington, D. C., and to have her sister of Los Angeles, spend the winter with her. '95 ought to have had its Tenth Reunion last year! They had better join with the Fifty-fours next year.

Alice Jenckes, '99, sends her subscription to the LEAVES, and also various items about the Lasell girls whom she has seen this summer. She says, "First on the list came Florence Smith of Fitchburg, who was with us a week. Next arrived Edith Bailey, '00, bringing a detailed account of Agnes Flaherty's, ('00) wedding. Edith and Alice Ashley Patten, '00, were the only Lasell girls there. Agnes' parents gave her her house, and it is very cozy and attractive, so Edith says. Edith was with us two weeks. Before she left, Adele Woodworth arrived, and we four Lasell girls had some fine times. Adele was anticipating their removal from Kalamazoo to Columbus, where she would be near Corinne Richter, '04. Corinne made us a long visit next, and is the same as ever, only a little thinner. Mabel Stilson was with us a few days on her way from and to Atlanta, and she has not changed a bit in five years. She saw a number of the old girls—visited Louise Gurley Betts, (who by the way is the mother of two fine children, the last one a son) and Ruth Talcott. Ruth Talcott

visited us next. Her brother was married in June, and his new house is next to the one in which Ruth lives. Then came Katharine Mason Fernald, '99, and her husband, on their way back to St. Louis from Maine, where they have been spending their honeymoon. They are keeping house in St. Louis now, 1245 No. Kingshighway. Prof. Fernald is in the Washington University. Katharine said that "Bob" Elizabeth Cossar has taken up kindergarten work and likes it very much. Blanche Gardner, '00, was our next guest, and we had a fine long visit with her. She visited Edith Harris in Newark on her way home. Last week I was in Brockton with LeVerne Reynolds Johnson. She has a very charming little home and a dear little daughter, Majorie, aged ten months. Helen Abbott, '98, was there at the same time. She, as well as Verne, has music pupils to occupy her mind. I go to Boston every week to study with Miss White, and enjoy it immensely. Katharine is at home now. She has a trip west planned for later on in the winter. Our '99 chain letter has disappeared completely. I wish some of the class officials who may read this would start a new one."

Barbara Vail, '05, is teaching history and geography to Japanese in Frisco, and enjoys it. She gives several bits of Lasell news which appear elsewhere, and then says, "Please put my address in the LEAVES and say that I would be glad if Lasell girls who are passing through San Francisco would drop me a postal telling me where I may see them. I would gladly come to them." The address is 1628 Seventh avenue, East Oakland, Cal.

The Bay City Tribune gives an elaborate account of the recent wedding of our Louise Whitney to Ralph Mosher Weaver of Los Angeles on October 18. After their

wedding trip they will make their home in Los Angeles.

Dr. Clinton E. Stark of Norwich, Conn., took dinner with his daughter, Miss Florence, one day in October.

The engagement is announced of Urania Cooley of Holyoke to Frank E. Taylor of Springfield.

The *Morning Times*, Hornellsville, gives an elaborate notice of the wedding of Helen Orcutt, '03. She seems to have gone through the usual ordeal of luncheons and breakfasts and all the other troubles that come upon a girl who is bound to get married.

The engagement is announced of Nora J. Burroughs, '97, to Ike Dillingham, Jr.

In the same mail with a newsy letter from Isabel Bronson Johnston, '96, came photographs of two of Lasell's Canadian grandchildren, and they certainly do Lasell credit. One is a boy of four years, and the other a baby girl. She writes: "The last time I heard from Louise Hubbard ('96) she was just going to visit Alice Houghton Wilkinson. The day after we were at Lasell we went to Allerton and saw Julia Hammond McBride and her boy, a splendid fellow fifteen months old. Florence ('96) writes that her baby, Dorothy Ray McEvoy, now fifteen months old, is very well and very bright. Florence has been east several times since her marriage, but says she isn't coming again for a long time. She likes the west, and it is a hard journey for a child." Isabel's father and mother are not very well, and are talking about going to California this winter.

Jessie MacMillan, '82, was here in October on a visit. She now lives in Kingston, Long Island, and has there met and fallen in love with Ida Phillips, '77, of whose removal thither we had not before heard.

They are congenial spirits, and that is a compliment to each.

In the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* we read an entertaining description of Lasell's annual excursion to Concord, written to her parents by our Edna Cones, and printed by that paper.

Barbara Vail, '05, spent a week with her father and mother at Pacific Grove while conference was in session, and on their way back they stopped at San Jose to see Edna Sawyer's people and Barbara also called on Mrs. Helen Thresher Hartzell, who gave her a "real Lasell welcome." Grace Rowe, '05, has some cousins living near, and they have been very neighborly. She has taken a class of hard working girls for Bible study, and tries to make it interesting for them, but wishes she had paid better attention when in Bible class at Lasell!

Pailoun Gaidzakian, whom some of our pupils will remember, and who was here a little while as chamber-maid with her niece, Narouski, called the other day and made us very glad to see her. She is a splendid looking woman and we were proud to know her. She lives in New York with her brother, the doctor, and reports that Narouski is living in Haverhill in a pleasant home with two fine children. We shall never forget them.

Mrs. Ralph Parker, (Myrtle Hewson, '99) sends from Colorado Springs an approving word about matrimony in general, and her own recent marriage in particular.

Idelle Phelps has been very busy inventing an eye-glass holder, which she has named "cache lunette." It is very pretty as well as useful, made in silver oxidized or heavily plated in rose gold, and looks like a lorgnette when worn.

We had a delightful call from Elsie Reynolds, '00, on Nov. 8. She tells us that Edna Cooke of Winsted, Conn., announces



her engagement to Frank Tarleton of Boston.

Mr. Bragdon had a rich day in Hartford on Nov. 6. Almost on entering the town he met Sarah Dyer from Collinsville, Conn., who had come up to shop. On the next corner, met Emma Hale of Glastonbury, who had come up to shop. Heard Arline Northam over the telephone. She is said to be a good deal interested in a mission school. Called on Daisy Hanmer Rodgers; saw Margaret, five years old, and the picture of Caroline, nine years old. Mrs. Daisy is looking like her name, and has a pleasant home with a large yard. She says Hattie lives in Lee, Mass. Her two children are sixteen and fourteen years. Then saw Emma White as busy as a bee in the immense establishment of Pratt & Whitney. She looks well; says Alice is pretty well, and has a good business in tutoring; that Mabel Deming has quite recovered from a serious illness, having been in the mountains all summer.

At the Deaconess Fair, Mr. Bragdon saw Emma Howard Hartford of Watertown, who spoke well of her three grown up boys, Addie Rich Treadwell, Edith Brodbeck Kimball (at a distance, busy), Mabel Case Viot, '94, and her sister, Mabelle Whitney, '03, who had charge of the candy table, and Mr. and Mrs. Best, father of our Lou and Rosa Best. Mabel Case says she cannot get any husband for Maude yet.

On the first of November a son was born to Anna Tompkins Johnston, better known as "Tommy." The young man is to be called Charles Tompkins Johnston.

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### Deaths.

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We note with great sympathy the death of Mr. S. W. Dunaway, father of our Ada Dunaway Caldwell, who passed away at his

home in Carbondale, Ill., on Sunday, October 15.

News comes to us of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Anna Frost, mother of our Elizabeth B. Frost, who has our sincere sympathy in her bereavement.

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### Marriages.

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Edna Alice Frank to Edward Claypool Vajen on Wednesday, November 1, Indianapolis, Ind. At home after Feb. 1, 2909 No. Meridian street, Indianapolis.

Louise Wolcott Richards to Charles Fullerton Bacon on Tuesday evening, October 31, at Union Congregational church, East Braintree, Mass.

Zoë Hill ('01) to George Herbert Mayne on Tuesday evening, October 31, at 8.30 o'clock at Saint Paul's Church, Council Bluffs, Ia.

St. John's church was filled to its utmost seating capacity Tuesday evening by invited guests who witnessed the ceremony which united Miss Bertha Brigham Hayden and Representative Olcott Frederick King of South Windsor in marriage.

The maid of honor was Miss Jessie Goodwin, and the bridesmaids were Miss Katherine King, sister of the groom, Miss Louise Connor of Springfield, and Miss Gleeson of Boston, cousins of the bride, and Miss Hook of Brewer, Me., Miss Smith of Fitchburg, Mass., and Miss Clemens of Pottsville, Pa., who were classmates of the bride at Lasell Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. King went to Boston and on Wednesday they left for a six weeks' tour in England and France. On their return from Europe the happy young couple will reside in South Windsor, and they will be "at home" on Wednesdays, December 6, 13 and 20.

DEAR GIRLS: When Mr. Bragdon asked that I represent him and be Lasell's delegate to the Installation Exercises attendant upon the Inauguration of Edmund Jones James as President of the University of Illinois, I felt a good deal as Lowell must have when asked to fill Emerson's place rather unexpectedly on the lecture platform. It is said that Emerson, physically, was much the larger man of the two, so Lowell, drawing himself up to his greatest height, replied: "Well, I'll rattle around in it (his place) to the best of my ability." And so, amidst such men as President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan; Dean Henry T. Borey, of McGill (Montreal) University; President Ira Remsen of John Hopkins' University; President Edwin Boone Craighead of Tulane University, as well as the heads of, or representatives from, not only the leading universities and colleges in America, but of England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Greece, India and Hungary, to the number of 742, I, as the only representative from a seminary for young women, "rattled," very quietly, to be sure, but to the very "best" of my ability.

So varied and full were the "feasts of reason" arranged for our four days' entertainment, it would take too much space to even enumerate the events, or the speakers for the respective occasions, but naturally, day's — Inauguration day's — ceremonies proper.

At that time, the "Academic Parade," formed by Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund J. Fechet, U. S. A. R., escorted by the University Regiment; the undergraduate and graduate students; the Alumni in order by classes; and the Faculty of the University, led by the President, the Trustees, speakers and representatives of the state and nation; followed by representatives of political and administrative bodies; representatives of

educational bodies, all wearing caps and gowns, the brilliant hoods of the different schools adding color to the somber robes; and representatives of societies and associations; marched to the big armory where the formal reception of the delegates took place. From the time we entered the hall at 10.30 a. m., until the conferring of degrees at 7 p. m., with the exception of the noon intermission, there was not a dull or uninteresting moment.

It was interesting to note in President James' inaugural address, outlining his views and policy for the future of our state university, that he regarded the smaller colleges and schools scattered throughout the state, to be the proper place for students to take the undergraduate work; reserving the university as a goal of higher attainment for men and women of maturer minds, training them, not only in *knowledge*, but in *power*; a training conducive to independent judgment. He would make the state university "corrective" rather than "directive;" cooperative rather than monolithic, adapted for leadership in certain departments and not in others. He would have it universal, broad, liberal, sympathetic, "tying together all the multiform strands of educational activity into one great cable whose strength no man may weaken or measure."

Besides the day time events, the students gave a most credible production of Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," one evening; an official reception to the delegates entertained us on another; a most fantastic "students' parade," in which good natured quibs and roasts were cleverly exploited on one another, and the week closed with the Purdue-Illinois football game, an object lesson, possibly, of the wide difference between a match of brains and one of muscle!!



Altogether the experience was ennobling and inspiring, and thrust home anew the thought that most frequently assails us when our school days are over, that our education has just begun.

NORA J. B.

One of Lasell's Alumnæ sat  
With us a year ago,  
Whose welcome presence now we miss,  
And question, Does she know?  
Beneath her deft and practiced hand  
The organ strains have rolled;  
The earliest annals of Lasell  
Her facile pen has told.  
And it is not too much to hope  
That in her loftier sphere,  
With interest and memories sweet  
She holds these friends still dear.  
Her pleasant home is reft of charm  
Her presence chiefly gave;  
Remembrance bright, remembrance sad,  
Comes rolling, wave on wave.  
With every pure and lovely thing,  
Our thought of her shall blend;  
True wife and mother, tender, kind,  
And genial, steadfast friend.  
The lowlier lives her care has blessed,  
Her pets, a household band;  
The birds she fed through winter's cold,  
Have missed her friendly hand.  
But harbors still the tiny church,  
Winged rovers of the air—  
The busy squirrels' harvest-home,  
All undisturbed is there.  
No fear, no pain, her hand could spare  
E'er touched their gentle lives.  
Perchance amid her wonted paths  
Her spirit still survives.  
Whether through open window came  
A quiet little pair,  
Or down the chimney from the roof,  
Or by the wide hall-stair,  
A dainty couple, fur-clad, brisk,  
Since spring again has come,  
The sofa-corner made their rest  
Within the dear old home.  
Not far away—she is not far—  
Above, but of us still,  
No human interest is let go  
That love hath power to fill.

The harp of lilies imaged well  
Her dreamless, perfect rest—  
But wealth of thought is never lost  
From out the life more blessed.  
Love's golden harp of angel tone  
Her hand awakens now—  
The lily of Immortal Life  
Hath crowned her radiant brow.

MARY JOHNSON.

## Geography of the New England States.

New England is a small patch of real estate situated east of New York City. One can walk across it in a day, but if you go on the train it takes you two days. The principal farming products of New England are stone fences, trolley cars and pie. A forty-acre field will furnish enough stone to fence in a whole state, and will then have enough left to graze a flock of sheep on. They make everything out of stone in New England but pie. Stone isn't durable enough for New England pie. You can travel all day in New England and never see a grain elevator, but every little ways you pass a stone elevator. When the farmer harvests his late crop of stone he breaks it up and hauls it to town where he sells it to an elevator. Later on it is used for building roads. The elevator trust has New England by the throat, and a good stone crop nowadays will hardly pay the farmer for his seed.

New England has more trolley cars per square mile than any other country in the world. In New England when they want to give you explicit directions they tell you to go until you come to a road that hasn't a trolley line on it. You can't go wrong then for there is only one such road in each county. You can go anywhere in New England by trolley, but you can't get back the same year, so they are not of much use after all. They run their trolley cars very slowly so as not to alarm the chickens. Com-

ing into Boston yesterday we chased a yearling hen two miles and wouldn't have caught her then if she hadn't gone to setting. The conductor collects a nickle from you every two or three miles. Often at the end of a long run he is so full of nickles that he has to be lifted off of the platform with a derrick. With a bushel basket full of lunch and another full of nickles you can trolley clear from New York to Boston if you come of a long-lived family.

Gaul was divided into three parts, but New England is only divided into two parts. The Boston & Maine railroad owns one and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad owns the other. A great many years ago these roads ran the first trains on their respective lines. As time wore on they sent other trains out in search of these trains, until New England is now full of trains, many of which are moving. As fast as a train arrives at its terminus they build another at the other end and send it out, thus keeping the service up to a high state of efficiency. The new South station at Boston is one of the largest stations in the world, being almost exactly the size of Rhode Island. Each seat in the waiting room is named for a New England town, so that while you are waiting for your trains you are also learning your geo-

graphy. From the Nantasket seat to the Plymouth seat is two blocks. The South station waiting room is the only county in Massachusetts which isn't equipped with a good trolley system.

New England is divided into six unequal parts, like a pie that has been cut by a green housewife. The largest of these parts is Maine, whose principal crops are pine logs and summer tourists. To look at the map one would suppose that Maine was composed exclusively of golf links, but that is just a way they have of naming the towns up there. The coast of Maine is very rocky and so are its hotels. The world is full of fine people who have come from Maine. It is one of the finest states in the union to come away from.

New Hampshire is one of the oldest states in the union. It is so old that some of its farms, which were originally cleared out of the pine woods, have been abandoned, have grown up to pine forests again, and are ready to be cleared once more. There are many houses in New Hampshire that are 200 years old, and many railroad cars that are older than that. It contains Portsmouth and the White Mountains and is so full of tourists in the summer that the "standing room only" sign is out most of the time.

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When father packs for traveling  
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 He chucks his best clean nightshirt in,  
 A handkerchief or two,  
 Some collars and a toothbrush,  
 And his silver-mounted comb.  
 There's not so much a-doing  
 When the old man goes from home  
 And daddy packs the grip!

But when my ma goes traveling  
 And takes us kids along,  
 Why things is very diff'rent,  
 And it's quite another song,  
 She first crowds in three nighties,  
 For the baby, me and Ray;  
 There isn't room for hers she says,  
 She don't need it anyway;  
 But there's brush and comb and scissors,  
 Soap and powder, needles, thread;  
 Pins and thimble and court-plaster,  
 'Cause onc't I cut my head!

Then there's camphor and witch-hazel,  
 And there's vaseline and strings  
 Paper, pencil, stamps and crackers  
 And such jolly heaps o' things;  
 For when we go a-traveling  
 There's one thing we're agreed—  
 No one can tell beforehand  
 Just what us kids will need.  
 And I speaks for bernannas,  
 And Ray wants sugar lumps,  
 And ma is firm for arnica,  
 To bathe our worstest bumps,  
 Oh, there's lots o' fun a-hustling  
 To squeeze things good and tight,  
 And there ain't no use a-talking  
 For everything's all right  
 When our ma she packs the grip!

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# EXCHANGES



We acknowledge the following exchanges for October and November:

"The Tattler," Nashua H. S.; "The Cricket," Belmont School; "The Latin Leaflet," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Intercollegian," "The Racquet," Portland, H. S.; "Boston University Beacon," "The Center," Yates Center, H. S.; "The Classic," N. Y. C. A.; "The Advance," Salem, H. S.; "The Oak, Lily and Ivy," Milford H. S.; "The Harvard Lampoon," "The Argosy," Sackville, Neb.; "The Adelphian," Adelphi Academy; "The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.; "The Tallow Dip," Rothesay, New Brunswick; "The Tech," Boston, Mass.

In "The Cricket," Belmont, Cal., we find a number of good stories.

"The Racquet," Portland, Me., is to be commended also for its good stories.

"The Center," Yates Center, Kan., has a very good exchange column.

"The Oak, Lily and Ivy," Milford Mass. is a very interesting paper. It is well gotten up and has a good exchange column.

"The Adelphian," Brooklyn, N. Y. is a very interesting paper.

"The Tallow Dip," Rothesay, N. B. has a very striking cover design.

We are very glad to receive so many exchanges this month and will be glad to increase our list still more. Everyone is getting to work now after the first newness of the school year and all the papers are interesting.

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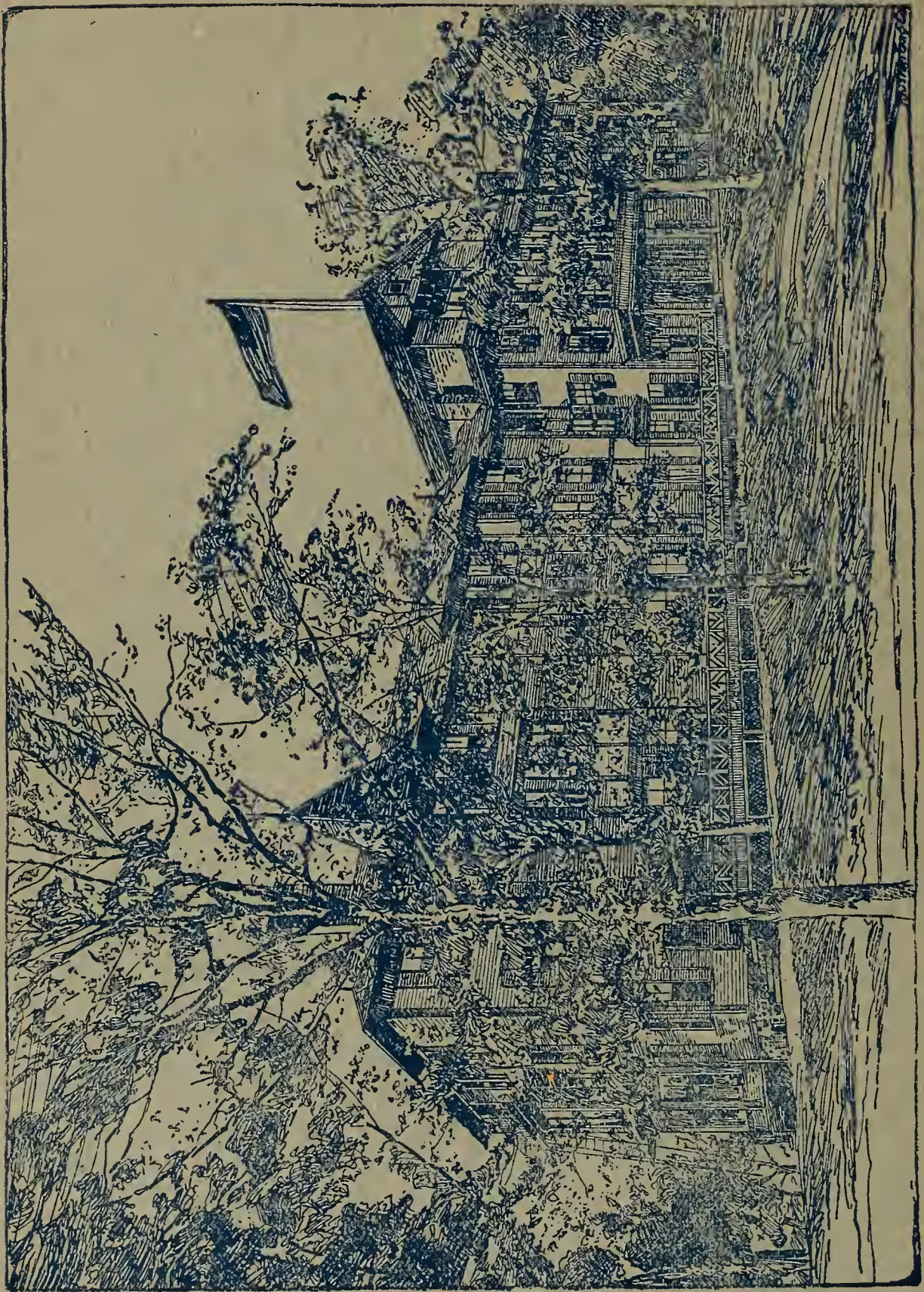
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DECEMBER, 1905

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VOL. XXXI, No. 3

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VOL. XXXI. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1905. NUMBER 3

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

There is no man but hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction. Tell the joints of thy body, and do not accuse the universal Providence for a lame leg or the want of a finger, when all the rest is perfect, and you have a noble soul, a particle of Divinity, the image of God Himself; and by the want of a finger you may the better and to account for every degree of the surviving blessings. JEREMY TAYLOR.

Mr. Bragdon has asked us to do him a little favor, that is to refrain from talking during chapel—and can't we do this? Think how pleased he would be to hear that his girls were all doing this. If every one of us tries to do this we would be surprised at the result and every one would be gratified. Then it would be a very easy matter to continue this good habit and behave well in lectures. Let us all come back with this thought very firmly fixed. Indeed let it be one of our New Year's resolutions.

Now that Christmas is coming we ought to think of those homes which Santa will not visit, and see if we can not carry the Christmas cheer to some one who would otherwise have a desolate day. Think of the homes where the little ones, hoping for some remembrance from the jolly old saint, will be disappointed, when a little thoughtfulness on our part would have brought joy to their hearts.

#### THE UNREACHED HEIGHT.

There is a hill that I have never trod;  
Than these low plains it nearer seems to God.  
Up its steep sides life-everlasting grows,  
And the free wind its healing fragrance knows.  
White flocks range there, and feed amid the green;  
Blue skies bend down to kiss the peaceful scene.  
Shall I the outlook from its far height know,  
Scanning the widened fields that lie below?  
It matters not! Its vastness I have felt,  
In dreams within that silence I have knelt;  
Above the white life-everlasting bloom  
Touched hand with mysteries that are to come.

—By Cora A. Matson Dolson.

### The Teamster.

It was a scorching day in August. The sun beat down with unwonted energy upon the narrow road glistening white in the burning heat as it wound its dusty way down the hillside to the still dustier town of Barellsville. Not a tree was visible along the way to offer a momentary relief of shade—only a long tangled stretch of underbrush studded here and there with a bright wild rose or a late blossoming raspberry bush. Gradually away in the distance on the long stretch of dusty road, a small black speck became visible, fitting itself into the landscape, and as it drew slowly nearer, it presently developed into a grumbling and rumbling coal cart, drawn by two lumbering, sleepy oxen, and driven by a still sleepier teamster, grimy with dust and dirt.

That the teamster was drowsy there was no question. His grisly, good natured face, so besmeared with coal and dust that its native color was hardly distinguishable, had sunk down upon his broad, blue-shirted chest, and his hands hung limp upon the lines on his knees. As the wagon jolted heavily along he would rouse himself now and then to call a cheery "Glang there, Jess!" or a "Gee-Ho!" to the oxen, and then again fall back into the blissful oblivion of slowly passing scenery and midsummer heat.

Suddenly upon the oppressive stillness there broke a distinct rumble. The teamster, startled from his wonted quiet, sat up in amazement and stupidly rubbed his faded blue eyes. Then, cautiously turning his team from the road to the strip of bordering parched turf beside it, he stared ahead undecidedly, and with steadily increasing surprise, at the approaching speck on the road in front of him.



The speck grew larger; the rumble became louder; and soon two large heavy black dray horses, drawing a lumbering empty wagon, burst into sight. Upon the seat sat a dapper young fellow, breathing of the city from his slouch hat, perched askew on his tousled black hair, to his leather boots, dangling carelessly over the side of the wagon. With one hand he jerked nervously at the lines, while with the other he flicked threateningly a dusty leather whip over the heads of the hot and panting horses. With hardly more than an insolently curious glance at the staring country teamster, and an extra flourish to the lines, which almost cost him the hub of the wheel, he thundered by and was soon lost to sight in a cloud of dust in the distance.

For a few moments after his passing, the country teamster stared back uncertainly at the fast disappearing wagon. So *that*, he thought, was a teamster from the great city—he with the hard, insolent face, and restless, roving eyes, who sat on a high jolting seat and drove with such reckless ease two hot, panting horses. This was what the driver of the ox-team had so long aspired to be. He thought of the bustling, smoky city, and unconsciously drew in a deep breath of the refreshing country air, now heavily laden with the scent of sweet clover and new mown hay. With unwonted gentleness he jerks at the worn lines and called his cheery “Gee ho,” to his oxen, and then again settled back into his customary state of oblivion. The country teamster was content with his lot.

---

### Wages Only Object.

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“Lots of men are hunting easy berths,” says a representative from Tennessee, but multitudes of laboring men who are compelled to earn their bread by the perspiration

of the frontal sinus ought to be able to appreciate the simple beauty of this advertisement, which appeared in a New Orleans paper:

‘Employment—Steady work not so much an object as good wages.’ ”

---

### The Interrupted Sunday Night Feast.

Between the night and the morning,  
When the girls from all play should have ceased,  
Came a pause in the night's slumberation,  
That was planned for a college feast.

The zealous girls next door could hear  
The squeak of bedroom shoes;  
The pound of cans that were opened,  
And schemers giving cues.

Then from the keyhole they saw the feasters  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Wrapped in sheets, and in giggling confusion  
Attempting to pass the teachers' lair.

A whisper and then a silence,  
And the zealous maids decided  
To eat the cakes and spoil the feast  
The selfish girls had not divided.

Then came a sudden rush from the stairway,  
A hasty retreat from the hall,  
By a false step over a laundry bag  
They had met a dreadful fall.

They chased back over the stairway,  
Over banister, bags and all;  
If they tried to tiptoe, they stumbled,  
Those sheets they seemed wondrous tall.

They almost smothered in sniggers,  
The sheets about them entwined,  
Till they thought that living on crackers  
'T were much better that they had dined.

But did they, those midnight marauders,  
Because uncaught they climbed the stair,  
Think that to *their* room they could return  
And find all the goodies there?

The uninvited guests they sat;  
Ah! No! and they would not depart,  
But calmly continued to sit  
Till they devoured the very last raspberry tart.

And Oh! they must keep silence forever!  
Yes, forever and a day!  
For the uninvited guests might “squeal” on them  
And give the dreadful thing away.

—Maryland Collegian.

### The Conqueror.

NO, I haven't called yet," mother was saying as she poured father's coffee, "but I hear they're very nice people. The little girl is just about son's age, you know."

"Son's age!" laughed father, "exactly how old is that son of yours, Annie? Old enough to be better than he is. An imp of —"

"But —" mother objected.

"Yes, I know. A sure enough rogue, though when he looks at me with that smile while I scold, I nearly give up. We've got to be stern. He'll be late again this morning."

"His favorite muffins are all cold," murmured mother.

"And not a sign of him yet. I'll give him just one more—"

"He's coming now," piped up little Pitchers who had been absorbed in her oatmeal and biscuits until now.

There was a sudden bang of doors, a few short barks from Tom's pup, and a rush and scurry down the banisters before son burst into the room.

A quick, smiling glance passed between the two at the table, and mother's eyes were on her plate, but not before she had seen the brown curls plastered vigorously back from the freshly scrubbed face and the beaming smile that showed spaces of missing teeth.

Tom's smile was consciously a little broader than usual. He wanted to relieve the atmosphere of its charge of disgrace, but only a polite and chilly good morning met him. Mother and father went on talking. He felt his powerlessness, and was silent. Just at this most absurd time, up spoke that silly sister—

"Aren't you going to give Tom his money now?" and her glance at him was all sympathy.

Tom kicked something, and glared hard at his corduroy trousers.

"I told Tom yesterday that he must earn now all he gets—five cents every morning he is at breakfast on time," father answered, quietly looking at his son; "but he's late today. He probably doesn't want the money."

Tom made no reply, and the breakfast went on in silence. That was more than he could stand. He twirled around in his chair toward the clock. Five minutes of nine! A sudden idea seized him, he grabbed his books and dashed out. His fat legs flew. One minute of nine and he was in his seat on time!

When it was time to go back to classrooms after morning exercises, it occurred to him what really quite short and interesting performances they were. That girl with the long, light pigtails was the one that had just moved into the house opposite him.

"I'll bet she's fine, if she does play with dolls," mused Tom.

As luck would have it, she was put in the girls' aisle in a seat directly next to him—the one that had been vacant, and where he used to store his marbles and baseballs. But he didn't mind giving it up—she was a very pretty little girl, flushed a bit by the gaze of so many pairs of strange eyes.

If Tom thought of her prettiness at all, it was only to know that she looked more jolly than she did when he had seen her first. It was one day last week, before she came to school, when she was wheeling her doll carriage demurely up and down the sidewalk in front of her house. It occasionally would run off the curbstone, and then she switched her short skirts and bobbed her head until her hood fell back from a dainty and mischievous face. Tom had seen all this from the window of his "den" up under the eaves.



So now he felt quite well acquainted, and when she dropped her lead pencil, he picked it up very politely, put a long spear like point on it which broke the first time it wrote a word. She went right on with her work, only blushing a delicate pink. Tom wished it would fall again.

His own pencil he chewed cheerfully all the morning, and smiled in his private way. The curls of the girl ahead of him had no attraction, and the hard, round notes that came flying down the aisle received no answer, for the investigator of deep, mysterious plots was otherwise engaged.

He proved it at recess. He was the fastest runner in the school, in spite of his avoirdupois, or perhaps his skill consisted in dodging. Anyway, the person who could catch him was always rewarded by a burnt almond, or two, which he extracted from an inside coat pocket. He dodged and dodged this morning until he dodged right in the way of the new girl.

"Ellen's caught him," they all yelled, and he was obliged to give the reward to her.

At the end of the week Tom told Ellen that he went right by her house on his way home, so they might as well go long together. She agreed, and his small band of followers sat on the fence and, in awe-struck silence, watched them go by. One opened his mouth to shout.

"Shut up, you. She ain't sissy. Not if Tom likes her."

And that was the general verdict. Her position was assured.

"Do knives cost much?" Tom asked carelessly of his father one night, and he held up some Christmas magazine pictures. "Well, that depends. Anywhere from a dollar to a dollar and a half for the kind you'd want, I guess," and he went back to his paper.

Tom thought. A terrible doubt arose.

"Lizabeth," said Tom, cautiously, on the way to the nursery, "have you got a knife?"

She told him no.

"Well, don't you want one? Don't girls like knives?" with sudden vehemence.

"'Course. But why do you care?" she queried with suspicion.

"Oh! nothing," and he hurried off to bed.

On his pillow he was doing a real problem—mentally. That would mean thirty whole days, not including Latin days and Sundays until Christmas time. He skipped them over in his mind—that would be too much to expect, but every school day—yes, sir, he'd do it, and under his breath he added the solemn pledge, "or bust."

For days after that he gazed across the aisle at Ellen with the air of a great conspirator, and suggested dark hints of something that would happen to her.

But there were no more candies in his pockets—those cost money. His only tribute was an occasional flower or a glass marble that he had "won off of some other feller."

He didn't pull that other girl's hair at all, and yet his conduct mark was low, worse than ever. "Cases of inattention" was written on it, too. That only went to prove what he thought about teachers—they were silly things. He knew by the way they treated him at home that they thought he was being good (if he had only known what care they were taking not to break the spell—it had lasted almost a month now!) and in school they said he was bad.

Suppose he did get on the wrong side of his seat (he could walk directly behind Ellen then), it wasn't any business of Miss Smith's. But that wasn't so bad as keeping him after school—just long enough to let everybody be gone home, because she found him doing something else when he

ought to have been writing out his 'rithmetic examples. Tom, in reviewing it, neglected to remember that she had seen two names on his slate with letters crossed off, and had heard him murmuring something about "friendship" and "hate" when she swooped up behind. But even all this he could forgive if she didn't always catch his eye just as he had been looking back carelessly around the room toward the girls' side, to be sure, but then you could see the baseball field from those windows.

Figures were becoming quite interesting. This Friday afternoon they kept him intensely busy. Stupid things! They never came out the way you expected. He puckered his eyebrows and scraped his feet until he drew a sharp reminder from Miss Smith. Ten whole cents short! He imagined that now he felt the way cousin Ned did who was always looking for money to pay his "bills" or something with.

He thought of Saturday and Sunday mornings—in bed. No, that was more than he could do, but he'd do errands, lots and lots of them on Saturday.

When he did wake up on Saturday, the house was perfectly still. Was it early or late? He got up and peeped out the window. Not even a milkman was in sight. He could see the drawn shades of Ellen's room. Perhaps now if he got down real, real early, even before the cook, it would be worth ten cents.

He played with the cat a long while, broke all the iceicles off the window ledge, woke up the canary bird, and looked at all the pictures in the album before any one stirred. At last father came, and Tom thought it had been quite worth while just to see that smile and his old play fellow expression come back. He picked his son up and carried him into the dining room under his arm, amid mimic protests of kicking and

squealing. But the squealing stopped. Tom's eyes were riveted on the table. Three bright quarters and a bill were beside his plate.

"A knife and an ice cream" sang itself over and over again in his head. A sudden whoop started even his sister; the pup thought the game was on again and barked lustily.

Mother looked annoyed, and this time it was father who signalled patience.

\* \* \* \* \*

The jewelry window offered its usual Christmas attraction as sister dragged mother up to it.

"Look, mother! Tom didn't go skating at all. He's in there."

But Tom was oblivious, even to the well known voice. Through the open door mother saw two figures on tip-toe, chins pressed hard against the glass case.

"The brown one's the biggest," he was suggesting. 'o6.

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### Christmas Song.

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Far over the plains of Judea,  
Where shepherds were watching by night,  
Came floating mysterious music  
From skies filled with mystical light.  
Hallelujah! The shepherds are dreaming,  
But over and over again,  
The angels repeated their message  
Of peace and good will unto men.  
Across the wide world is still streaming  
The light of that first Christmas morn  
From the star over Bethlehem's manger,  
Where Christ the new king was born.  
Hallelujah! The whole world is singing,  
The angel's glad tidings to men  
Repeating the beautiful message  
Of peace and good will unto men.

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Good resolutions and boxes from home are very much alike, neither of them last very long.



# LOCALS

Nov. 11th.—A party from the seminary went to hear Mme. Emma Calve and her company.

Nov. 12th.—Miss Jeanne Adams, formerly a resident of Auburndale, and a friend of our Miss Chisholme, gave a very charming talk on her experiences and work in China. We were all very much interested in this account, and were anxious to help her in the noble calling.

Nov. 13.—Arthur Gilbert, fourth officer of the steamship Arabic was out for dinner. The girls who had met him on their visit to the steamer, sat at the same table, which was prettily decorated with a floral piece in the shape of a boat.

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Nov. 16th.—Mrs. Mary Sleeper Ruggles of Auburndale and Rev. Wm. W. Sleeper of Wellesley entertained us very delightfully with their "Balkan Echoes." Rev. Sleeper briefly sketched the history of Bulgaria, after which a programme of the various types of Bulgarian music was rendered.

Nov. 18th.—Miss Call continued with her lectures on nerve-training, this time taking up especially "The Strain of the Body." We learned that there are two kinds of attention, open and closed. Prejudices, tension and emotion lead to closed attention, therefore we ought to try to overcome these obstacles.

Nov. 23d.—Dr. Arthur Cooley, of Auburndale, gave a very interesting lecture on Greece. The talk was more firmly impressed upon our minds by the aid of stereopticon views of the land and people.

Nov. 25th.—Miss Call on Nerve Training. The particular subject for the afternoon was "Complete relaxation and rhythmical Breathing."

Nov. 26th.—A small party went to Cambridge to hear Henry Van Dyke.

Dec. 7th.—Lecture on the greatest of all tragedies, "Macbeth," by Col. Sprague. Col. Sprague gave a very interesting description of the character of Macbeth, according with his own belief that Macbeth was at first a thoroughly good man. This was followed by a clear synopsis of the play, with quotations from well-known passages.



## The Lend a Hand Library.

Just a little book case filled with the best books in the world, to be loaned to the best girls in the world, to help them to be better. I confess to having the vision, and our generous Principal helped it to materialize by providing the bookcase and contributing the first instalment of books. We have made one or two enthusiastic references to our Lend-a-Hand Library, and three Lasell girls have contributed several choice volumes, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Mabelle Whitney, '03, and Ida Mallory, '03, being the first donors. If any old girl reads a beautiful book and closes it with a feeling that she would like to place it in the hands of every young woman in the land, then just be kind enough to send the title and name of author to us, and do not hesitate if you are moved to send the book instead of the title. We will be sincerely grateful for either.

Yours for lending a hand,  
L. R. P. ('80.)

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to James's saving, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

The girl that comes in from the West;  
She's not just the same as the rest.  
She's never finical, haughty or cynical,  
That's why I like her the best.  
Her manner is always demure,  
And yet she knows how to allure.  
I don't mind confessing that she keeps me guessing,  
The girl that comes in from the West.



Florence Kiper is taking English at the University of Chicago, work in expression, etc., and attending two or three lecture courses. Is reading aloud to the old ladies at The Home for Incurables.

Agnes Wylie, '04, writes that she is much interested in matters in East Craftsbury—her home.

Carre Fuller of Canaan, Conn., is keeping house for her father. She also finds time to read a little French and German.

Ruth Binford is staying at home and learning how to cook. She says that our Miss Francis, the gymnastic teacher, is a great friend of her sister and a "fine, splendid woman."

Eva Robertson often thinks of us and her happy Lasell days, and wishes that she might have been spared from home for another year. She reads the Leaves and so keeps in touch with us as much as possible. She received a letter from Mabel Fredrick who is enjoying home life after her year's absence abroad. Calling at Mt. Holyoke one day she found Mary Dodge looking well and enjoying her work.

Leslie White, '05, is teaching English I, English II, and commercial correspondence in the Lowell Evening High School. Is also "Emergency Day Teacher" for her section of the city.

Claire Funke still thinks of us occasionally, and wonders "if the girls enjoy the school as much as I did."



Edith Simonds is spending the winter with her people in Pasadena, at 150 N. El Molino Ave.

One of the girls, who shall be nameless, writes:

"How I should like to be back! I never can say enough in favor of Lasell and am sure I never can lose interest in her or get over that longing to be back as one of her girls. Last year was the very happiest of my school life, and when I think of it, I feel just like saying Mrs. Martin's old refrain, which on some rainy days, I confess, used to be hard to say truthfully: 'Dear everybody, I love you.' Really, Dr. Bragdon, there is only one fault I can find with your school, and that is, that sometime or other we are all obliged to go through that painful ceremony of graduating and leave its dear walls as an alumna. Could you not do something to remedy that fault?"

Word at last has been received from long lost Josephine Bogart,—not only word, but a beautiful portrait which she claims was made from her face. She has become a genuine Canuck. She spent last winter in California and has traveled a good deal since here, spending a while in Paris and Geneva. She hopes all the girls are working hard at modern languages, for they will certainly find them of great use if they travel. While in Paris she ran across Grace Richards Woodruff, who had been living in Honolulu, and had many interesting things to tell of her life there.

Marinette Ramsdell, '02, is teaching school—substituting in one of the public schools. She rather likes the work. She writes: "September and October we were without a girl, and my Lasell training stood me in good stead when it came to getting the meals. I baked all the bread, and my faithful family ate it and declared it delicious."

Ellen McGrew, '02, is now Mrs. Ralph W. Hollenbeck, and lives cor. Arlington and Kenilworth ave., Springfield, O.

Jessie Babb Rathbone sends her subscription to the Leaves, and best wishes for the continued success of Lasell.

Mrs. David Baker (Kate Miller) is now living in Haverford, Penn.

We are proud to count among "our girls," Eva Chandler of Barton Landing, Vt., who graduates from Tufts College next year. She has been chosen as one of the representatives of the students in the A. B. course upon the Commencement platform, and the prize scholarship of the class of 1898 has been awarded to her. This scholarship is given to the Senior, who at the end of her Junior year has attained the highest excellence in a course of study broadly and wisely chosen. We congratulate Miss Eva most heartily upon her well deserved success.

Lasell was honored recently with a call from Rev. John Butler, D. D., of Mexico, father of Evelyn Butler, here in 1899. Prof. Barker of Boston University accompanied Dr. Butler.

Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D., grandfather of Mildred and Elizabeth Peirce, was among our December callers.

Miss Nell D. Jones, '04, of Paris, is honored with the position of State Recording Secretary (King's Daughters). So reads the headlines of the Paris, Ill., *Daily Beacon*. In this enterprising Illinois city occurred the annual meeting of the King's Daughters. This is just what we expected to hear of "our Nell." We have learned incidentally that it was largely through the energetic efforts of this Lasell girl, and her local King's Daughters circle, that this enthusiastic, successful convention was brought about. We wish her God speed in her beautiful service, "In His name."

Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, sends us a delightful message from the Methodist parsonage at Southbridge, where she is spending the winter with her father, Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D. She and her father, in company with her sister, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, and her husband, Mr. Silas Peirce, (Lasell's new trustee), took a coaching trip recently through this hill country, which they describe as being quite as picturesque as the Berkshires. One rare autumn day they spent with Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81, at her beautiful summer home in Dudley, Mass. Nellie's oldest son is a Freshman at Harvard. Annie's oldest daughter a Senior at Lasell.

"When he shall appear we shall be like him." A few rare souls begin to take on that Christ-likeness even on "this side." We shall not soon forget Dr. Martha Sheldon or her message. Those far away Himalaya mountains seem nearer and sort of friendly to us since they are "her highlands." From now on we mean to take prayerful interest in the people of Bhot because they are her people and in great need of Christian help. Dr. Sheldon's presence was an inspiration and benediction.

Through the courtesy of Alfred S. Gilbert, fourth officer of R. M. S. Arabic, who made our visit to that magnificent ship so pleasant and interesting, we are enabled to place on our library shelves a beautiful volume of "Cathedral Cities of England," written by his brother, George Gilbert.

We are also glad to receive a copy of "A Text-Book of Sociology," written by James Quayle Dealey, Ph. D., Professor of Social and Political Science in Brown University, (uncle of our Annie and Fannie Dealey), and Lester Frank Ward, LL. D., of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

We have received calls from the following "old girls": Leota Hartley, Mrs. Mary

Goodwin Olmsted, '03, Elsie Reynolds, '00, Mrs. Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, Mrs. Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, Ethel West, Mrs. Minnie Woodbury May, Mrs. Charlotte Strongman Chapple, Edith Sisson, Alice Moore, Nellie Krause, Bertha Manchester, Elsie Burdick, '99, Grace Hardy, '04, with the sister of our Elizabeth Campbell, Margaret Lamborn, Jennie Drew, Mabel Martin, Leslie White, '05, Grace Rowe, '05, Alice Bean.

The following have received calls from members of their family and relatives: Misses Conant, Dorothea Caldwell, Reilly Rogers, Goodall, Brock, Wheaton, Fuller, Cornelia Eaton, Carleton, Serviss, Marshall, Boyce, Plant, Argue, Wilmarth, Pautot, Percy, Edna and Ida Sisson, Judson, Martha and Anita Wilson, Webb, Bragdon, Krag and Gunn.

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### Deaths.

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We are grieved to make note of the death of Mr. W. R. Upham, father of our Mary Upham, '02.

The sad news comes to us of the death of Lillian Bailey Mayo, sister of our Bess and Margaret. She leaves two little girls, Helen and the baby, Susan. Bess, like the noble woman she is, has gone back to Indianapolis to live with, and mother the little ones.

Nettie Watson Woods, here in 1882, died at her home in Waltham, in October.

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### Marriages.

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Bertha Brigham Hayden, '03, to Olcott Frederick King, East Hartford, Conn. At home December 6, 13. 20, South Windsor, Conn.

Courteney Harlan to Herman W. Fifer, Tuesday, Nov. 28, at Saint Matthews Church, Bloomington, Ill. At home after January 1, at 909 North McLean street.



### **Lasell Missionary Society.**

The Society is very proud of little Baidzar Nahigian, who writes us her first letter in English. We have helped to keep her in Miss Barnum's school in Turkey since her first year in the kindergarten, and it may be interesting to see the quaint way she expresses herself.

My dear benefacture:

I want to write a letter to you in England to reveal my thanks to you for your kindnesses.

Now I am freshman yet I have four years to finish my turn. We take this lessons, holy bible, old arminian, history, zoology, Rhetoric, English, and once we take English writting lessons. It gives miss Riggs. I wish we had that lesson every day. The number of our class is the most we are 36 girls. I have 35 companies. This year we must speak English every day in the school.

Last year we speak would only two day. We like very much to speak English sometime it is very funny to us because we can not make understand to others our thoughts and sometime we give an answer which is not the answer of question it make us laughf very much.

I like very much to speak England. Sometime I speak in our house with my sister and my mother.

My mother has not gone to school only 7 month has gone, but she has learn. Every Tuesday we have a sewing lesson. This year miss Danels wishes that we learn to sow so we do not make hand work like every years. I have one mother she can not to keep us, she has no work. some time she has work only to and tree days.

I have one brother and one sister she is a teacher in our school. she take care for us as well as she can. she sends money to my money to my brother in Brusa to learn Silk Worm Culture.

Two weeks ago he took his dبلوما in this winter he can't work, he will begin to worke on spring. I have no father I did not knew him.

This is the first letter which I have written in English. so I think I have done much mistakes, but I wil try to learn more and more, and I will do my best.

I pray for you every day. I am sure that you pray for me.

I know that God will reward you for your kindness.

I try to rewarde you with my effort.

I remain your girl,

BAIDZAR NAHIGIAN.

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### **Miss Chamberlaynes' Palace.**

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I am very thankful to Miss Chamberlayne for helping me get a start at Lasell. If it had not been for her I should not have had the courage to come here at all. Lasell is proud of her as a former preceptress, and we are all proud of her as a woman, therefore, we are gratified to find her and her school in so elegant a building as she has found at 28 Fenway. Really it is like one of the palaces of Genoa,—the best thing I have seen in Boston. The pupils of this school have not only a rare woman as a leader, but a home so fine that they will instinctively lift themselves to be fit to live in it.

---

Let thy day be to thy night,

A letter of good tidings.

Let thy praise

Go up as birds go up that when they wake  
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home

And make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow and cherish her,  
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee  
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,  
In weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

### Shivers.

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IN and out, around and even under the house went the five, dark-haired, black-eyed French children in vain pursuit of the small creature who refused to be captured. The white ladies had seen it, and had said they wanted it, and that was enough, for it was but a waif and the "ladies" had anything they wanted at the farm, from the last bud on the rose bushes to the feathers of the guinea hens, which are really beautiful to trim hats with.

Finally, a little colored boy, who had joined the excitement resorted to strategy, lying down flat upon his face on one end of the piazza where the small victim would now and then dart out for a second, and with one dexterous sweep of his arm he seized and held aloft a tiny, wriggling puppy. "How did you get him, Jake?" every one asked, and drawing himself up until it would seem that his head was nearing the clouds, Jake showed every one of his very white teeth with the pleasure of being the hero of the moment, and replied, "By de scruff ob de neck."

The poor little thing was trembling violently, and it seemed as though it would never would stop shaking. Someone proposed calling him "Jake" in honor of his deliver, which immensely pleased the original of the name, but the idea was reconsidered when the name of "Shivers" was laughingly suggested. Any one could name a dog Jake, but who ever heard of a dog named "Shivers?" and the still shivering puppy was christened on the spot.

---

When you see that Sorrow  
Would your dreams destroy,  
Tell her: "call tomorrow—  
I'm at home with Joy."

"How did you get on with your written examinations?" inquired a friend of a young boy who had been undergoing the ordeal prescribed for those who were to present themselves for the rite of confirmation.

"Pretty good," replied the boy. "But I don't feel quite sure of all my answers."

"What, for instances?"

"Why, that one, 'How did Moses deliver the children of Israel?'"

"Did you answer it?"

"Oh, yes, I answered it."

"What did you say?"

"C. O. D."

---

At the present time there is plenty of water in the new mining camps of Nevada, but not very long ago there was not enough to satisfy the requirements of prospectors and miners, and in Goldfield the outgrowth of the scarcity is a situation which the *San Francisco Chronicle* reports.

A capitalist who recently visited the camp noticed a sign on a building which proclaimed the fact that baths were to be had there. He went in and told the man in charge that he would like a bath. The man took his money and handed back a ticket.

"What's this for?" the capitalist demanded. "I want a bath, not a bath ticket."

"Oh, you'll get your bath," the manager said, easily. "Let me see your ticket. Number eight hundred and thirteen. There are eight hundred and twelve people ahead of you. But you come around in three or four weeks, and you'll get your bath all right."

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Ethel.—I offered Ferdie a penny for his thoughts."

Edith.—Well, I'll never let you do any shopping for me!"



## A Pertinent Query.

We've the modern horseless carriage and the wire-  
 less telegram,  
 Likewise smokeless powder now in use from New  
 York to Siam,  
 We've the soundless war torpedo coursing under-  
 neath the sea,  
 While no doubt the wingless airship is a thing  
 that's soon to be;  
 So, 'tis natural to wonder if the time is far away,  
 When the moonbeams will be beamless and the sun  
 give rayless ray,  
 When the earth's crust will be crustless, pur-  
 chased by a trustless trust,  
 And all microbes will grow lifeless living in  
 a dustless dust.  
 When we'll rest until we're restless, breathing in  
 the airless air,  
 Smoking smokeless cut tobacco, while we comb our  
 hairless hair;  
 When from seedless seeds will issue goodly crops  
 of fruitless fruits,  
 Upon treeless trees well nourished by some sturdy  
 rootless roots,  
 When the cities and the country will be full of  
 noiseless noise,  
 Painless pain and sleepless sleeping and a thous-  
 and other joys,  
 When we'll drink of juiceless juices just to please  
 a tasteless taste,  
 And the show bills will be pasted on the boards  
 with pasteless paste.  
 When the nurse will drop the baby 'mid a rush of  
 careless cares,  
 And he'll roll with bumpless bumping safely down  
 the stairless stairs;  
 When the tireless tire-woman will be sponging  
 spotless spots,  
 From the leading lady's dresses rich with dotless  
 polka dots;  
 When the birds with wingless wings will sit on  
 limbless limbs and spark,  
 While they leave the leafless leaves to rustle gently  
 in the park;  
 When the listless maid will listen to her lover's  
 toneless tones,  
 As he sounds a soundless wooing over phoneless  
 telephones,  
 When rheumatics will not worry in a world of  
 jointless joints,  
 And the pins in all the cushions will be stuck on  
 pointless points;  
 When the after-dinner speaker will delight with  
 speechless speech,  
 And the nation's eagle bird be trained to do a  
 screechless screech;

When the railroads of the country will be running  
 trainless trains,  
 While we'll find forsooth, the final end of endless  
 chainless chains;  
 And when, lastly, nothing will be less than noth-  
 ing, who can say,  
 Is the time when all these things will be, so very  
 far away?

*Arthur Macdonald Dole, Sunset Magazine.*

One of the greatest of the American rail-  
 ways has given to a woman gardener an  
 important appointment. She is to have  
 charge of the landscape gardening and re-  
 modeling of the railway station precincts on  
 both main and branch lines throughout  
 nine States. A special railway car is as-  
 signed to her, in which she travels over the  
 line, and changes and improvements will be  
 made at her discretion, costing up to a cer-  
 tain "credit." It is a great undertaking,  
 and it is quite characteristic of America  
 that the task should have been committed  
 to a capable woman gardener.

"She is the cleverest woman of my ac-  
 quaintance," was the verdict of one neigh-  
 bor on another, "because she is not in the  
 least dull, and yet manages to be restful. I  
 know so many bright women—bright in all  
 sorts of different ways, but all alike in one  
 thing. They are never reposeful. They  
 amuse you, charm you, stimulate you, daz-  
 zle you—but they never, never rest you by  
 any chance."

Miss Bessie Bain, who lives on a farm  
 near Chatham, N. Y., has been appointed  
 an overseer of highways in her district.  
 She will superintend the work in person  
 and put into effect some original ideas rela-  
 tive to road construction. Miss Bain is an  
 expert with the reins, and every morning  
 drives a spirited team four miles to Chat-  
 ham, when the milk from the farm is de-  
 livered at a station.

## Doubted Its Newness.

In a certain home where the stork recently visited  
 there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When  
 he was first taken in to see the new arrival, he ex-  
 claimed:

"Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma,  
 it hasn't any hair!"

Then clasping his hands in despair, he cried:  
 "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."—*Phil-  
 adelphia Ledger.*

## New England Geography

(CONTINUED)

Vermont is part of a peninsula, New Hampshire being the other half. It is the narrowest state in the union and pedestrians going north or south have to use New Hampshire as a passing track. Vermont fought well in the war of the revolution, but has not been very pugnacious since then. The legislative market is very slow, not a single senator having changed hands in the past year. Three-quarters of the tombstones used in America come from Vermont, the soil on most of its farms being composed of solid marble.

Rhode Island is a freckle on the map about as big as a postage stamp. It is the smallest state in the union and, according to Lincoln Steffens, is governed by the smallest legislators. It is so small that a bow legged man can get off the steamer at Fall River, Mass., and walk right over the state with the other leg in Connecticut without touching it. The northern half of Rhode Island is covered with factories, manufacturing textile fabrics, and the southern half is covered with millionaires' cottages, manufacturing evidence for divorce scandals. The state is very thickly populated and when a man wishes to swing a pair of indian clubs he has to go over into Connec-

ticut where he will not hurt anyone. The New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad occupies most of the state and the train porters call it as follows: "Rhode Island. All those wishing to stop in this state will get off from the middle car."

Connecticut is a sort of back porch for New York, and is only used by the rich as a roadway to their garages on Manhattan island. Connecticut is covered with factories and college students. It is the seat of Yale college, which is the most democratic college in the world, the rich students often lending their automobiles to classmates who haven't a summer cottage to their name.

Massachusetts, the richest and most populous of the New England states, contains 5,000 towns and villages separated from each other by stone fences. There are so many villages in Massachusetts that they ran out of names long ago and adopted the plan of using the points of the compass. There is a Hampton, a North Hampton, or East Hampton, South Hampton and West Hampton, and in due time there will be a Northeast by North Hampton. Massachusetts is one of the richest farming states in the union, all Massachusetts farmers are rich. They get rich by going to the cities and going into business. Later on they come back to the old farm for the summer

## OLD JEWELS

The largest and most interesting display of Old Jewelry in the Country. Many rare and unusual pieces that cannot be duplicated. Some original pendants in charming designs, in gold, silver and silver gilt. Curious old fob watch chains and old English neck chains in double and secret links, Egyptian Amulets, Scarabs and Dieties that were worn 3000 years ago. Old Norwegian silver designs of the Seventeenth Century period. Some beautiful pendants and brooches from Darmstadt. The finest and most complete Coral Set ever shown in Boston. Bead Necklets in real stones of every description. Old English and French Paste Jewels, Buckles, Clasps, Bracelets, etc. A large collection of Old Rings. Many of rare beauty and interest. Thousands of articles for personal use or ornament, and the usual display of artistic curiosities for gifts or collectors. Everything exactly as represented.

**WILLIAM T. SHEPHERD, 372 Boylston Street, Boston.**



and raise bluegrass lawns. There are thousands of farms in Massachusetts that have made their owners more money by starving them off than they ever did by raising crops for them. Massachusetts also contains Boston, the hub of the trolley systems. But that is another story.

GEORGE FITCH.

Not long ago, says a well-known university graduate, an old New England preparatory school found itself so overcrowded that its income would not meet expenses. It was proposed to raise the tuition, a measure that would have solved the financial difficulty, but would have shut out boys of limited means, such as before had been able to work their way through, and were now among the best graduates of the school. The cry went out to increase the endowment for the sake of the poor boys. "I shall respond," said one rich graduate, who had a growing family, "not so much on the poor boys' account as to try to save alive at least one school where a rich man's son can get to know some boys who are not exactly in the same general case as himself. I don't want my boys to go to school and then to college with the same lot of mates, and come to grown-up years thinking that their kind is the only kind worth knowing."

## Stationery

There is a style and variety to our Writing Papers, Calling Cards, etc., that appeals to the college girl.

**Thorpe & Martin Co**

Boston's Stationers

66 Franklin St., Boston

## Ladies' Department, at the Shuman Corner

Ladies' and Misses' Coats, originated and designed exclusively for our ladies' suit department, Ladies' Shirt Waists, Negligees, Muslin Underwear and Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Hats and Shoes.

**A. SHUMAN & CO.**

## IS HE A BACHELOR ?

THEN HE NEEDS

A Chafing Dish ?  
Decanter ?  
Sleeve-links ?  
Shaving Appointments ?  
Smokers' Articles ?  
Silver-mounted Corkscrew ?

Or, if you're still a little puzzled, come in and look about our store

**SMITH PATTERSON  
COMPANY** WHOLESALE  
AND RETAIL

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers, and  
Silversmiths

52 Summer Street, Boston

# JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY,

## Carpets, Rugs and Upholstery,

### The Largest, Choicest and Most Complete Stock in Boston. Prices Always Moderate.

Washington Street, opposite Boylston, = = Boston, Mass.

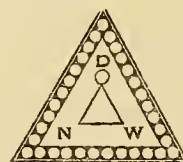
#### Societies.



President—Mildred Peirce.  
 Vice President—Clara Mattridge.  
 Secretary—Lucy Wilson.  
 Treasurer—Julia Potter.  
 Critic—Lela Goodale.  
 Ushers—Cornelia Eaton, Lillian Douglass  
 Music Committee—Ida Sisson, Elizabeth Peirce.  
 Executive Committee—Fern Dixon, Ina Harber, Edna Sisson.



President—Maude B. Simes.  
 Vice President—Anna Blackstock.  
 Secretary—Meta Buehner.  
 Business Manager—Fanny Thatcher.  
 Asst. Business Manager—Kathryne Mc-Clanahan.  
 Critic—Katherine Fassett.  
 Executive Committee—Elizabeth Bacon, Edith Anthony, Louise Kelly.  
 Guards.—Gertrude Graham, Esther Blackstock, Fannie Dealey.



President—Helen F. Carter.  
 Vice President—Helen Wait.  
 Secretary—Helen E. Carter.  
 Business Manager—Sarah Caldwell.  
 Executive Committee — Marion Stahl,  
 Mary Masters, Edna Thurston.  
 Sentinels—Cora Danforth, Ethel Taft.

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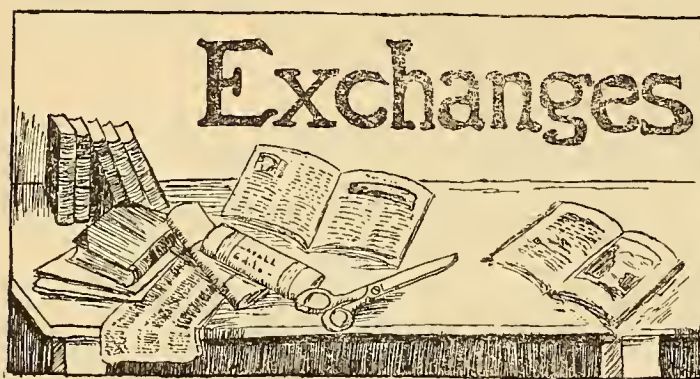
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Not many of the exchanges have come in yet for December. We acknowledge the following additions to our list: "Vail-Deane Budget," "Lowell High School Review," "The Advance," "Salem H. S."

The "Allsonia" has a very good exchange column and several good cuts.

"The Cricket" keeps up its usual good style, and is a very interesting paper.

"High School Life," from Melrose, H. S. has some very good fiction. This always makes an interesting paper.

We are glad to add the "Vail-Deane Budget" to our list of exchanges, as it is a very good paper. There are several good stories, one to be noted being "Miss Matilda's Thanksgiving."

"The Advance," Salem H. S., has a good exchange column. Any paper is to be commended for that. All papers are improved by a few cuts heading the different columns. We notice them especially in "The Argus" and "The Cricket." Others will do well to profit by their example. We do not find much fiction in "The Tattler."

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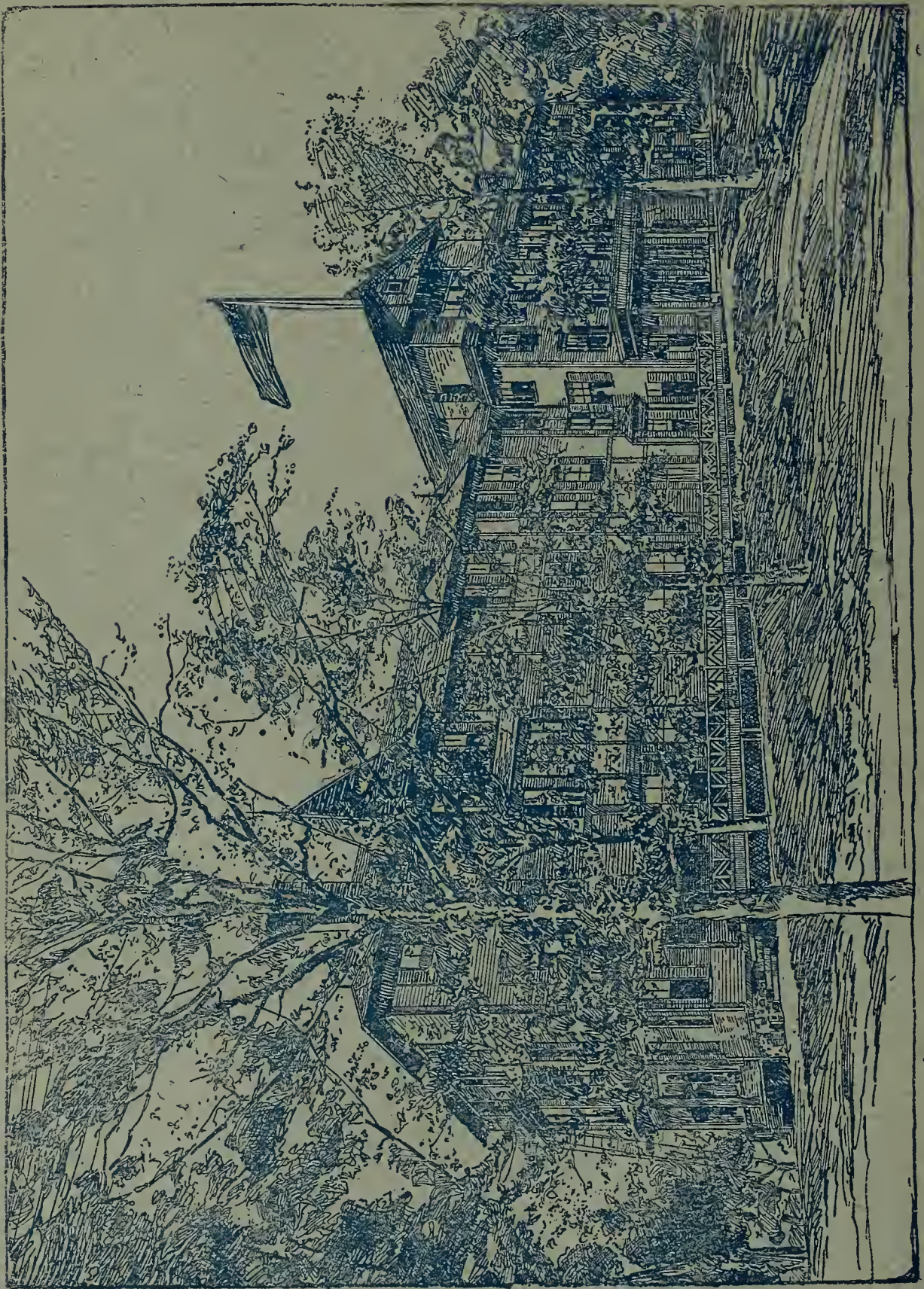
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JANUARY, 1906

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VOL. XXXI, No. 4



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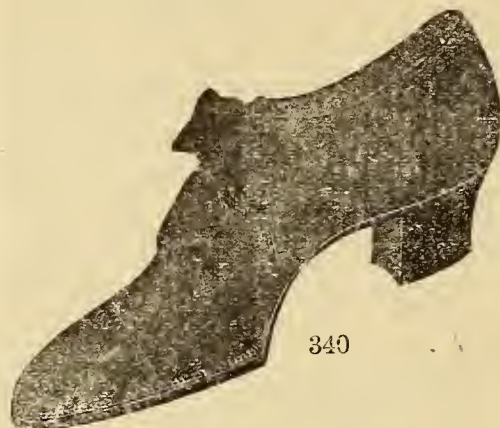


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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXXI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JANUARY, 1906.

NUMBER 4

Published monthly during the School year by the Lasell Publishing Association.

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

---

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, in a recent magazine article, urges her sisters to cultivate an interest in the affairs which most interest men, with a view to promoting mutual attachment. She says: "There is no art that requires more practice than that of getting into touch with men's minds. How few men and women past their youth have anything in common. It is hopeless to expect men to take part in our feminine pursuits, so, apparently, the only way out is for us to interest ourselves in theirs. A healthy interest in bigger things than our own personal concerns would do much to take from us the well deserved reproach of small mindedness."

The habit which many women have formed, and from which they apparently do not attempt to secure freedom, of devoting a larger portion of their time and thought to the trivial things of life, robs them of the capacity of enjoying or assimilating much which would add to intellectual growth.

On the other hand the woman who enters into such work without exercising much discriminating judgment, in taking up the subjects in which men are interested, might find herself amid unpleasant surroundings. But interest in that which best serves humanity should not be limited by lines of sex. As woman's opportunities open she is quick to place herself in touch with all the active forces which tend to the betterment of mankind.

---

### SUNSET.

---

Sunken beneath a purple-peaked hill,  
 With one last look of love the sun is gone;  
 But the warm west, who feels his death-kiss still,  
 Heart-passionate, throbs on.

*Margaret Houston.*

Miss Ransom suggests that I just tell you to read last year's letter on the journey hither "for you came the same route, so what is there new to say?" But that is only a bit of sarcasm on her part. She is trying to insinuate that I can't write anything new about our trip (Miss Genn's and mine), because it was over the same old Santa Fe Road. But you read this and compare with that, and see if I can't.

For one thing I had a new mate, Emma Genn, and saw things through her new eyes. And they were sharp eyes, I assure you. I watched to see if she would notice things that seemed to me to be noticeable. Nothing escaped her. And she fell in love with the desert, as Barbara did. I am always deeper in love with its kaleidoscope of colors and forms. It rests me yet I am always seeing new beauties in it. It is never dull. She ought to tell you her own story, but I can't get her to.

Chicago was as smoky as ever—and as busy. It is commercially strange that when that smoke represents 90 per cent. waste in coal they can't find a real smoke consumer. There is a fortune for the one who invents that. Why don't some of you girls do it?

At Kansas City we saw a few Lasell girls, Myrtle Hewson, (Lotta was ill) newly married, and very happy—but Myrtle always seemed happy—a great gift or art, which? Gertrude Jones and her wonderful baby and cosy home, Minnie Baebach and her splendid boy, who is a master at asking questions. Tried to find others but "not at home," or "they don't live here any longer." That latter answer is very exasperating when one has spent precious time going to the address last given to Lasell.

In Colorado Miss Genn went on to Colorado Springs to see Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canon and Pike's Peak, while I spent the time with Belle London



Bragdon and her three fatherless girllies. She is making a brave fight with the stunning loss of last August.

Over the Rockies to Albuquerque, N. M. Here we stayed a day to see the Indian school and Islata, a quaint Indian town near. With some trouble I found Carlota "the singer of the Pueblo," who entertained me some years ago most kindly, but now gave me the cold shoulder. Perhaps because she is married?

However, her brother-in-law was a good host, and took us all about. The houses are all white, of adobe mud or stone, plastered over and white washed, mostly of one story with flat roofs, which serve as yards and porches for the gathering and lounging of the inmates. Towards evening we saw from a distance as we waited for the train, most of the villagers in the brightly colored blankets they use for outer wraps (for it was getting chilly as the sun went down) gathered upon these roofs, waiting for the return of their mayor. Picturesque, very.

These Indians are prosperous, many of them owning government bonds, large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and many wide acres of good land. They are reticent, not easily cajoled into telling of themselves and their affairs, dignified and comely. I asked our guide why those three men were sitting idle in the day time. He said, "Nothing to do. Crops all in." "But," I said, "can they afford not to be working?" "O, yes, they have plenty. No more work this winter. Next spring work."

We were invited into one or two of the houses by special courtesy—several others refusing the request. Several had chamber sets, chairs, etc. Most sleep on a bench of cement which runs around the room. Some women were cooking, others washing by an out-door fire. They had many utensils such as we use. One girl had been to the

school in Albuquerque, adopted American costume, etc., but had relapsed into her Indian clothes. Most do some sisters said, who seemed to know.

In a storm of snow and rain we came to the Grand Canon. In a storm of snow and rain we left it the next morning. Shortening our visit to the "greatest thing on earth"—the thing I had most wished Emma to see—because we could see nothing, and the weather promised stormy. It was a great disappointment to me. Emma does not know how much she lost.

She took it cheerily, as she does everything, you know. We were delayed thirty-three hours in Needles by a washout. She had a good chance here to see Indians of another race and type—very repulsive these Needles Indians are to me. A nickle got her a chance to see a pappoose bound stiff in its basket as the mother was shopping. They say Indian babies never cry. This one did, but not after Emma looked at her.

We came into Pasadena just in time for turkey. I ought to write it Turkey, for a turkey out here is a costly thing. The last we had cost \$5.00, and it wasn't a big turkey. They say it came from Kansas City! I should want \$5.00 if I had to come all the way from Kansas City to be eaten!

Here are the flowers, here is the sunshine! The graceful pepper and palm trees, the red hedges of geranium, the white hedges of callas, the heliotrope and the roses climbing into our second story window; the acres of carnations, the purple masses of bougainvillea, the vivid scarlet poinsettias, the delicate Lasell blue plumbago, the friendly long-stemmed violets, the great bushes of marquerites, the flowing eucalyptus trees, the royal fuchsia. These are all grown out of doors, remember, and all greet us with a

warm daily welcome in the dead of winter." There is no dead winter here!

Lu Orrell Eddy has just moved into a quaint mission bungalow, not far from us, on a large estate which she and Mr. Eddy are beautifying with great taste.

They will have one of the quaintest and coziest homes in Pasadena.

I wish Lasell could claim credit for having been any factor in the gracious womanliness of this beloved daughter of hers. Mrs. Lulu is very loyal to Lasell, and is a friend worth having. She is an aunt of our Mary Willett, '05.

Edith Simonds, with mother and brother, are living on the next street, and we are already old friends. Ettie May Pierson Robertson I hear lives on our street. I have not seen her yet. I don't think she remembers how old I am or she would have "dropped in." Don't you think I am old enough now for the girls to call on me first?

Lizzie Bacon Whittemore is at 80 South Marecyo, a citizen now. Jen Williams McCoy is also a citizen. I called on Lois Thomas, but she had changed homes so I did not find her. Anita Wade I found in a pleasant home at 1847 W. 12th Street. She says Charlotte Thearle is in San Diego, and coming to Los Angeles, when I hope to see her. Miriam Nelson is a neighbor with her whole family. We are going to enjoy them, though so far they have had anxiety about her younger brother and sister, who have been ill, but are better. Miriam looks as happy as ever. She ought to tell the LEAVES of the Lasell girls she saw on her way out. Probably she will. She saw more than I did. Carrie Johnson Miller looks as prosperous as ever. She is building a new home, and will have all the fun of furnishing it. For shopping for a home is the acme of delight to a woman?

I'll send you a Tournament of Roses pa-

per, and you can all see what we were up to January 1.

You are too late to get the advantage of a first place in the foot ball matter, aren't you. Don't forget, "I told you so."

One thing I noticed that you'll be interested in. In the finest jewelry store a man clerk chewed gum vigorously all the time he was waiting on customers, women and men alike! You'll not find *that* in Boston!

Yours in all love and loyalty,  
C. C. B.

### Small Brother and the Party.

UPON the arrival of a note which was obviously an invitation, addressed to Small Brother, the family waited with breathless curiosity to learn its contents and their effect, for we well knew Small Brother's deep-rooted, unconquerable aversion to parties. We were not surprised, therefore, at his look of unspeakable disgust, when, on his return from school, he learned that the pleasure of his company was requested; and the injunction, "Come in disguise," only deepened his frown. At first he declared that he would not go to the party; and the voice of parental authority, assuring him that he must attend, threw him into a pitiful state of dejection.

His older sister undertook to provide for his costume, planning, much to his dismay, to array him in overalls and bandannas. From that day, thoughts of the hated party seemed to occupy his mind to the exclusion of everything else. One morning, while the conversation at the breakfast table was balancing between the new parlor carpet and the French Theatre, he burst forth, without any previous connection, "Aw, gee, I think it's fierce!"

"What's fierce?" we demanded.

"Who ever heard of wearing overalls to



a party? I don't think that's any good; I don't think that's what you're s'posed to do; I don't think any of the rest of 'em 'll dress crazy like that."

We calmed his agitation for the moment, but the next afternoon, when he was practicing on his violin, he suddenly broke off in the middle of a scale to exclaim forcibly, "Well, I don't see whv I have to, anyway!" a remark not lucid in itself, but easy to interpret.

At last the dreaded hour came, and the entire family gathered in Small Brother's room to watch his older sister ply the burnt cork, and add the finishing touches to his toilet. He was dressed in a blue blouse and overalls, with a bright red and green tie; one bandanna handkerchief streamed from a hip pocket, while another was wound tightly around his head. A fruitful source of debate between him and his sister was the suspender question; she thought it would look more natural to wear them over his blouse, but he objected, on the ground that girls were to be at the party. At last he was given his own way, was declared black enough, and was sent off to enjoy himself.

When he entered the house, three hours later, a chorus of voices called, "Did you have a good time?" Only a close observer noticed the corners of his mouth begin to curve upwards, as he answered, in a carefully careless way, "Oh, not very."

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### Ten Things Never to be Regretted.

Living a pure life.  
 Hearing before judging.  
 Thinking before speaking.  
 Harboring clean thoughts.  
 Standing by your principles.  
 Being generous to an enemy.  
 Stopping your ears to gossip.  
 Bridling a slanderous tongue.  
 Being square in business dealings.  
 Putting the best constructions on the acts of others.—*Exchange*.

### My Impressions of Southern California.

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My first impression was of the beautiful, even perfect climate, they had there. The day following our arrival, I went out of doors to look about. It was warm, and a gentle wind was blowing just enough to make one comfortable, and I said to myself, "This is what you could call a perfect summer day." I remembered in the East, that most of our summer days lacked a cool, breeze, and I often thought if there was only a gentle, cool breeze blowing, the day would be perfect, but here my desire was realized.

Every day following was just the same, and when it came to be January and as warm as ever, I felt full of the joy of living and was out of doors as much as possible to enjoy every day.

The mountains, which can be seen from nearly every location, are very beautiful, and it is a constant delight to look at them. They change colors several times a day from blue gray to purple, and then to pink. The highest especially in winter, are capped with snow which sparkles in the sunlight like diamonds.

The palms and pepper trees are very beautiful, and the streets, which are shaded by them, have a pleasing appearance.

I have found the roses to be exceptionally large and beautiful, and have lovely foliage. It is so easy to raise all kinds of flowers, and they are so perfect, that every one has a great many.

My uncle has a ranch in Hollywood, and in the spring all went out there for a few days. The orange trees were in blossom and the air was filled with their fragrance, even the house was filled with the sweet odor.

The oranges are much sweeter when allowed to ripen on the trees, and there is a great abundance of them in their season. I enjoy the fruits here very much, the grapes are especially good.

I. M. BOWERS.

DEAR GIRLS:—

Some time ago Dr. Bragdon asked me to tell of my work among the newsboys of my city. I know only a few of the girls now at Lasell, yet I am "an old girl," and so hope to interest you in one side of life you know little about unless you have had the privilege of working among this class of people.

When Stephen P. Streeter was a small lad he sold newspapers from the busy street-corners, thus coming in contact with the well-known "newsboy." His young heart was touched by the stories of his comrades, who were less fortunate than himself, and he vowed that when he was a man he would do all in his power to help the newsboys. He is now a Justice of Peace in our city and founder and superintendent of the Newsboys' Club.

The Club has a membership of fourteen hundred, the object being to keep the newsboy off the street and out of the saloons at night. The club is not to reform the street-boy but to protect him before the mis-step is taken and to give him some ambition in life. It is carried on by volunteer leaders and donations of all kinds from individuals and societies of the city.

Seven rooms are at the disposal of the members of the club. A room for carpentry, basketry, printing, gymnasium, music, library, and two rooms for the boys to play in. Classes have been organized as follows: Parliamentary Law, Wood Carving, Candy Making, Printing (with full printing outfit), Dramatic Class, Glee Club, Pyrography, Art, Debating, Military Drill, and an Anti-Cigarette Smoking League.

A Bank is the most important part of the club. Each member has a bankbook and here he can save his pennies and draw his money when he wishes. This is a good idea, for it teaches the boy the value and use of money.

Each class or club has certain evenings upon which they meet, some twice a week, others only once.

On the wall of the dressing room hang the club rules, the first being: "Boys are to wash hands and face and comb their hair before attending any class or reading any book or paper." Another is—"Boys are to say 'Please' when asking for anything," These rules are never forgotten, and oftentimes many boys are late to their classes because of the time spent in cleaning themselves.

There is no religious teaching; purity, love of home and a desire for cleaner lives without criminal tendencies are instilled into the minds of the boys—fitted to each individual use. When a boy applies for a membership ticket the superintendent looks up his home life. If he finds the boy has a good home he is not allowed to join, for such a boy might make trouble with those who know nothing of the joy of a loving mother and father. The boys are taken not from homes but from the street and the leaders of the club work through the homes as far as possible, acting as guardian, adviser and friend. These boys in the club are not governed by severity but by kindness, behind which is firmness; many rough edges are smoothed by gentle influence.

Some people say this class of boy "takes all and gives nothing," but this is not true. The boys prove it every meeting. At the end of the year the boys, with no suggestion from anyone, gave us a bunch of roses bought with the pennies they had saved. One teacher was sick and the boys sent her a bunch of flowers with a card saying, "From the class." Never is a teacher allowed to move an article of furniture if any of the boys are around, for they relieve her of all such duties and are displeased if she insists upon helping. Every meeting I was



presented with an apple which had been shined on the giver's ragged coat. One member, age 11, of my class, often busied himself with his pencil. One evening I watched him to see what he wrote—he was intently sketching a little water scene with a ship, on a piece of board. To my surprise it was excellent. Since then his artistic ability shows itself often, and I only hope he may have an opportunity of educating himself in this line. Another member, age 9, although very ragged and dirty, had the most beautiful eyes, blue as the sky, curly golden hair which always needs combing. This little lad cried when I wanted to take his picture, "that black box might shoot me." His father would not let him come to the club because he had to cross the railroad track. But his father was drunk so often that the little fellow said, "I sneak out when me fadder ain't lookin'."

One living outside the daily life of the Boys' Club can not realize the joy in doing small favors for the members. The genuine delight expressed in the lads' faces is pay enough for the teachers' time spent in these club rooms.

There is not a shadow of a doubt but this club is a potent influence, and a power in the city, for making thousands of our boys find their way into right paths of living, who without it would be led into ways of criminality and pauperism.

C. L. P., 1903-'04.

#### FELLOW WEAVERS.

Fond worker, thy completed job  
Fills well this corner of my room;  
One nail, that picture-cord, a knob,  
Have served thy purpose for a loom.

The crafty net thus deftly spread  
Bespeaks the trained artificer;  
From thine own self is drawn each thread  
That forms the filmy gossamer.

Comrade, with thee, in tenuous thought,  
Some toilsome threads I've stretched; I strove  
To claim—as warp and woof I brought—  
A corner for the thing I wove.

But here some dusting-maid ere long  
Will come, regardless of thy care,  
To spoil thy web—and soon my song,  
Alas, an equal fate will share!

John Troland.



Arthur H. Linscott, husband of Gertrude Watson Linscott, '99, has been elected Mayor of his home city, Woburn, Mass.

Mrs. N. P. Ames Carter, (Ruby Blaisdell) is engaging in active Club work in Chicopee, being President of the Women's Club of that city. The Springfield Sunday *Union* gives a detailed account of the work of the Club, and shows a splendid picture of Mrs. Carter.

The engagement of E. Bertha White to Dr. Charles H. Sprague of Bridgeport, Conn., is announced.

Emma Bacon Martin's fine letter was very welcome. She is living at 220 Collins street, Hartford, Conn. She has two grown up children—a son, twenty-one years old, and a daughter, sixteen.

Joseph M. Barris, "The Father of the Isle of Pines," is the husband of Anna Andrews, here '01-'03. Mr. Barris and a friend, Mr. Johnson, are the first two persons who ever set foot on the Isle of Pines for the purpose of exploring it, and at one time they jointly owned and controlled nearly 375,000 acres of its territories, which they colonized and sold. The colonists bought the land at that time believing, as did Mr. Barris, that the island was United States territory, and for over three years they have waited for recognition of their rights as American citizens. The government of the island at the present time is administered by that of Cuba. A treaty between the United States and Cuba estab-

lishing the national status of the Isle of Pines is now pending in the Senate of the United States. As a territorial possession of the United States the land would greatly increase in value, and realizing this the colonists are making every possible effort to induce this country to recognize their rights as American citizens.

Edith Burke thinks the Lasell Calendar is just what "old" Lasell girls want to revive the memories of good times.

Edith Locke Slaten's (Mrs. Chas. W.) new address is 414 West Main street, Decatur, Ill.

Kate Miller Baker sends her subscription to the LEAVES which she enjoys reading.

Lotta Morgan is now Mrs. L. B. Brooks, and lives at 14 East Second street, Duluth, Minn.

Emily Eaton Thomas (Mrs. Orville V.), here in '98, '99, is now living at 489 N. Clark street, Chicago, Ill. She often thinks of Lasell.

Anna Howe Shipley sends us a clipping from the Indianapolis *News* telling of the organization of a Lasell Club in Indiana, of which she is vice-president. Other officers are, Emile Kothe, '00, president; Gertrude Taggart, '97, secretary and treasurer. The members are, Flora M. Ketcham, Florence Plum, '01, Lillian Taggart, Genevieve Maine, Emma Walker Andress, Mrs. J. Otis Adams, Helen Royse, Frances Buntin, Aimee Mack, Roberta Clark, '05, Edna Frank Vajen, Edith Pearson Smith. Mrs. Shipley has a five year old daughter, whom she hopes will become a Lasellite. Her son, Will, is at Howe Military School in Lima, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Shipley celebrated their silver anniversary on December 15.

Grace Thomas Fonda of Pueblo, reports the arrival on December 29, of a son. Congratulations!

Anna Marbold Wernsing of Greenview, Ill., sends a photograph of herself—looks just like her!—and her stately home with a beautiful card of hearty greeting. Anna is loyal.

Bess Shepherd, '94, for a Christmas Greeting sends some beautiful views of the Schwarzwald, ingeniously woven into a kalendar. It is a joy for more than a year.

Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82, is teaching English in Buenos Aires, and Mr. Winslow has courses in the State University and private tutoring. Annie hears regularly from Jessie MacMillan, and gets the news through her. Says she hopes to come to North America in a year or two, and that Harold speaks Spanish as well as he does English. He is getting ready to come to United States to study.

Mabel Taylor Gannett, '95 of Omaha sends a charming picture of Taylor W. Gannett, aged twenty-one months, a "lad in white" looking boldly out from his white picture hat and white opera cloak into what he is sure is a friendly world. May the lad be a joy forever, Mabel!

Bess Shepherd, '94, has been in Auburndale during the holidays with her father and mother, at 122 Grove street. She is full of interest and enthusiasm in her chosen work of modern languages at the High school in Hartford, and while her success in this line is largely advanced by her experiences abroad on several trips, she is planning another summer in France. She is glad to find Lasell girls in Hartford. Daisy Hanmer Rodgers and Fannie Thomas Fiske called on her recently. The Haydens are most cordial. She belongs to the German Club as well as the French. Lives at 175 Sigourney street, and wants to hear from and see all Lasell girls and friends that go anywhere near Hartford.



Nellie Richards, '93, of Groton, sends her "Merry Christmas" in a nice letter. She is attending the Symphony as usual. Nellie always was musical. She hears often from several of the girls. Anna Staley was entertained at Honolulu by Maud Baldwin Cooke's husband, Maud being with her parents who had just lost a son. The first break in a family of eight children. Alma Hubbard visited Maud last summer. Nellie has seen Alice Goodell, Jennie Arnold, Louise Hubbard, Margaret Coe, and almost saw Dessie Millikin. She says, "the girls all make such fine women, their friendship is a thing to be valued." We say Amen, and Nellie is *one of them*.

Pauline Collins of Oakland writes a good letter of loyalty and friendship. She was rejoicing over a May day niece, who is the cutest ever! and the recovery of her father from a recent illness. Pauline is one whom we are proud to own as a Lasell girl.

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DEAR EDITOR:

Here are a few items which may or may not have come to your notice. I send them on thinking some one else may be as glad to hear from these girls as I was.

Ethel Hook and Ladora Rogers visited Lucile Zellar ('04) not long ago.

Courteney Harlan was recently married to Mr. Herman Fifer. Mabel Jones went to Bloomington to attend the wedding and saw Edith Harber ('05), also Blanche Harber, while she was there.

Emily Brookfield is studying domestic science in Chicago.

Laura Holbrook is married and is living in Rochester, N. Y.

Charlotte Thearle has started for California, and Miriam Nelson, ('05) is going soon.

Louise Wadleigh is going to visit Marie Gibert ('03) in February.

We hear that Lucia Parcher is going to be married in the spring, and that Louise Wadleigh will be one of her bridesmaids.

Wishing you all success in your work in this branch of the Association work, which the "old girls" care most for, I am

Yours for the "LEAVES,"

BARBARA C. VAIL.

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One of the New Year's surprises was a dainty copy of Timothy's Quest, by Kate Douglas Wiggins, bound in holly colors, a gift from Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, to the Lend-a-hand Library.

Avila Grubbs Fales, '99, writes from Louisville, Ky., as follows: "My mother and I left here the last of June and went to Lake Winnetauka, just out of Minneapolis. After resting there for two weeks we went into the city for a few days, and the Lasell girls were certainly very sweet and good to me. I spent a few days with Kathryn Hamlin, who has not changed a bit, excepting to gain flesh and look younger than ever, and certainly enjoyed talking over the old days—you know we were roommates. Nell Quirk, '97, invited us to spend an evening at her beautiful home. Lucia Shumway Suffel, '99, took us out in her auto (and I had the pleasure of meeting her husband) and May Emery Yale, '98, asked the "Lasell crowd" to lunch. You may imagine how our tongues wagged.

Leaving Minneapolis we took the Yellowstone Park trip, and then on to Portland, Seattle, Vancouver and home by the way of the glorious Canadian Pacific, stopping a number of times to enjoy the scenery. One day in Portland, coming up on the veranda of the Portland Hotel where we were stopping, I heard a girlish voice say, "You know Mr. Bragdon lives in California now." Could I resist that?—never,

and so introduced myself. I found one was Mabel Blum of Galveston, Texas, at Lasell in 1901, and the other was a Miss Baker, I think, anyway she roomed with Edith Blair, '97, the year before I came, (1895-1896). While in Chicago I met Ethel Cornell—now a dignified madam—though it is hard to believe—so you see I met many friendly faces along the way. My one disappointment was in missing Frances Allen Swinton, '99, who was in St. Paul for a day on her way East, and the long distance phone refused to work until too late for me to see her.

My kindergarten course ends in June, and then I will be free once more, as I do not expect to teach—at least right away. I understand Alice Kimball, '08, has been studying, too. I hope she loves it as much as I do."

Avila tells us that Martina has a daughter almost ready to send away to school—of course that means Lasell.

The engagement has been announced of Emily M. Hale to Francis B. Barnett, Yale, '02.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merriam announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen L. to Minn S. Cornell, Jr., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., Wesleyan, '05.

The following pupils received calls from parents and relatives during the past month: Misses Woodbury, Fassett, Conant, Webb, Lane, D. Caldwell, Wilson, Boyce, Masters.

Laura Simons, Winnie Adams Hamilton, and Lila Woodbury have also made us short calls.

My first visit was in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where I was bridesmaid at a wedding—not a Lasell girl, however—but an Abbott Academy one. I saw Madge Thompson Reed at a distance, but not to speak to. She lives near the bride, but she isn't going out much now as she has been very unfortu-

nate in her married life, and is getting a divorce, I believe. I spent a week in Chicago, and spent one day with Jeannette Knights Peterkin, who had Ethel Cornell Lewis for luncheon, also, and in the afternoon, Gertrude Tidd, (her married name I can't remember) and Jessie McCarthy Hadley ('00) came in, and such a lot of talking as we did, of course they wanted to hear all about the changes at school, and in turn they told me news about Lasell girls in and around Chicago. Gertrude and Jess are both all wrapped up in their babies, and also told of Helen Harris Aldrich's little girl, I believe, which was born a few weeks ago. She lives in Evanston. The four girls who were at Jeannette's, live only a few blocks apart, and have many good Lasell talks. Jeannette told me of seeing Flora Taft and her husband, who stopped in Chicago just before I was there.

From Chicago I went to Cincinnati, where I visited both Edith and Florence Ebersole. Saw such a dear picture of Helen Ebersole Swantzel's little girl, and wanted very much to stop in Columbus on my way to Pennsylvania, and see them, but didn't have the time. I saw Lucy Muth one day in Cincinnati, and she told me of her engagement and marriage which will take place in June. She is very happy of course, and very much pleased at the prospects of living in Montana "roughing it" as she says. Her husband-to-be is a forester, and Lucy is very much interested in the work. I should like to have seen more Lasell girls in Cincinnati, but my time was limited, and I came to Kane to spend Thanksgiving, and the next fortnight, with Katherine McCoy, '01, who has just returned from the East, where she spent some time with Marion Mann Miles, '02, before her wedding, and was her maid-of-honor. I also had the pleasure of being one of Ma-



rion's ribbon-girls. Kit also visited me in Haverhill just before I left.

There certainly is no greater pleasure than making a round of Lasell visits, and the more often I go the more I'm impressed with that bond of loyalty which the name Lasell suggests. No matter if you didn't know the girl, as soon as you say Lasell, you are old friends, and there is no other school which can say the same. I'm prouder each day that I can say I'm a Lasell graduate. May our alma mater live forever, and have the same tried and true girls that she has always had.

Bess Bailey Van Orsdall is in Indianapolis taking care of her nieces, left motherless eight weeks ago. Their mother was Bess's older sister. Bess's own little daughter, Helen, is an exceptionally pretty child of fifteen months.

The last copy of the LEAVES contained a pleasant reference to the oldest son of Nellie Ferguson Conant, 1881, a Freshman at Harvard. It is with sorrow and regret that this month we notice his death, a few days before Christmas. Our hearts turn with tender sympathy to our sorrowing alumna.

Mary Crane, who was here in 1902, has recently lost her mother. A touching tribute in one of the Springfield daily papers brought the sad tidings to us.

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### Christmas at Lasell.

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"Pasadena,  
Dec. 25, 1905.

"Good Morning! and Merry Christmas to all!

C. C. BRAGDON"

was the cordial greeting which came to us early Christmas day. It was not the only reminder of our absent Principal. Again and again during the day came some grac-

ious token of his generous thought of us. Early in the morning of Christmas day the girls sang outside Mrs. Potter's door, and still singing "Hark the Herald Angels" they passed down to the dining room. Here they found the traditional Christmas tree, beautiful decorated, and banked up on all sides with an "awful lot of presents," mysterious packages which really took us several hours to undo. Each guest received a well stuffed stocking; the variety in size, color and contents was amusing!

After a real Christmas dinner of roast goose and all the "fixin's" we repaired to the gymnasium for a good old fashioned frolic.

Most of the company attended the Oratorio of the Messiah given at Symphony hall, Wednesday night. It was unusually well rendered.

It seems impossible to recall all that we did during the pleasant vacation days. One evening we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, and at the close of that evening we declared "we had never had a better time."

Another happy occasion was the meeting at Karandon House, where progressive games were played, and prizes won by honest (?) competitors. After supper we enjoyed the best surprise when a table filled with mysterious packages was brought in. To each gift was attached a riddle in the form of an original poem. The best guesser, assisted more or less by his or her neighbor, received the gift, the name of which he guessed.

Unique supper place cards, photographs of Mike and Dick-a-deen, still remind us of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's delightful hospitality.

Our Cushman Hall Calendar party was kindly pronounced by guests "a success!" Twelve girls, each representing a month in

the year, wore some ornament signifying her name. To each gentleman guest was given a card upon one side of which was painted New Year's bells and an interrogation point; on the reverse side the name of the twelve girls. Opposite the name they were supposed to write the month represented. Miss "January" Dealey puzzled almost everyone with her bright New Year's bells, for said one gallant guest, "Who would think of New Year's bells? I wrote June beside her name, for I thought of wed—". The Lasell Calendar was the first prize. There were other unique, local, up-to-date hits in the form of charades.

The evening closed with refreshments in the dining room.

The girls who dreaded their first vacation away from home will always think of this Christmas at Lasell as one of their happiest Christmases.

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#### CHRISTMAS DINNER.

	Blue Points	
	Consommé	
<i>Celery</i>	<i>Salted Almonds</i>	<i>Olives</i>
	Roast Goose, English Stuffing	
<i>Apple Sauce</i>	<i>Sweet Potatoes</i>	<i>Turnips</i>
	Cucumber and Sweetbread Salad	
	Cheese Straws	
	English Plum Pudding, Sterling Sauce	
	Peach Ice Cream	
Cake	Nuts	Fruit
	Bonbons	
	Coffee	

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#### FRUITION.

A rosebud dreamed above the garden wall,  
 And near it swung a tiny, crowded nest;  
 The rosebud heard the fledgelings' hungry call,  
 And wondered if to wake or dream were best.  
 But lo, the sun with such insistent power  
 Shone down that at its golden kiss, ere long,  
 From out the bud there burst a perfect flower,  
 And from the nest a lilting strain of song!

*Beth Slater Whitson.*

#### A Trip to the Grand Canyon.

IT was my great good fortune last October, while on the way with my family to Pasadena, to visit the Grand Canyon. To reach it one stops off at Williams, Arizona, and there takes the train for this wonderful place. The country as seen from the car-window is one monotonous level up to the very rim of the canyon, where the traveler looks down upon a gorge so deep and wide, and so beset with vari-colored mountains, that he gasps with amazement. It gives a strange sensation, this looking down upon mountains instead of up at them; but this very fact aids in the realization of the vast force of the river which has caused the phenomenon. The Colorado River has been cutting and grinding out its rock channel for centuries, till it now flows a mile below the surface of the surrounding country. From the canyon rim the river seems a mere thread; from its banks it is seen to be of a very respectable breadth, but because of its depth (about thirty feet), it is hard to realize the swiftness of its current. The water resembles in color coffee into which has been poured a generous supply of cream; and at intervals along its banks are long level stretches of sand interspersed with huge boulders, which in the wet season are probably flooded, but which make nice lunch places when the river is in normal condition.

Many visitors to the canyon are content to look at it from the rim, but no one who is able to go down into it should miss the chance. The trip is an all-day one, parties starting at nine in the morning and returning at six in the evening. Our party consisted of eight, including the guide. All except myself were more or less used to horseback riding, and to following trails; but I had never ridden a horse, though I



had always been eager to do so, and, glad of this chance, sprung with enthusiasm into the saddle. All the party, ladies as well as gentlemen, rode cross-saddle; it would indeed be impossible to ride safely any other way on a trail; and, besides, one feels much safer with his legs pressed against the beast's sides. Some of us rode mules; it fell to my lot to ride one, Kate by name, a gentler creature never drew breath. The guide said she was a little slow, but very safe, which was a great comfort to me. We started out with the guide in front, a bright California girl behind him, myself on Kate coming next, and the rest following.

In a few minutes after leaving the hotel we had struck the trail—such a tiny bit of a path, with such sheer precipices below it as made one quake even to look at them. I clung quivering to Kate. The first mile was for me a terrible one; I was never more scared in all my life than I was then. When we stopped to rest, George, the guide, said, "Lady, you look kinder pale under the gills;" and when I replied feebly that I had never ridden before, and *was* slightly scared, he rejoined, "Well, I never 'ud 't known it! Now look here. You're as safe on that beast as ye would be in a cradle; besides, I've never yet had an accident, and I'm not intendin' to begin on you." This was comforting, and I believed it true, and then and there decided to trust my life confidently in the hands of old Kate—or, rather, of her feet, on whose sureness depended my life. Strange how a simple decision can relieve one's mind; the rest of that trip was one continuous pleasure to me; I could thereafter look off into space with a feeling, if not of perfect safety, at least, of perfect willingness to take the chances on Kate's back.

On we went, down into the canyon, until we looked up to, and not down upon its red

wall of rock. Many think that too close approach to the great gorge destroys the effect of hugeness and immensity; but to me it only doubled the grandeur. A canyon thirteen miles across and a mile deep can hardly, under any circumstances, seem small.

On the Bright Angel trail, leading into the canyon, there are two dangerous places, the "Devil's Slide" and the "Devil's Corkscrew," each quite as bad as its name, if not worse. When the "Devil's Slide" is reached the tourist is requested to dismount and walk, since the footing is rather insecure, the slide being a stretch of loose stones and brick-red dust. When we had reached the end of it our shoes, covered with this dust, were of a corresponding color. But the slide is nothing compared with the corkscrew. Here the trail is very steep, and the rider must lean far back in the saddle in order to stay upon his beast at all. In various places iron bars are used to hold the rock firm and to widen the trail. The grade is frightful, the horses and mules pitching at times so far forward that their riders fear lest they be thrown headlong into the depths below. The Corkscrew, however, is the last bad place in the trail before the river is reached. At its foot is a small creek, tributary to the Colorado, which leads to the main stream a mile or so farther on. We followed the creek till about a quarter of a mile distant from the river, and here we stopped for lunch, the guide providing each with a small box of provisions, and sending the party off to make their meal by the river, while he remained to water the animals and ease them by loosening the saddle-girths.

By a huge sand-bank near the river we sat down to a much needed rest, for one becomes very cramped and sore riding down trail for such a distance. As we ate our

lunch we had occasionally to dust the sand off our sandwiches before taking bites, for the wind showed itself able to whip up that bank into a regular miniature desert sand storm. It was good to lie flat on some broad rocks by the bank and watched the water as it rushed by to the sea. Afterwards as I climbed about the rocks, I disturbed two little brown lizards that scampered off at a great rate when I attempted to catch them. These little creatures live there all the year long, because of the warmth of the canyon. Storms may rage above, and snows lie thick upon the plateau, but away down deep in the canyon it is warm and pleasant, and whatever snow falls there immediately melts. For this reason there is a "tent colony" half way down the canyon, composed of people who need the air of Arizona yet cannot stand the cold of higher altitudes.

For two hours we rested by the river, then mounted again and started on our homeward journey. It was then two in the afternoon; we reached the rim of the canyon between five and six o'clock, and watched the sun set over the gorge as we emerged from its shady parts. The colors of the wonderful place are gorgeous in the sunset light, changing quickly from bright warm reds and yellows to deep purples and blue-greys. The shadows are very dense, and usually a dark purple at this time of day. Just as beautiful it is to watch the sunrise, and see the purple change back into reds and yellows. Tired and weary the tourist may be on emerging from the canyon, stiff and saddle-sore, but these disagreeable feelings he soon forgets; the wonders of the trip, never. The canyon is one of the marvels of the world; there is nothing like it in any other land. Like all America it is built on a huge scale. To any of you who may have a chance to see it, I would say, "Go. It is worth traveling thousands of miles to see."

EDITH I. SIMONDS.

## To Europe in 1906.

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Mr. Shepherd is planning for two parties to Europe the coming season, and has already several engagements from those who have been on former tours with him. Some old girls have written for itineraries and particulars.

The first party sails April 10, going to Gibraltar, Spain, Tangier, Italy, Hungary to Buda Pesth, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Sweden, Norway, The Midnight Sun, Denmark, Holland, Paris, London and England. The second party sails June 30 to Liverpool, English Lakes, Newcastle, Norway, to Midnight Sun, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, to Rome, Switzerland, Paris, London, England and home again. Lasell girls and their friends are invited to join either of these parties. First class throughout. Address for all particulars.

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## The Golden Wedding.

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The festival of the Golden Wedding is almost unknown in our country; but amid the simple homes and warm hearts of the Germans, the custom is a familiar one.

It celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of a couple who hand in hand have trod the pathway of life for fifty years. It is a time of joyous festivity, when children, grand-children, relatives and friends gather around the aged couple, with presents and congratulations.

An occasion like this must necessarily be rare in any country; and we seldom hear of any celebration of such an event in our own land. Within the past week it was my pleasure to be present on a most interesting occasion of this kind. The semi-centennial



Bridegroom and Bride were Mr. Chester Lasell and wife, of Scoharie, who on the thirteenth of February completed fifty years of wedded life. For several days previous to this, the children and grandchildren had been wending their way from distant states, to gather around the old homestead in the beautiful valley, nestled so quietly amid the snow-crowned hills. All the children (ten in number) who are living were present on this occasion. The family circle has numbered fourteen. One died in early childhood. Two were cut down in the full vigor of manhood; and the fourth was the late Edward Lasell, for many years an eminent Professor in Williams College, and the founder of a school for young ladies at Auburndale, Mass.

It was a delightful scene to witness the circle that gathered around the family altar on the morning of the anniversary. The Patriarch of the family read a portion of the Word of God; then parents, children and grandchildren joined in singing

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King," and then all bowed the knee around the Throne of Grace. It was a picture around which angels might love to linger, and shed their choicest blessings; there was smiling Infancy, prattling Childhood, blooming Youth, aspiring Manhood, and silvery Old Age, all bowing around that altar, where morning and evening incense had been offered to Heaven for half a century.

The day was a busy and joyous one; the woods were robbed of their choicest evergreens, to weave wreaths and garlands in honor of the day. As the evening hours drew on, relatives and friends came in, until a large number were assembled. About eight o'clock, the couple were ushered into the room by a daughter of the late Prof. Edward Lasell. The contrast between the aged couple and their youthful attendant

was beautiful and touching. The strong arm of the eldest son, upon which the parents had hoped to lean in their declining years, was palsied in death, and by their side stood the fatherless daughter in all the freshness and beauty of life's glad spring-time.

On entering the room, their son, Rev. N. Lasell of Amesbury, Mass., addressed them in behalf of the family circle, expressing heart-felt gratitude to Heaven for the rich blessing of wise devoted parents, and the warm filial love that filled each heart for those who had guided and watched over them from infancy to maturity.

He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Lintner, for many years pastor in Scoharie, who said the hour carried him back to the good old days of yore; and giving a vivid picture of the sterling virtues and simple manners which characterized the olden times, in contrast with those of the present day, he closed by alluding to another wedding that was in store for them; when with those who had gone before, they should sit down together, at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

To these addresses, the Bridegroom made a brief but appropriate response. He alluded to the many changes and improvements that had taken place during the fifty years they had passed in that village; to the church, in which at the commencement of their married life, they cast their lot, and within its hallowed walls dedicated their children to God; expressed the heart-felt pleasure it gave them to welcome children, relatives and friends on this anniversary; while during the day, rich gifts and golden offerings had not been wanting, yet what imparted the greatest pleasure and in their eyes was more precious than rubies, was the filial devotion of their children, which had led some of them to come hundreds of miles to offer their congratulations.

In Germany, it is customary for the parents to repair to the church, and renew their marriage vows; but on this occasion, the address of the bridegroom was followed by the felicitations of friends, who offered many fervent wishes that they might live yet many years to bless the hearts twined so closely around them. The evening was spent in conversation and listening to the music of many good old tunes, the sweet notes of which are seldom heard by modern ears.

When the supper was announced Mr. Lasell and wife led the way to the room, where a tastefully ornamented table was loaded with a sumptuous repast; to which all seemed very happy in doing ample justice.

Early the next morning the family circle prepared to separate; but ere the parting words were spoken, three generations again united in singing, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on." And again the incense of grateful hearts ascended to the Throne of the Eternal, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon each member of that united band. As I beheld the family bound together by the golden cords of piety and love, I thought earth could not present a lovelier scene; and mingling my petitions with theirs, besought, that when death should sever those precious links.

Poughkeepsie, Feb. 16th, 1856.

L. E. S.

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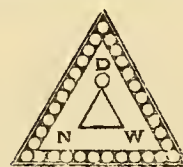
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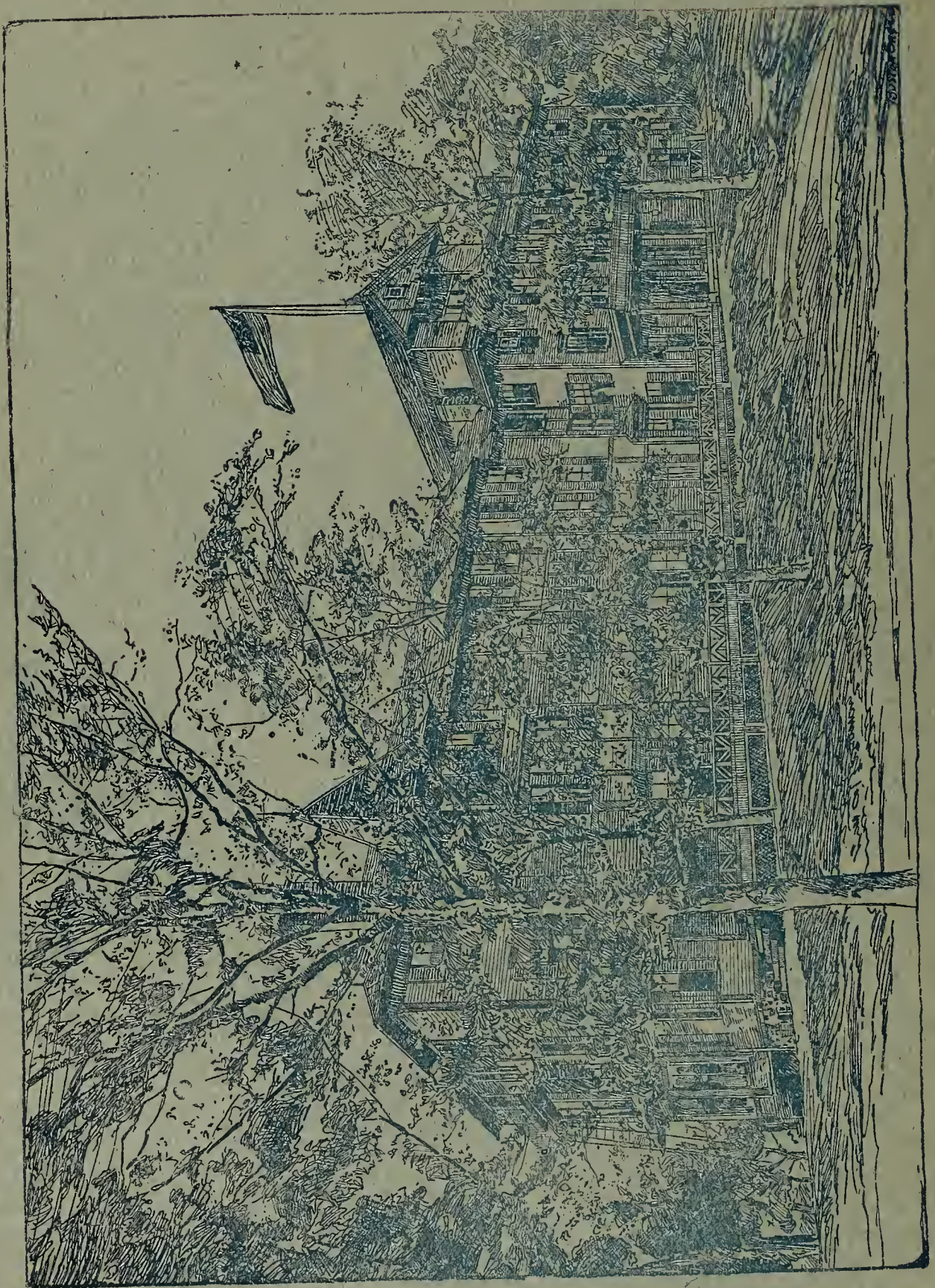
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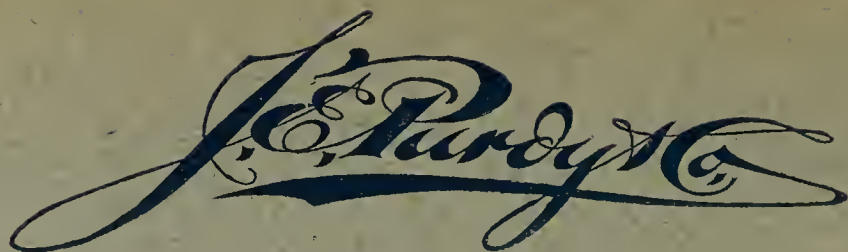




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VOL. XXXI, No. 5



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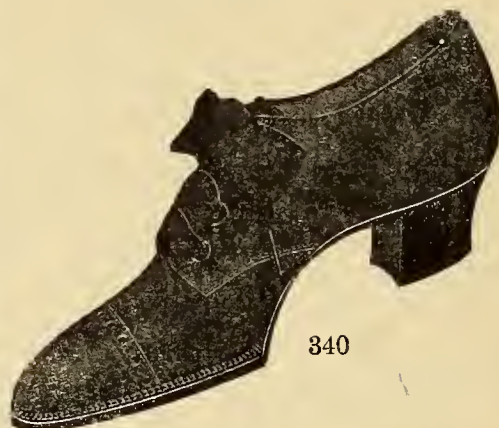


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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Coal Strike.

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As is known there is a strike in progress in New York—a coal strike. In the columns of the *Boston Herald* it was announced that the strike had been postponed. The unions are waiting for colder weather, when the demand for coal will be great, and the loss of drivers be more keenly felt by the firms. The strike is of course directed against the coal companies—intended to cripple them—but are they the only sufferers? What about the poor laborers who cannot lay in a sufficient supply of fuel for the entire winter? Are they not the real sufferers? In fact, does it not mean more to the consumers than to those for whom the trouble is intended?

Then, too, one must never fail to take into account the condition of the strikers during this time. Men who probably need every penny of their small earnings are forced out of employment through no wish of their own, and must remain idle for an indefinite period, during which they may see loved ones ill and dying for lack of the bare necessities of life. The question naturally arises—is it fair? is it right? is it just? that innocent people are made to suffer merely to satisfy certain men commonly known as “bosses.”

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The LASELL LEAVES is for the whole school, and not merely for the instruction and practice the staff get in compiling it. Since this is true, every girl should consider it a privilege as well as pleasure to contribute her share, however small—a witty joke, a humorous story, a clever poem would help to make the paper interesting. And that is the aim—to make the LEAVES appeal to the girls and be for them, in other words, a journal in which one can learn what has happened during the month, both to the

present Lasellians and those who have graduated, but not lost their interest.

Instead of commenting upon the paper and saying you would like it this way or that, why don't you help make it that way? Just because you may not happen to be directly connected with the publishing of it is no reason why a person cannot offer suggestions, which would be taken in the proper spirit, we can assure you. And don't you believe if the paper is worth reading it is worth subscribing to, in place of borrowing a friend's?

So come, girls, get to work with a will and help make the LEAVES essentially a paper for the girls now in Lasell, and for their interests.

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### The Bells of Lasell.

Hear the ringing of the bells—Lasell bells,  
What a hazardous and strenuous life their promptitude compels!

How they jingle, jingle, jingle,  
When its half past nine at night,  
And they clash and roar and clamor  
In the early morning light!  
And we waken with a goan  
O'er the menace of their tone,  
And take flight!

And we hustle, bustle, rustle,  
As we dress with all our might,  
And we clatter, shatter, scatter  
Everything within our sight;  
As we worry, hurry, scurry  
Down the halls in great affright!

Keeping time, time, time,  
To their everlasting chime,  
To the wild, capricious dictates of the bells, bells,  
bells.

To the fearful, fateful warning of the bells!

---

### Winter.

How strangely clear on the still winter air  
Float far-off sounds! The rumbling cars I hear  
O'er miles of field and woodland, and more near,  
Blithe sleighbells chime along the thoroughfare.  
The stripped and gnarled oak branches snap with frost—

A last shrill whistle from the smoke-wreathed town  
Pierces the night—and over all, the post  
Of watchful stars in silent guard look down.

EUGENE DOLSON.



## Molly's Bad Luck.

A flutter of surprise stirred Westerly society at the report of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benham's trip abroad. A bomb burst in their midst when it was announced that Charles Benham, his wife, and their beautiful daughter were to leave their Dakota ranch and occupy the son's house during his absence. Of course every one surmised that the Benham's were doing this merely to bring out Molly.

Every society woman was brimful of gossip concerning the Benhams. In the shops, in the churches, and at the clubs, the main topic of discussion was the Benhams. The debutantes, nipped by this untimely frost, fairly withered under the coming event. Everybody knew Molly Benham would make a great sensation. Her beauty was known all over the state. Her sister-in-law, Henry Benham's wife, had been the most popular matron in Westerly. Nobody thought of anything but sensation and success in connection with the Benham mansion.

Within a month the tumult of expectancy had died out. Molly Benham had been a social failure. Some said it was because too much had been expected of the young girl. Others laid it to Molly's bad luck. The unexpected course of events had been a blow to Mrs. Benham, but she had borne up under it like a Spartan. She felt that she was in some way to blame for the calamity, and it preyed upon her; and as she went about the house on this bright December morning, attending to the small duties of the home, she had a careworn, long-suffering expression.

Molly was lounging in a sunny corner of the room in a dressing sack, once elegant, with disheveled hair streaming down over

her delicate shoulders, and in her eyes an expression of discontented heaviness.

"I suppose," she said complainingly, "Mrs. Wordin didn't invite me to Eleanor's dance just because I forgot to make my party call after the tea. She's a perfect old fogey."

"Mrs. Wordin is very exacting about such things," her mother replied; "but Clara Benham got on with her beautifully. Her last words to you before she went abroad were, 'Get on the right side of Elmer Wordin's wife.'"

"Clara's lucky, anyhow; things always come out her way," Molly answered fretfully.

The two were silent a few minutes and then Molly burst out again:

"Eleanor Wordin is the kind of girl I hate."

"She has charming manners and a good deal of common sense," ventured Mrs. Benham, eyeing Molly to note the effect of this.

Her daughter bristled with indignation at the suggestion.

"Bessie Post says she thinks Eleanor bleaches her hair. Bess is a dandy girl. She told me the other day that Tom Wordin said I was the handsomest girl in town." Molly's face lit up with scornful satisfaction as she announced this.

Mrs. Benham was secretly pleased, but openly troubled. "I wish," she said, "you wouldn't carry on so with Tom; I don't think Mrs. Wordin approves of it."

"I don't care what she thinks. I shall do just as I please. I believe in being perfectly independent." With a pert toss of her head Molly took the letters which the maid was holding out to her.

The first, a note, she tore open eagerly and read through with intense interest. The contents of the second she divined without investigation, for she handed it to

her mother with an air of triumphant satisfaction.

"Fred went to Mrs. Wordin and talked her into forgiving me and sending me an invitation. Isn't he the dear old goose?"

"Molly, you ought to be ashamed!" exclaimed Mrs. Benham, hotly. "Fred's a perfect trump to do it. You had better look after the clothes you are going to wear."

"Bother fussing," yawned Molly. "I'm interested in this book."

Fred Smith called at the Benham mansion for Molly a full hour before the Wordin dance. He realized the importance of being punctual at any of Mrs. Wordin's functions. Mose, the old colored butler, ushered him into Mr. Benham's den.

This room was at once a gem of oriental magnificence and a domestic dreamland. It abounded in rich draperies and massive furniture. Rare old china and shining metals, carved ivories and trophies of the hunt were scattered broadcast. A lovely Turkish lamp, suspended gracefully from the ceiling, gave out that soft, sleepy, mystic light that enhances by its power to conceal.

Fred Smith stepped into the room with almost reverent quietness. Only the measured tick of the grandfather's clock in the far end of the room greeted him. Even this sound emphasized the silence. He seated himself on the great divan. At length he piled up the pillows and leaned back restfully. Molly would not be ready for a half hour at least. Once he heard a door open upstairs and Molly summon her mother in excited tones. The light in the Turkish lamp seemed to be going out. The dark would be soothing, he thought; besides, if he rang for Mose he would have to listen to his small talk.

The room was in total darkness now.

He could see only the ornaments whose brilliancy caught the glimmer of the hall light. He could see the sword that hung near him, with its vivid ivory hilt, a beautiful Turk's head. Smith had always fancied this piece of ivory carving. It had more of the real and less of the grotesque than was common in the creations of the Orientals.

"The poor heathen has water on the brain," observed Smith, as he noticed some drops of water on the smooth white forehead, and, half amused at his own conception of the thing, he stretched out his hand to wipe it off. "Good heavens!" He shrank and turned away as from a blow. "Mercy! I'm a fool; but that brow felt human!"

Smith tried to laugh. He wanted to get away, but seemed to be forcibly held down. He faced the thing again. Its eyes had opened! A terrifying power in their calm ghostly depths transfixed him. He could not move. He felt himself being overcome as if by chloroform. He made a desperate attempt to recover. The effort only weakened him the more. The apparition was steadily increasing in size. Smith succumbed. The phantom had grown into a sinewy, wild-looking Arab, and was about to address him.

"Friend," spoke the spirit, "I have much to say to you. I am the ghost of him whose ashes lie concealed in the ivory swordhead. I am permitted by Allah one appearance to an earthly being, when it is my duty as an immortal to aid by this visitation the most unfortunate of living creatures. I have come to aid you."

Fred Smith stared, surprise and inquiry written on every feature.

"Are you not secretly engaged to Molly Benham?" demanded the ghost.

Smith thought he grasped the situation.



"Yes; you don't mean she's going to jilt me?" he inquired in a concerned way.

The Arab grinned and shook his head.

"Then why am I so unfortunate?" demanded Smith, his courage rising with his indignation.

"You are not as yet, but you are in great danger of being so."

"I don't understand you," said Smith, as gruffly as he dared.

The Arab ignored this remark and continued. "What reasons have you for thinking Miss Benham will make you a good wife?"

"She's perfectly beautiful."

"Do you propose to live on beauty?" Mrs. Henry Benham is far from beautiful and you loved her more than you do Molly."

Fred winced at this untactful remark. "Molly is very unlucky," he suggested. "When she has better opportunities you will admire her, too."

"There is no such thing as ill luck," replied the Arab, vehemently. "If there were, Mrs. Henry Benham had it. Do you not recall the time when you courted her, a poor, plain looking, homeless girl, but with energy and spirit invincible?"

"Forget her? Never!" said Smith, his gallantry all alert at the suggestion. "Wasn't she a queen?" His face was radiant with reminiscent admiration.

"Evidently no thought of ill luck attaches itself to her memory," said the spirit, smiling.

Smith was nettled. "I say, what good's it going to do to hash old affairs over?"

"That depends on you."

"I might reason with Molly," Smith suggested hopefully.

"She believes in being independent. You had better not waste your words."

"Don't you think she will ever be different?" inquired Smith, in dismay.

"Possibly, but I doubt your ability to effect such a change in Miss Benham."

"But you'll help me?" urged Smith, springing up and seizing the Arab's arm in his eagerness.

The spirit vanished. Smith awoke clinging to the divan post.

Just then Molly entered the room dressed in a chic evening gown. Her face was a picture of distress.

"I had to hunt and hunt for this dress, and now it's too late to go to Mrs. Wordin's. She will never forgive me! Of course mamma lays all the blame on me. Isn't that just my ill luck?"

"Molly," Smith said, in such commanding tones that Miss Benham forgot her fretfulness. "I've something to say about your bad luck."

Mrs. Benham could not account for the change in Molly's disposition. The girl had become so patient, so industrious and so considerate.

"You're not in love with that Smith, after all you have said about him?" she inquired.

"Really, mamma, Fred has a lot of character. He's the only man I ever respected. He has such clever ideas. Do you think papa would object to my marrying him?"

"SPECIAL."

---

Just a date at twilight,  
When the lights are low,  
And the loving strikelets,  
Softly come and go.  
Tho' the heart be weary,  
And in life no bliss;  
Still there comes at twilight  
Just one sweet kiss.

---

Heard in the halls: Ph. I am so mad! C-r-nn-has broken the scissors, and we can't cut up to-night. What is a cyclone?

Answer—That which comes from no place in particular—has no place to go, but is in an awful hurry to get there.



Emma Goll Dacy's friends will be rejoiced to hear that there has been a noticeable improvement in Mr. Dacy's health, which has been such as to keep him out of work for many months, and that he bids fair to entirely recover. Emma has had her share of life's burdens of late. They will also sympathize with her in the death of her brother Bruno. Blanche is now with Emma at 1751 Sheridan road. Marion, 4 1-2, is a great comfort to her mother.

Pauline Collins, Oakland, Cal., 230 Vernon Street, writes a letter of rejoicing, in which we share, for the recovery of her father from a serious illness and in the wonderful niece, a May-day baby. Pauline is going to "make up to" Barbara Vail.

Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, has moved into a cosy cottage in Pasadena, not far from her mother's house. An electric auto came from Santa Claus, so she now is occupied in giving her poor relations rides all over. She handles it already better than most old chaffeurs. Barlow & Bragdon have had a most successful first year in business together in Los Angeles. That is Belle's husband and Jack Bragdon. They are in real estate, stocks and bonds.

Miss Ransom is still getting rich in building most tasteful bungalows of her own design. It seems one can hardly make a mistake in buying real estate in Pasadena, so great is the influx of people and the consequent demand for homes.

Rhoda Porter, '00, has our sympathy in the loss of her mother. Roe is in Detroit now, 42 Canfield Avenue, W.

Ada Barker has gone back to Bay City.

Clara Eddy (Mrs. F.) Harrington lives in Bisbee, Ariz.

Ella Eddy (Mrs. F. B.) Richardson is living in San Francisco, 2519 Jackson street.

Clara Lewis is teaching music in Seattle, and doing well.

The mother of Ada Wood made me a delightful call today, only it was too brief, and she let Mr. Wood stay down town somewhere! Mr. and Mrs. Wood are thoroughly touring the southwest; are starting tomorrow (Jan. 18) on their return, intending to see the Grand Canon, Indian towns, and the other riches of the Santa Fe route. No other route offers so much that is new, attractive, unique and comfortable to the tourist. Don't forget to have your ticket read one way, at least, *via Santa Fe*. I know what I am saying. Mrs. Wood is a delightful conversationalist and I am sorry to have had no chance to show her Pasadena.

Another call helped to make this day rich, Charlotte Thearle, Miriam Nelson, Lois Thomas and Anita Wade had dined together, seen Pasadena and then came to me. It was delightful to see them. Of the others I have written.

Charlotte Thearle is staying for the winter in San Diego, where her father has a music store. Her address is 2144 A street.

Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, had a company this afternoon at which several Lasell girls were present.

Mrs. E. B. Hosmer of Waltham, Mass., a former Lasell pupil, has come to her usual wintering at Hotel Green here, which was our "*really home*" for several winters.



Cornelia Williams, '86, (Mrs. Dr. Woods) Hutchinson is living at Redlands, Cal. Address 125 Cajon street. She is now visiting her sister, Jennie Williams (Mrs. Don C.) Brainard, '85, in San Diego. So we hope to see both these valued children of Lasell.

Bertha Harris Armington and her husband are spending the winter at The Pintosca, here. Bertha hasn't changed except for the better, and Mr. Armington looks a man to be proud of. She seems to realize it.

Julia Tulleys, '96, is busy with home duties and church work. Says that May, '94, is doing piano work (how about that sweet voice, May?) and trying to behave. They have recently acquired a sister-in-law of whom they seem to approve. Julia has seen Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, who is trying to stand her wedded life as well as she can.

Sade Farnsworth Gleason has visited Council Bluffs recently.

Mabelle Whitney, '03, sends a welcome letter of New Year's greeting and seems to be doing her duty.

The LEAVES sympathizes with Mary Willett, '05, in the loss of her sister Gretchen, who expected to be a Lasell pupil but was early called to the presence of the Great Teacher. Mary knows where to go for the only comforting possible at such a time.

Bernadine Johnson writes a cheery letter from Omaha. She wants to know how to pronounce Los Angeles, which is certainly the most mispronounced word on the Pacific coast. It should be said in Spanish fashion, but most people here Anglicize it out of all sound. She says her brother has had a fine offer of a position in that city. She says she is having "good times."

Martha E. Stone, '56, writes of the very much regretted illness of Mrs. Merrick of the same class, and assumes the duties, for the present, of chairman of the committee of '56 for its golden jubilee next June.

Her address is 52 Institution avenue, Newton Centre. We are glad to chronicle Mrs. Merrick's improvement.

This gives me chance to ask every old Lasell girl, graduate or not, to plan to be present at the Jubilee of '56 next Commencement, and to beg every one to write to or see every other one she knows and get her to come. There should be many class reunions then. Don't wait for someone else or put it off. But you do it and do it *soon*.

C. C. B.

Marinette Ramsdell, '02, thinks she won't miss the LEAVES another year, for that is the only dependable way to get Lasell news. (She is right.) She says their class letter is still going, but prefers walking. Last time it took two years to get around. That is poor walking, even! She is thinking of a trip East next summer. Of course she will time it so as to be at Commencement. Good!

I am told that Rose Taylor has been seen in Los Angeles.

Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89, and Nellie Rawson Chase have come to Los Angeles for the winter. Both seem to be *not* in need of the climate, so we may conclude they are here for the liking of this beautiful winter land. They are at The Alvarado Hotel.

Miriam Nelson, '05, seems to be having a pretty good time here! I saw her today talking to a young man!! What do you think of that for Miriam?

Emma Genn is having a fine time and growing stout! Isn't that a card for Pasadena climate?

Where is January LEAVES? This is Jan. 27 and none here yet! Cordially, C. C. B.

Fraulein Roth kindly sends some items about Lasell girls from whom she hears, as follows:

Harriet Scott, '94, 123 Dean road, Brookline, Mass., has heard from Nellie Taft

Olmstead that Miss Roth would like so much to hear from her old girls. Harriet wishes she and Mabel Falley could again "stroll down the halls." She met Miss Ninde, Mabel's cousin, at the last mid-winter reunion of Lasell girls. She goes back and forth between her own home in the West and her sister's in Brookline.

Bertha Lillibridge Merrill writes of her two children, Julia Hogg Powell of her three.

Mabel Falley de Vona (Devona), '92, is now living at Trenton, Mich., which is a charming little village north of Detroit, on the river. Her husband's church is small but large enough to keep them *both* busy. Mabel is very strong and well and so happy to be able to do what needs to be done.

Nellie Taft Olmstead, 11 Webster street, Atlantic, Mass., three years ago was quite ill—nervous prostration—is well now, as she says, "by the grace of God, fresh air, sunlight, diet and exercise." She lives now principally on fruit, nuts, honey and olive oil. A book which helped her wonderfully and of which she kindly sent Miss Roth a copy is "The Divine Law of the Ages." Nellie has three beautiful children: Jean McLean, born in 1899; Mary Livingston, born in 1901; Robert Taft, born in 1904. She sent their pictures.

My Dear Mr. Bragdon: I must say how very glad I was to hear from these dear girls and how much comfort their letters are. Had I no other reasons to love Lasell I should love it for the golden opportunity of knowing so many good girls—"girls" they will always seem to me.

Lila H. Warren has moved to 252 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Esther Reynolds Taylor is principal of The Kathleen Glen Taylor Memorial School and Kindergarten at 1432 San Antonia avenue, Alameda, Cal.

Dora Walston Johnson sends for the Lasell Calendar and wishes she might "take a walk through those grounds once more (with her two daughters)." She is hoping to before long.

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### Marriages.

Elise Estella Scott, '99, to James Arthur Mackintosh, Tuesday afternoon, January 23, Waban Hill Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Lillian Marie Alexander to Clarence Chandlee Leadbeater, Wednesday evening, January 17, "West Lawn," Lancaster, Penn. At home after March 1, 409 North Washington street, Alexandria, Virginia.

Sara Bond Goldsmith, '95, to Scobell Pomeroy Trood, Thursday, January 18th, Boston, Mass. After February 1, The Hampton, 22 East 31st street, New York city.

The marriage of Almena Seagrave and Rodell Dexter Murray, on the 23d of January, 1906, is announced from Toledo, Ohio. At home after March 1, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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### Deaths.

It was with great surprise and deep sorrow we learned on January 27th of the death of Elizabeth M. Thorne, '03. It seems but yesterday that this gentle Lasell girl was in our midst. During the past three years she has been a frequent and most welcome visitor to our school. To her bereaved family and classmates we extend our tenderest sympathies.

Our Art students learn with great sorrow of the bereavement of their mate, Almira Safford, whose father, Mr. George A. Safford, died very suddenly. Our thoughts turn to her with loving sympathy at this time.

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Sen. "We had French toast to-day."

Prep. "What! can you already toast in French?"



## An Anarchist Plot.

THE exterior of Miss Ariel's school for young ladies, on Inauguration morning, appeared very sedate in contrast to the other buildings, draped with bunting and waving with flags in honor of the day; but within there was the same spirit of wild excitement which pervaded the crowd without.

A group of girls stood looking from one of the large bay windows.

All heads were bent close together, and although ostensibly gazing on the scene below, they were in reality planning for the grand event of the day.

"He is certainly coming today, and to think he is going to pass by in the parade! it's almost too good to be true. When he comes by I am going to bear the consequences of Miss Ariel's wrath and wave my handkerchief at him, anyway."

Overcome by the prospect Adelaide Jeffries suddenly sank down on the window seat and sighed ecstatically. The other girls looked at her enviously, wishing that they could claim some distant relative in the corps, while they mentally observed that the window was large enough to admit at least five heads and five handkerchiefs.

At luncheon Miss Ariel arose, and amid respectful silence announced, "The young ladies will be permitted to view the parade from windows, but any demonstration will be most undesirable."

The mass of people collected along the avenue as the time approached for the parade to pass that way.

At an upper window of the school stood five girls curiously watching the crowd, and throbbing with impatience for the eventful moment.

The minutes dragged.

Would the parade never appear? Ah, there they come! From the distance could

be heard the sound of martial music, and at last the whole gorgeous procession swung around the corner into view.

"There is cousin Jim, I know! The one on the gray horse right below the window!"

As the distinguished looking rider, sublimely unconscious of the excitement his advent provoked among the five young heads at the window, passed by, a bit of white cambric fluttered unnoticed in the air until the gray horse disappeared.

Disconsolately the five heads were withdrawn, but not before one small handkerchief came into active use, brushing away some telltale tears, "Why hadn't cousin Jim looked up?" But if cousin Jim had proved indifferent, there was one man among the crowd who had noticed the strategy—and a few minutes later the stately quiet of Miss Ariel's select school was again disturbed, this time by a ring at the door-bell. The maid appeared at the library door where the five conspirators had just entered, and with her eyes distended almost twice their natural size, she exclaimed excitedly: "The police, Mum! and faith it's a murderer there is concealed about the premises!" She was dismissed by her mistress, and the girls crowded around Miss Ariel as she faced the blue coated officials in the hall.

"I think you must be mistaken," she said. "This house is a boarding school for young ladies, and I am sure"—

"We seen the signal from your upper window, as his honor the gineral was passing by." And showing the warrant they proceeded to search the house and grounds, but to no avail. Returning to the hall they were about to apologize to Miss Ariel for their mistake, when Adelaide Jeffries appeared, and, bursting into tears, told about her effort to attract "Cousin Jim's" attention, which the police—alert and on the lookout for plots and anarchy—had hastily misconstrued as such and caused one never-to-be-forgotten event and excitement in Miss Ariel's Select School for Young Ladies.

E. H.

# LOCALS

Dec. 14. We enjoyed perhaps the most interesting lecture of the term. Mrs. Edwin D. Meade, whose husband is well known throughout the world for his connection with the Peace Conference at The Hague, spoke on "International Duelling." Although very evidently strongly opposed to war she nevertheless presented both sides of the question with equal fairness, showing her thorough knowledge of the subject. Her words were simple, but clear and to

the point and the interest and attention of her audience showed their appreciation and pleasure in the lecture.

On the evening of Dec. 17, the last Sunday before Christmas vacation, the Glee Club entertained us with their beautiful Christmas Vespers. We appreciate their work and they have our hearty good wishes. Service Prelude. "March of the Magi Kings."

*Dubois*

Processional. "Angels from the Realm of Glory."

Carols. "The Crowning Day." *Schilling*

"Gently Falls the Winter Snow." *Miller*

Psalter for Christmas Day.

Service Anthem. "There were Shepherds."

*Myles B. Foster*

Solo for Soprano. "Away in a Manger."

*E. N. Anderson*

Hymn 107. "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come."

Carols. "Tell it Once Again." *Schilling*

"The Savior's Star." *Schilling*

Scripture.

Prayer.

Solo for Mezzo-Soprano. "The Virgin's Lullaby." *Dudley Buck*

Hymn 115. "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night."

Trio. "Sleep, My Savior, Sleep." *Miller*

Carols. "One Midnight, oh so Long Ago."

*Schilling*

"All my Heart this Night Rejoices."

*Bartlett*

Solo for Contralto. "Cantique de Noel." *Adam*

Hymn 125. "Adeste Fideles."

Carols. "While the Silent Stars are Keeping."

*Schnecker*

"Zion's King has come to reign."

*Schilling*

Recessional. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

Service Postlude. "Hossannah." *Lemmens*

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 19, the annual Christmas concert was given by the pupils. Many outside guests were present, who enjoyed with us the following program:

Pianoforte, Romance in E Flat, *Rubinstein*  
Miss Levi.

Songs, Cradle Song, *Ries*  
Violet, Come Rejoice with Me, *Ries*  
Miss Richardson.

Pianoforte, Mazurka, Op. 24, No. 2. *Leschetzky*  
Miss I. Sisson.

Songs, Summer Noon, *Margaret Lang*  
Three Robbers, *Johns*  
Miss Blyth.

Pianoforte, Menuet from Sonata, *Grieg*  
Miss Wait.

Song, Where Blooms the Rose, *Johns*



Miss Cones.	
Pianoforte, Valse in A Flat,	<i>Godard</i>
Miss Danforth.	
Song, O! Hush Thee My Babie,	<i>Henschel</i>
Miss Webb.	
Pianoforte, Prelude in C-sharp Minor,	<i>Rachmanioff</i>
	<i>Rachmanioff</i>
Miss Laurens.	
Violin, Serenade,	<i>Carl Bohm</i>
Miss E. Sisson.	
Songs, Der Tod und das Madchen,	<i>Schubert</i>
Scythe Song,	<i>Mrs. Blanchard</i>
Miss Washburn.	
Pianoforte Quartet, Overture, Coriolan,	<i>Beethoven</i>
Misses Child, Eaton, Tilton, McCarty.	
Mrs. Adeline R. Ward, Accompanist.	

On the 21st day of December, "the shortest day of the year," Auburndale again returned to its usual state of quiet calm as the Lasell girls began leaving their "student home" for the Christmas holidays. "A Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years" was the wish of all.

Jan. 9.—Perhaps the hardest, "homesickest" days of all the year are at hand, and now is the time to show what we are made of. Let's not make it any harder for the rest, but try to catch Mrs. Martin's cheerful spirit.

Monday, Jan. 15. Several parties were formed to see William Gillette in "Clarice."

Thursday, Jan. 18. Dr. Morris gave the first of a series of lectures on Health. This one lecture was for the whole school, but hereafter she is to speak to the Seniors alone.

Sunday, Jan. 20. The Missionary society had charge of the service, which was held directly after dinner instead of at the regular vesper hour. The President, Maude Simes, presided and the service was made very interesting by appropriate readings relating to the work in Korea.

Thursday, Jan. 25. Lasell lost her heart this afternoon. Caroline Marcial, a Span-

ish girl from the International Institute of Madrid, the guest of Miss Hodgkins of Winter Hill, Mass., spoke to us of the founding of the institute and the grand work carried on there. Her English might well make some of us blush and this, combined with the natural eloquence and grace of a Southerner, and especially one from Spain, made her irresistible. Later refreshments were served in the gymnasium and Signorita Marcial, in native costume, recited several original poems. The girls' interest and sympathys were shown in a very practical way when, in chapel a week later, it was announced that our dear Miss Carpenter was made a life member of the International Students' League, the sufficient amount, fifty dollars, having been easily raised within that time.

Saturday, Jan. 27. Senior reception to Juniors. The class of '06 gave a reception for the class of '07 at Karandon house. The house was very prettily decorated with red roses (the class flower of the Seniors), red shades were on all the lights and piles of pillows made charming cosy corners on the stairs and in the hall. Some of the rooms up stairs were thrown open and refreshments were served in rooms A, B and C.

Monday, Jan. 28. Dr. Morris, in her first talk to the Seniors, spoke on "Circulation." She told us that during life the blood is kept flowing with great rapidity through all parts of the body, in definite paths prescribed for it, by the heart and blood vessels. These paths constitute a continuous set of closed tubes beginning at and ending again in the heart, and simple only close to that organ. Elsewhere it is greatly branched, the most numerous and finest branches being the capillaries. The heart is essentially a bag with muscular walls, internally divid-

ed into four chambers. Those at one end, the auricles, receive blood from vessels opening into them and known as the veins. From there the blood passes on to the remaining chambers, the ventricles, which have very powerful walls and forcibly contracting, drive the blood out into the vessels, which communicate with them and are known as the arteries. This alternating reception of blood at one end of the heart and its ejection from the other go on during life steadily, about seventy times a minute, and so keep the liquid constantly in motion.

Thursday, Feb. 1. German reception.

Fraulein Heinrich, assisted by the senior German class, entertained the faculty and the other German classes with a reception Thursday evening, February 1st. In the receiving line stood Frauleins Strong and Turner, Frauleins Waite and Krag being the ushers. After chatting pleasantly for about a half hour, Fraulein announced that a real German "Marchen" was going to be given. Those taking part were Frauleins H. F. Carter, Dišman, Stark, Potter, Carlow, Johnston, with Marie Howald in the title role. The play was very nicely given, the German being slowly spoken and clearly enunciated. After this all adjourned to the hall and conservatory, when refreshments were served. After pronouncing the evening a very enjoyable one, and saying, "Ich habe mich gut amüsiert," all gracefully bade their hostess good night."

Saturday, Feb. 3. A dance was given by the S. D. society to the other three societies. The Gymnasium was tastefully decorated with red and yellow chrysanthemums, the society colors. The receiving line consisted of Miss Rand, Miss Ina Harper, president, and Miss Lela Goodall, vice-president. The same evening Dr. and Mrs. Winslow entertained some of the girls at Karandon house with a sleight-of-hand performance.

Monday, Feb. 5. In the second of her talks Dr. Morris spoke on Respiration and its importance on one's physical condition. She suggested keeping our windows wide open at night to avoid draughts, and the temperature of Karandon house the following morning proved how faithfully at least some of her hearers acted upon the suggestion.

Wednesday, Feb. 7. A party was formed to see Willard in "The Professor's Love Story," and some of the girls also saw "A Pair of Spectacles," Friday, Feb. 9.

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The following pupils received calls from parents and relatives during the past month: Misses Wheaton, Wilde, Hardinge, Leavitt, Anita Wilson, Danforth, House, Dorothy Caldwell, Lane, Orcutt, Boyce and Simes.

We have also received short calls from Irene Sanford, Lillie Fuller Merriman, '85, Margaret Lamborn, Martha E. Stone, '56, Rebecca Talbot.

Miss Alice Cobb of Smith College called upon Marie Andrews and Lucy Wilson.

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### Women as Bank Officials.

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Women gradually are crowding the young men out of the positions of trust in the banks of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota. The tendency is to put the women in places of trust, where great care and painstaking work are desired.

Some of the women have the executive management of large financial institutions, and have proved, according to the men associated with them in the banks, that the female sex can serve as keepers of the people's money with honor to themselves and safety to the depositors. There is no record in the three States where they are most employed of a single one of the fair officials proving unfaithful to the trust reposed in



her, embezzling funds, defrauding the customers, or making false reports to the Comptroller of the Currency.

Among the women who hold these positions of trust in Iowa is Miss Luella Houghton, cashier of the bank of Red Oak, Ia. Though still on the junior side of twenty-five, Miss Houghton displays keen business ability. She has worked in the bank, with the exception of a few years, when she attended Lasell Seminary, for more than ten years. She performs all the duties of cashier, from signing drafts and bank notes to being the adviser of other officials of the bank, and of the directors of the institution.

Miss Houghton is the most popular woman in Red Oak, and as she looks through the brass bars of the bank and counts out the tainted and untainted wealth, she unconsciously keeps the deposits of the bank up to the high mark, because customers like to do their business with her, and she is said to be the most valuable unlisted asset of the institution.

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### A Justifiable Conclusion.

The young married couple were at the breakfast table when the wife took up from the morning's mail a square, blue letter, and knitted her brows over the address. The head of the house, says a writer in the Chicago News, watched his wife studying the outside of the letter, and noted the puzzled look on her face. He asked her who the writer was.

"I can't think," replied the wife. "It's postmarked 'Chicago,' but I don't recognize the writing. I wonder if it's from Mrs. Mowbray?"

"It's signed 'Mollie,'" continued his wife, glancing at the last of the closely written pages. "Mollie. Now who can Mollie be? It can't be Mollie Jameson. She's in Seattle now, and this is postmarked 'Chicago.' Besides, it's no more like Mollie Jameson's writing than anything in the world. And she would never think of writing me unless it were something very extraordinary."

"Perhaps it is something extraordinary. Why do you stare at me that way? Read it!"

"You needn't be so cross about it. I was just wondering. There isn't any street address. She says, 'Dear Old Chum.' Why, it can't be Mollie Jameson. We were never chums. Perhaps I've got somebody else's letter. Let me look at the envelope again, dear."

"It's yours all right. Read and find out."

"I've been wondering for ages how you were, and have intended writing, but my household cares have taken so much of my time. John and the babies are well, but I've been having an awful time with my help. I must really tell you about it."

"Now that can't be Mollie Jameson. Her husband's name is Herbert P. It can't be Mary Gantler. She never called herself Mollie, and her husband's name isn't John; it's—"

"Oh, read the letter," said the man.

"You know how much furniture we have—all that mahogany father gave us when we were married. And the cherry and maple bedroom sets and the oak chairs and tables in the dining-room, to say nothing of the hardwood floors. We have always had so much trouble keeping them in condition. There was so much rubbing and polishing, the girls left one after another. We tried beeswax and turpentine and every known polish, but nothing did any good. At last Mrs. Ganz—do you remember her?—well, she brought in a bottle of Pol—Klene, and told me to try it. I didn't have much faith in it, but, my dear, the effect was just marvelous. No rubbing, and the wood looks as if it had just come out of the shop. The girls love to use it, it's so easy. You should try it. It's only fifty cents for a large bottle, and you can get it at any good furniture store. Or you can write to the Pol—Klene Company,—Blank street. They will gladly send you a sample bottle—"

"William," broke off the lady of the house, "I really believe this is nothing but an advertisement."

"My dear," replied the man, "I really shouldn't wonder if you were right."



The "Quill" is a very well edited paper, the material being good, and the cuts heading the different columns especially improve the appearance of the book.

The cover of the "Vail Dean Budget" is one of the neatest received this year.

The exchange column in the "Advance" should not be passed without its share of credit.

We are very glad to add "The University Courier" of Washington, D. C., to our list of exchanges, as it gives some valuable information concerning the present state of affairs in our capitol.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges for January: "Tech," "The Intercollegian," "The Student," "Latin Leaflet," "Classic," "Vail Dean Budgett," "The Quill," "The Racquet," "The Harvard Lampoon," "Tattler," "The Advance," "The University Courier," "The Tripod."

Received for February: "Latin Leaflet," "Tech," "The Tattler," "The Arms Student."

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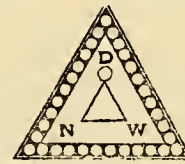
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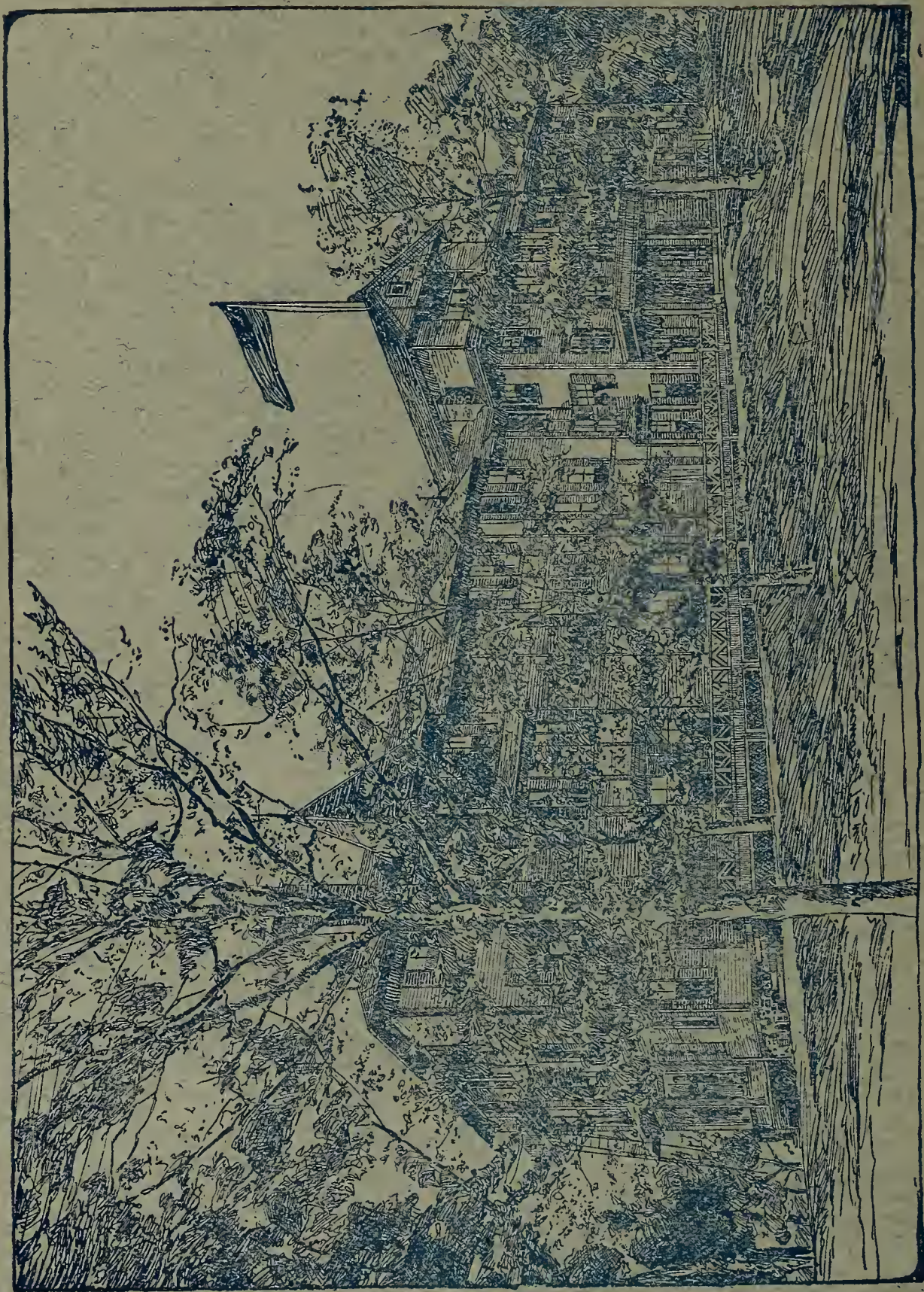
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MARCH, 1906

# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXXI, No. 6



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um between the high priced and the very  
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ties essential to be “up” with the day—yet  
not to forget that refinement and beauty are  
preferable to crudeness and show.

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**for evening wear**



# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

It is with pleasure that we receive the notices of the formation of the different Lasell clubs. They show that the girls are still loyal to Alma Mater. We would like to see clubs started in many of the other cities. This month we are glad to add the Cincinnati club to the list of Lasell clubs.

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#### The Little Path.

This is the small, sweet path of little things.

Along its edge wee common flowers rise,  
And little words of kindly blessedness

Are whispered here where no sharp thrusts surprise.

The tiny tread of little feet is heard,  
And the first flutter of the new-fledged bird.

Joys infinitesimal are clustered here,

The microscopic lives of insects bright:  
Here neighbor bees and yellow butterflies

Flit—far below the angry storms that blight  
Yon peaks magnificent, where eagles tear  
The dripping prey that writhes in vain despair.

There is no crown of bay leaves waiting here,

But fairy larkspur wreaths. Instead of gold  
The coreopsis shines forth prettily;

Here by the baby brooks are sweetly told  
(Through meshes of the cool green watercress)  
Small silver tales of daily happiness.

—Clinton Dangerfield.

---

#### Lasell by the Western Sea to Lasell by the Sea in the East.

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#### A SUNSHINE GREETING.

And this contingent is not so tiny as you may think. Recent reinforcements are Miriam Nelson, '05, Edith Simonds, Ettie May Pierson Robertson, Rose Taylor, Bertha Harris Armington, Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89, Nellie Rawson Chase, Cornelia Williams Hutchinson, '86, Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, Charlotte Thearle, Louise Whitney Weaver, Virginia Johnson Milbank, Cora Cogswell, '83, Isabelle Bowers, Lois Thomas, Anita Wade, Emily Genn, Grace Ordway, Barbara Vail, '05, Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, Ella Eddy—some-

body (I forget her married name), Mrs. E. B. Hosmer (of Waltham—don't know her maiden name), Lulu Orrell Eddy and Martha E. Ransom.

Is not this a goodly company for our little Lasell to send to one little corner of the South-West? For you know we do not call ourselves in the West, but the South-West—see your maps. Now add to these the permanent residents who have been pupils at Lasell, like Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, Carrie Johnson Miller, '94, Katherine Watson Pugh, Fanne Watson, Nellie Chase, '02, Laura Chase, '02, Florence Phillips, Zoe Lowe Brown, Dasie Hartson Cope, '94, Maud Campbell, Elizabeth Campbell, Elsa West, Laura Conger Buchan, and a dozen others, and you see that our little school has a representation in California not to be despised for either number or quality. I trust the repetition of names has not been tedious, since many of you may be interested to know who are here, permanently or temporarily. Now, are you not heartily greeted?

We meet with you in spirit today and send you our heartiest good wishes for a jolly gathering! Yes, jolly, why not? There are hard days enough and doubtless some of you are sorry for some who would be with you if they could. Even so. But be glad today that you are all together, that you see each other's faces again and make it a happy time. Make it a *sociable*. Let *every one* feel that she finds warm friends there. Let the old friendships—*how precious they are!*—be made stronger and warmer today and many new friendships begun. Let no one go away without knowing every other one. By virtue of my right as your Principal I appoint you a *Committee of the Whole to see to this*. And I greet you personally *every one* with my warmest



handshake and blessing! Can't you feel the hand? It is warm and true and loving, *my dear, dear girls!* Can you sing the Lasell cheer? Do it *now*. Some one start it—Ho-i-la! Again—three times three for old Lasell! Sit up straight! Take deep breaths, and let it out! Now, *once more*—Ho-i-la! I can hear you across the continent. Bless you, my children, God bless you every one! Now, you all feel better and so do I! When school mates meet 'tis no time to be formal.

Some one else will tell you of the present prosperity of Lasell, of its full houses, renamed now, full of girls that are a credit to you and to the school whose they are. Lasell gathers its pupils from the right sort, and tho' there may be now and then a black lamb, yet she only makes the whiteness of the rest stand out, and so it happens that, east or west, in this land or others, when a woman greets you in the name of Lasell, you may be *pretty sure she is worth knowing*. That is why I am so proud of my "girls"—not that they are rich, not that they are high in station (tho' I despise them not for these accidents), but because they are good and trying to be better; because they are sensible and not afraid to show it; because they are clever and not conceited, and because they are loyal and not ashamed to prove it.

On our part, so long as life is given us, we, your teachers and friends, will do our best to give you good cause to be proud of our school and loyal to her.

May the loving Father of us all grant you every success that you can stand, wisdom for every demand of life, strength in the time of stress, comfort in the hour of sorrow, His wonderful peace now and evermore. Lovingly and loyally,

C. C. BRAGDON.

Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 27, '06.

## Lasell Luncheon.

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The annual midwinter reunion of the Lasell girls of New England was held in the attractive parlors of Hotel Lenox, Boston, on Monday, February 12th, from one to five o'clock. A goodly company of alumnæ, former students and teachers were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Misses Carpenter, Blaisdell and Potter. Refreshments were served in the early part of the afternoon. At the request of a number of the alumnæ the usual literary and musical program was omitted, that more time might be given to renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. That many enjoyed the longer time for mingling with their friends was very evident. It is however now in order for those present to say which plan is the better for the future. Truly one could be happy with either.

Upon returning to the parlors, Miss Potter, the President of the Association, brought the greetings of Lasell, and in her usual gracious and winning manner, told of the progress of Lasell during the past year. She said, "We have been raising the roof and changing our names, the first to be taken literally, the second as referring to the buildings themselves, rather than to the occupants." Special reference was made to Dr. Bragdon's recent valuable paper on Women's Rights, read at the home of Mrs. Bob Burdette in Pasadena. Dr. Winslow added to his personal welcome the eagerly looked for letter from Dr. Bragdon. This letter is printed elsewhere in *The Leaves*. At the close of the reading of the letter, Dr. Winslow told a story illustrating the cordiality with which all present members of the Lasell family welcome back the old girls. Miss Packard presented the Golden Jubilee to be held at the Seminary at Commencement

this year in honor of the classes of '54, '55 and '56, a slight appreciation of their loyalty through these many years.

Interest was added to this gathering by the fact that at the same time Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon were entertaining former Lasell pupils in their California home. The Lasell cheer was sent across the continent to Dr. Bragdon in the form of a telegram.

Our thanks for the pleasure of the day is largely due to the careful planning of the Reunion Committee, who were Irene G. Sanford, '79, Chairman; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, Mary B. Vance, '99, Annie Mae Pinkham, '02.

Below is a list of those present:

Miss Caroline Carpenter, Lasell Seminary; Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67, Lasell Seminary; Mr. Joseph A. Hills, Boston; Mrs. Clara Austin Winslow, Lasell Seminary; Dr. Guy M. Winslow, Lasell Seminary; Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Lasell Seminary; Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83, 538 Broadway, So. Boston; Miss Mary P. Witherbee, '92, Lasell Seminary; Miss Mary L. Nutt, Lasell Seminary; Mrs. Miriam N. Loomis, Lasell Seminary; Miss Priscilla White, Boston; Miss Louisa F. Parkhurst, Somerville; Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Waltham; Miss Margaret Rand, Newton Centre; Fraulein Hermine Stuen, Wellesley College; Mrs. Mary Shaw Rogers, '56, 66 Westland avenue, Boston; Miss Martha E. Stone, '56, Newton Centre; Fannie Sykes Davis, '57, 21 Lake avenue, Newton Centre; Caroline Hills Leeds, '61, 24 Bennington street, Newton; Sarah F. Boynton, '67, 340 N. Harvard street, Allston; Marion E. Gilmore, '76, 7 Haskell street, North Cambridge; Sophie Mason Dumas, '83, 55 Huntington street, Lowell; Nellie Packard Draper, '84, 82 Humboldt avenue, Roxbury; Mary Rose Green, '86, 228 Lincoln street, Newton Highlands; Susan C. Richards, '91, Weymouth; Jennie Arnold Felt, '93, Peabody; Grace E. Loud, '95, 201 Linden street, Everett; Eleanor Clapp Drinkwater, '95, East Weymouth; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, South Braintree; Annie E. Richards, '95, Weymouth; Mary B. Vance, '99, 14 Foster street, Brookline; Elsie Burdick, '99, 205 Sigourney street, Hartford, Conn.; Gertrude Watson Linscott, '99, 23 Ward street, Woburn; Marietta Y. Sisson, '99, 141 Front street, Binghamton, N. Y.; Helen M. Ramsdell, '00, 17 Arlington Road, Woburn; Ethlyn Barber Brown, '01, Winchester; Edith Dustin, '01, Gloucester; Annie

Mae Pinkham, '03, Arlington Square, Haverhill; Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, 173 Lincoln street; Newton Highlands; Carrie T. George, '03, 121 North Common street, Lynn; Grace Hardy, '04, Ashburnham; Leslie White, '05, 617 Westford street, Lowell; Ada B. Wells, '05, 23 Otis street, Newtonville; Woodie Kimball Adams, 29 Highland avenue, Haverhill; Louise Richards Bacon, 111 Smith street, Edgewood, R. I.; Anna Andrews Barris, 16 South Elm street, Lynn; Rosalie A. Bennett, 32 Williams street, Norwich, Conn.; Ida Simpson Bushnell, 234 Armington street, Edgewood, R. I.; Clementina Butler, Newton Centre; Louise G. Dietrick, 10 Fairweather street, Waltham; Ida Trowbridge Fuller, 336 Washington street, Wellesley Hills; Mary Shaw Harmon, 111 Bartlett street, Winter Hill, Somerville; Mrs. T. B. Hitchcock, Newton; Blanche Busell Hofmann, 114 Bartlett street, Winter Hill, Somerville; Anna Whitman Homer, 26 Stewart street, Quincy; Arabella Hagar Howe, Boston; Sarah Pew Locke, Winchester; Marion Fessenden Miller, 23 Russell Park, Quincy; G. Augusta Damon Nickerson, 108 Winthrop Road, Brookline; Annie Daniels Perkins, 20 Tremlett street, Dorchester; Rosa Best Pike, 415 Columbus avenue, Boston; Bertha W. Russell, Belmont; Irene G. Sanford, Hotel Brunswick, Boston; Annie Seeley Springer, 67 Arlington street, Newton; Frances I. Wood, 9 Shattuck street, Worcester.

### Pasadena Lasell Reunion.

Lasell clubs in various parts of the land are "getting in" their delightful work in good shape.

First was the Indiana club in January, already partly reported in these columns. Then the New York club at the Waldorf-Astoria, February 3. Then this at Pasadena February 9th. Next Monday, February 12, the New England Reunion.

Our hearts were warmed by a telegram from New York sending greetings across the continent. The telegram was read to Lasellians here and roused enthusiasm.

From two to five our art room had the usual vision of fair women well gowned, and the usual noise of Lasell girl chatter. It was good to hear and to see. It was jolly, as such gatherings ought to be. No



program or other foolish interruption to the proper social delights of meeting old friends and comparing notes, and making new ones, all bound by the tie of Lasell. Refreshments of course were served. Lasell blue prevailed in the abundant flowers, stock, violets and sweet peas, beautiful bunches having been sent by Lulu Orrell Eddy, grown on her own place, and by Fraulein Roth, and some from Mrs. B.'s garden. But the main thing was beautiful talk. The Lasellian from farthest back was Mrs. E. B. Hosmer, who was Elizabeth S. Viles at Lasell in 62-63. Mrs. Hosmer's home is in Waltham, Mass, but her winters are spent here. Also present were Lulu Orrell Eddy of Chicago (winter home here), Lizzie Bacon Whittemore, Ettiemay Pierson Robertson, Jacksonville, Ill., Edith Simonds, Chicago, Virginia Johnson Milbank, Cora Cogswell, '83, Bertha Merryman Olmsted, Isabelle Bowers, Flora Joannes, Green Bay, Wis., Louise Whitney Weaver, Anita Wade, Lois Thomas, Miriam Nelson, '05, Derby Line, Vt., Winnie Ewing Coffin, '89, and Nellie Rawson Chase, Des Moines, Ia., Rose Taylor, Mansfield, Ohio, Carol Case, '99, Highland Park, Conn., Anna Warner, '97, Washington, D. C., Florence Phillips, Riverside, Cal., Fraulein Roth, Martha Ransom, Emily Genn, Auburndale, Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95.

All these live in Pasadena or Los Angeles, except as stated. Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, and Cornelia William Hutchinson, '86, expected till the last moment to be present from Redlands, and sent cordial letters. Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, from San Jose, Pauline Collins from Oakland, also sent letters of kindly interest and regret.

Regrets were received from Dasie Hartson Cope, '94, Bertha Gray Richards, Mabel

Clement Rogers, Katherine Watson Pugh, Fanny Watson, Charlotte Thearle, Nan Brown, Grace Ordway, Ellen and Laura Chase, '02, and Elizabeth and Maud Campbell.

The later pupils gave the Ho-i-la cheer to the delight of those who had never heard it and all examined with interest the late stationery of the various houses, the recent Lasell pins and ring, the photographs of Mike and Dick-a-Deen, The Lasell Leaves, The Calendar (they thought this great for a souvenir), and the programs of Glee Club Concert, Rehearsal, the menus of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and various other Lasell reminders which had been put upon a table for exhibition. We were proud of "our girls" as we always are.

C. C. B.

Later word comes that Jennie Williams Brainard was kept away by an eight-hour-late train. We don't have hourly trains out here. If one is late (as is often the case) it often means a day lost.

---

### New York Lasell Reunion.

---

Edith A. Harris, secretary of the New York Lasell Club, sends us the following delightful account of the luncheon.

The Thirteenth Annual Luncheon of the Lasell Club of New York, was held in the banquet hall of the Waldorf-Astoria on February the third at one o'clock. The attendance was the largest in the history of the Club—fifty being present. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, a former president, and a member of the present Executive Committee, received the guests. Miss Annie M. Gwinnell, Mrs. Harriette Ward Walker, and Miss Edith A. Harris, acted as an Introduction Committee. The

luncheon was served at small, round tables.  
The menu was as follows:

Pamplemousse  
Crème St. Germain en tasses  
Radis, Olives, Céleri, Amandes saletés  
Bouchée de Howard  
Mignons de boeuf, sauce Colbert  
Haricots verts nouveaux sautés  
Poitrine de Pintade  
Salade de Chicorée  
Plombieré au miel  
Gateaux assortis  
Café.

After the luncheon a short business meeting was held, at which the presiding officer read a letter of greeting and good advice, and wishes from Dr. Bragdon. A motion to send greetings to Dr. Bragdon by wire was unanimously adopted. The Club was then most charmingly entertained by Mr. John Barnes Wells, tenor. He gave the following selections:

- |     |                            |           |
|-----|----------------------------|-----------|
| 1 a | Still vie die Nacht,       | Bohm      |
| b   | Zneignung,                 | Strauss   |
| c   | Als die alte Mutter,       | Dvorak    |
| d   | Darf des Salken Schivinge, | Dvorak    |
| 2 a | Ecstasy,                   | Beach     |
| b   | Red, Red Rose,             | Hastings  |
| c   | The Wooing,                | Sieveking |
| d   | Fay Song,                  | Ware      |

Those present at the luncheon were:

From New York City.—Miss Eva L. Couch, 1893; Miss Mabel French, 1901; Mrs. Harriette Ward Walker, 1901; Miss Elsa Basch, 1904; Miss Elsa Merz, 1905; Miss Bessie Price, 1904; Mrs. Gertrude Morse Hickey; Miss Grace Matthews, 1901; Miss Catharine Tompkins, 1900; Miss Maudie Stone, 1888; Miss Elizabeth MacMartin; Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton, '85-'87.

From Brooklyn.—Miss Grace C. Huntington, 1889; Miss Ethel West, 1905; Miss Elizabeth Whitley, 1900-1902.

From New York State.—Mrs. Edith Hawley Dunn, Albany, 1900-'01; Miss Hazel North, Roudot, 1900-'01; Mrs. Georgia Lord Cushman, Irvington-on-Hudson, 1898-1900.

From Connecticut.—Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch, Cromwell, 1886-88; Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones, Bridgeport, '89; Miss Sarah Dyer, 1900-'01, Collinsville; Miss Ruth K. Merriam, '98, Meriden; Miss Florence Corbin, 1904, New Britain.

From New Jersey.—Miss Elinor Chamberlayne,

'74-'76, Mrs. Laura Place Gadsden, '82-'83, Montclair; Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, '78-'80, Miss Daisy Fischer, '93-'94, East Orange; Miss Annie M. Gwinnell, '88; Mrs. Frances Casebolt Jackson, '92-'93; Miss Cornelia DeGroff, 1900-'01; Miss Edith A. Harris, '99-1901, Newark; Mrs. Susan Griggs Wilson, '81-'84, Elizabeth; Mrs. Edith Howe Kip, 1897, Passaic; Mrs. Gertrude Vreeland Milke, Jersey City; Miss Eleanor Bohm, 1900-'01, Patterson.

Mrs. Tryphena Uhrich Ludwig, 1901, Miss Constance Erdman, 1902, Allentown, Pa.; Miss Ladora Rogers, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Grace Tirrell, Alston, Mass.

The following who were guests of different members, and whose names are not on my books, I cannot give addresses or year for.

Mrs. Stewart, '95, (lives West, I think); Miss Barker (from Chicago, I think); Mrs. Hill (a cousin of Edith Howe Kip); Anna Rouse, Marion Southwick, Gladys Patterson, Mary Yocum, Alice Dwinell, Mrs. Sarah Lawrence White, Miss Darling, 1905.

### Cincinnati Lasell Reunion.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing The Lasell Club of Cincinnati was held at the Business Men's club in that city Tuesday, March 6. The following officers were elected: President, Nan Peabody Hall, '91; Vice-President, Alice M. House; Secretary and Treasurer, Margie M. Schuberth, '96; Executive Committee, Helen Wade Cooke, Florence Ebersole, '02, Edith Blair, '97. Those present were as follows: Nan Peabody Hall, '91; Greta Stearns Kinsey, '94; Anna R. Ampt, '08; Virginia Wilson Madden, Edith M. Ebersole, '03; Florence Ebersole, '02; Amy Lothmann, Lucy Young, Marie Gibert, '03; Mabel E. Friedeborn, '00; Alice M. House, Mary Ebersole Crawford, May Muth Claussen, Lucy A. Muth, '99; Edith Blair, '97; Helen Wade Cooke, and Margie M. Schuberth, '96.

Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O, sea!  
For I'd like you to know  
How it seems to be so  
Broke, dead broke, as me.—Ex.



## How to Come to California.

---

So many Lasell girls and their friends come every year to So. California, that it seems worth while for one who has tried all the routes to give advice.

By all means come by the Santa Fe road, counting the start from Chicago.

1st. Because it is shorter.

2d. Because it serves better meals.

3d. Because it is one continuous road, and so one chances no missing of connections as is possible where there are several roads involved.

4th. Because it is the only route by which one can reach the Grand Canyon of Colorado, *which should on no account be missed*. It is the one thing which no one should omit. Leave out Colorado and all its scenery; leave out Los Angeles, Pasadena, Coronado, Santa Barbara, and all this mighty and beautiful southwest, which you come on purpose to enjoy; leave out San Francisco, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, *if you must*, but *don't* leave out the Grand Canyon. And the Santa Fe only gives access to it.

5th. Because by it you can get more and better sights of our fast dying out Indian population, their villages, dress and quaint modes of life, than by any other route.

Plan to see these things coming. If you don't, you will have missed four-fifths of what you come for. Is it not to see new things, get new sensations, make acquaintance with parts of our country and life new to you?

You don't come to ride in a Pullman, do you? If you do (and some tourists do act as if that were their chief object), you might as well ride to and fro the same distance on the N. Y. Central. You'd have as much comfort and pay less money.

Plan two weeks at least for the outward trip. Your ticket allows stop-overs anywhere west of the Missouri river. Stop half a day in Kansas City, and run over it by two or three lines of street cars. Stop a day at Albuquerque and see the Indian school, the old Mexican town, and spend a half day at Isleta, an Indian city nearby. Stop two days at Laguna, and drive out to Acoma most wonderful. One day at Holbrooke, and see the petrified forest. O, yes, I had forgotten. Stop a day at Launey, and go by branch road to Santa Fe and see the oldest city on the continent. Two days would be better. This comes before Albuquerque. Then stop three or four days at the Grand Canyon, and fill yourselves full of the greatest sight in the world. Two days can be made to do here, but it is worth four. One side advantage of these stops, by no means to be despised, is that you can so plan them as to pass through most of the country by daylight, instead of losing half of it in the dark, as those must who foolishly come right through.

There are three through trains daily, so you can plan to use either as convenient. Don't let folks, who have been once or twice scare you by saying you will have trouble in getting sleeping berths. In the first place, you will want a good deal fewer berths, for you will go over most of the road in daytime, when a seat in a Pullman is as good as a berth. In the second place, I have stopped many times as I have suggested, and have never lacked Pullman accommodations.

Stop half a day at Needles, and plan to leave it on the Limited early in the A. M., (the hotel is at the station, and they call you in time,) so as to pass through the Mojave desert and enter California in the daytime.

If you do as I have outlined, you will, on

reaching Pasadena, (which, not Los Angeles, is *the place* to stay in So. California by all means,) already have had the best trip of your life, and seen enough to fill you with thought and delightful memories for all time. You will already have seen the best of our great southwest and gotten many surprises as to what the United States is and has.

You will return via Coast Line, Del Monte, the Big Trees, Yosemite Park, from San Jose; Stanford University, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, the Royal Gorge, the Canon of the Arkansas, (get this stretch in the daytime,) Denver and Omaha, all worth seeing. Plan your stay at Salt Lake City for two days, one of which shall be Sunday. but you will agree with me that the outward part of your journey has been as ten to one compared with the return portion. You can reach the Yellowstone Park from Ogden, if you want to, as well as to take the otherwise uninteresting No. Pacific R. R. for it. If you have plenty of time, go to Seattle and Portland, Or., from 'Frisco, take No. Pacific to the Yellowstone Park, thence down to Ogden for Salt Lake City.

You take a nine months' excursion ticket from Chicago, and can make all these stops without extra expense. Why not do it? Why not get your money's worth and *see things out here* while you are about it?

C. C. B.

### Mistakes Will Occur.

Recent medical investigation finds scientific excuse for the perpetually tired, and lays the blame for some kinds of weariness on the much-enduring germ. Uncle Eben, in the *Washington Star*, finds the subject more complicated.

"It takes a mighty conscientious man," says the good brother, "to allus be able to tell de difference 'tween when he's tired an' when he's lazy."



We have received a picture New Year postal from Antwerp, but it is without name, and we do not know the hand-writing, so cannot tell to whom to be thankful for the kind remembrance.

Lila H. Warren of Brooklyn sends us her new address, 252 Madison street. She tells us a little about the death of her father, and of her own good position as teacher of Kindergartening, which she is loth to give up, though she hopes to live near Boston again. We hope so, too. Lila hears often from Georgia Adams McElfresh and Gertrude Gleason Shepard and Mary Fisher Buffington, who are all well. The latter has three fine children.

Anna Warner, '97, and Carol Case, '99, are the latest Lasellians to appear. Mr. Case and Mr. Case, Jr., are with them. Ettie May Pierson Robertson has shown us kodaks of the mansion in Jacksonville, Ill., which she calls and makes a home. The snow covered things as we remember snow can! She says Kathryn Robertson Smith's, '97, home is now at 399 LaFayette avenue, Buffalo, and that Elizabeth Robertson has this winter made her first visit to New York, and has had a great time! Elizabeth always did have good times everywhere! And I must say I like folks who do have good times everywhere! There is a young woman here of whom the other girls say, "Well, I suppose we must have — —, but I wish she weren't so disagree-



able." Isn't it fine to let your face grow so that it looks as if you were smiling, or just going to, all the time! This girl looks cross, says the wrong thing, or the right thing in a cross or fault-finding way, till nobody wants her 'round! What a pity!

Edith Knight Belden is here on her bridal tour. Mrs. Knight says he is a man after her own heart. So he must be a good fellow!

Adelaide C. Samson's present address is 153 W. 23d street, New York City, care Hoimeyer, where she is doing well, as she always will. Our best wishes for her, always.

I met E. M. Burnham (in whom Ada Wells, '05, has confessed an interest, in Los Angeles, lately. He is enthusiastic over California, and business prospects, and expects to make Los Angeles their home.

Alice Linscott Hall, '78, has moved into her own charming home at 5895 Von Versen avenue, St. Louis, and reports it delightful to have their very own again; that her boy has married (think of that!) and is living in South McAlaster, Ind. Ter. (Miss Puterbough will be interested in that!); that Elinor is in the sophomore year at the University; that Elizabeth is having private lessons, and that she has found a Lasell mate in the new wife of one of the professors, Mrs. Katherine Mason Fernald, '99. Katherine has fallen into good hands if Alice takes to her. Three professors in that one University have Lasell wives. Rather unusual!

Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, also of '78, writes of her Mr. Van's fine growth in his business; of Louise's success with her voice training, and of a notion she has of sending her to Europe with Mr. Shepherd, and afterwards to Lasell for advanced work. We have always coveted Alice's girl for La-

sell, and shall welcome her if it is so decided. She (Alice) spent the holidays with her parents in La Porte, Ind., and earlier had a fine trip with "Mr. Van" (as she calls him) to Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Oberlin (where Louise is now) and La Porte. She plans to come to Lasell for Commencement, and we hope that nothing will interfere with that.

A beautiful picture card of Minnehaha Falls, brought us the valued New Year greeting of the father and mother of our Miss Child.

Olive Holmes is said to be in Pasadena, but I have not found her yet, nor she me.

I hear, too, that the mother of our Lillie Hathaway of Lincoln, Nebraska, is in Los Angeles. I hope to see her.

Virginia Johnson Milbank is settled in a beautiful home at 2607 Wilshire Boul, Los Angeles. Cora Cogswell is still her "*fidus Achates*." Bertha Merryman Olmsted's address is "The Hinman," corner Figueroa and Seventh streets, Los Angeles.

Ex. U. S. Minister to China, Conger, is visiting his brother here. He says Laura Conger Buchan is in fine health now (he attributes this to the siege of Pekin, during which Laura lived on horse flesh and poor rice!); has a beautiful child of two and-half years, and is just approaching a new post of duty, Zambuanga, 300 or 400 miles south of Manila, P. Is., to which Capt. Buchan has recently been sent. It is on the island of Mindanao, the pleasantest section of the Islands. Minister Conger saw a good deal of Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls, '87, during a recent visit in Manila, and says she is a remarkable woman of many fine gifts, and much influence.

We knew it, but are glad to have it confirmed by so competent a judge.

Florence Hayden, '02, was pleasantly re-

called to us by a reading of "If I Were King" by the wife of Florence's brother, who is a reader and teacher of much note here.

Ruth Evans of Wakefield, and Florence Edwards of Natick, are the two very latest Lasellians I have seen.

Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, writes that Florence Ryan Donellan of Williamsport, Pa., is in Redlands, Cal., on account of her husband's health.

Elizabeth Whitley writes, "I wish I could have gone back to Lasell, but it was impossible. At any rate I am so glad I had Lasell days. They were surely worth while." Expected to be at Vassar this year, but is not. Is thoroughly well now, and hopes to get there next year. Spent last summer abroad; met Georgie Latham in London, and on the top of Simplon Pass, Mr. Graham, who is a neighbor of Mrs. Martin, and he had met a number of Lasell girls in Rome, and on the steamer was a young man who lives in Pasadena, and knows C. C. B. "So it is impossible" she says, "to get away from Lasell. It is all over." She says she had such a good time at the Lasell (New York) luncheon; more of the younger girls there. One was Grace Matthews, who invited a number of them to luncheon, but she (good girl!) had to go to school!

Bessie Price and Ethel West live quite near her, and she had not known it. So you see these Club luncheons are good things! She sees Eleanor Bohm often. Elizabeth writes a good letter. Elizabeth Snow called. I was out. She thought she could come again that afternoon, so left no address on card. I am looking every young woman I meet on the street so earnestly "into the face" that I am liable to arrest. Carol Case says Elizabeth is now away, but may be back later.

Anna Warner says Bertha Parsons is at The Soldiers' Home near Los Angeles. Hope to see her!

Carol and Anna Warner are now established at our old home, Hotel Green. We found it "homey" for six or seven winters, and they say it seems so to them. N. B. you who are coming!

They are sure they saw Carlotta Elling in Coronado Hotel, but did not get speech with her, owing to a combination of circumstances. I hope Carlotta has not passed me by.

The Arthur B. Jones of which the following is editorially written in a Chicago paper, is the father of our Mabel and Ida Jones: "Much interest is attached to the man of all men whom Marshall Field chose to be the strong commanding influence in the management of the greatest and most important estate ever left in this country. It is one thing to turn over great rolls of government bonds to be divided, and quite another to turn over vast business interests to be properly administered. Mr. Jones is the man who will have more to say than any one else in the management of the Marshall Field estate. The fact that he is not only \$100,000 richer than he was twenty-four hours ago, but also practically controls the management of the mammoth business of Marshall Field, seems to have not the least impression on the little Welshman. That Arthur B. Jones is a careful man, a discreet man, a trustworthy man, does not need the proof of the trust that his old employer reposed in him. His very walk expresses caution. His manner is self-effacing. He is beyond all doubt the highest type of confidential employe."

C. C. B.

Aimee Mack writes for a catalogue for a friend whom she hopes will come to La-



sell next year. Aimee looks back to the time spent at Lasell with a great deal of pleasure, and wishes that she might come back with her friend.

Elizabeth Stockwell Burch, here from Worcester, in 1880, is now living at Hotel St. James, 109 West 45th Street, New York City.

Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, (Mrs. Ira W.) writes a very interesting letter which we give in part. She says, "It seems that if I write you at six months intervals it will be to give you a new address each time, for we wanderers have moved again and are now in the mountains of Guerrero. This is only temporary, however, and we still consider Mexico City our home. Ira is out here to develop a mining property, and I chose to come with him rather than make a visit home without him. We are eighty miles from the railroad, on Teotepetl mountain, at an elevation of some eleven thousand feet. Our home is a log cabin, but it will be a cozy "mountain hut" when I get it fixed up.

Our trip out was interesting and certainly novel to me. We rode over a trail six inches wide, up hill and down, the mountains getting higher and higher as we pressed toward the south. We are rather far south and can see the Pacific plainly from here for miles along the coast.

Of course we have a cool climate at this elevation and cannot realize how near the "hot country" we are.

You see I am having all the experience of a mining man's wife. I am the only American woman in this camp, but I'm perfectly contented here.

Our stay in Mexico City was most delightful. The city itself is of never ceasing interest and the Americans are so very cordial and hospitable that we made many

friends. Bell Clokey was with us for four months and in "sight seeing" Ira and I were chaperones for her and her friends. Imagine it!

We met Ivah Davis Frost, '97, but unfortunately she moved to Agnos-calientes several weeks afterwards and we saw her only a few times."

Cleora has a younger sister, Nora, whom she hopes will come to Lasell another year. We hope so, too."

Katherine Morgan Drew has returned to Oshkosh after spending a little over a year in California. She has a little son about four and a half years old, who has been a great comfort to all, particularly since the death of Katherine's father, which occurred last July after a short illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Alexander McCoy (Ada Cadmus, '98) are to be congratulated on the arrival of a little daughter, Mary Katherine McCoy, born on Feb. 13, 1906.

At a recent entertainment given in the First Presbyterian church parlors, Watertown, N. Y., Edna Rogers, '05, was a star performer, giving several recitations in "that way of hers" which only those who know her can appreciate.

On Chestnut Hill, Brookline, in her beautiful home, surrounded by her many friends, amid exquisite roses and ferns, was married on January 23, our Elise Scott, '99, to James Arthur Mackintosh. Nothing was lacking to make the occasion the beginning of what we trust and believe will prove a still happier life. Lasell was represented by some of her former school friends and several of the faculty.

The following have received calls from relatives during the past month. Misses Albright, Kennedy, Purington, Jennie Johnson, Sebring, Abrams, Sauter, Anthony, Boyce, Huntington, Matlage, Leavitt,

Dorothy Caldwell, Fassett, Stratton, Simes, Lane, Serviss, Sarah Strong, Webb.

We were glad to welcome the following old girls: Maritta Sisson, Florence Miller, Ethel Loud, Josephine Holmes, Rosalie Bennett, Mabelle Whitney, Carrie Kendig Kellogg.

We are indebted to Edna Rogers for the following items about the girls:

While in New York this month I have been very fortunate in seeing some Lasell girls. Gladys Patterson, '04, has been visiting Elsa Merz. She came on for the luncheon at the Waldorf. Florence Corbin came on, too.

"Shaw" Fuller has been visiting in Brooklyn. She 'phoned me, but we didn't see each other.

"Tommy" (Tompkins) Johnston had a little luncheon. Helen Darling was there, and we talked over old times, about everybody and everything. "Tommy" is very proud of her young son. I think it's a pity he can't go to Lasell. Better change it to co-educational.

Irma John is spending the winter in Brooklyn. She is busy studying vocal music and reading. The typhoid fever had a very good effect on Irma. She is looking better than ever.

I am hoping to see Edna Sawyer before I go home. I telephoned her, but she was out.

Dr. Bragdon wrote and told me to send some personals, so you see I'm doing my duty. I wish I might tell you more, but my supply seems to be limited.

E. M. R., '05.

We are indebted to Mrs. Ella Cotton Nash for a paper containing the pictures of the babies of some of the Lasell girls living in Omaha. They are Alice Andreesen Kountze's daughter, Elizabeth Allen Pax-

ton's daughter, Ella Cotton Nash's daughter and Grace Allen Clarke's son.

Our Lend-a-hand Library is very much indebted to Mrs. Guy M. Winslow for a new and beautiful copy of Barrie's "Little Minister." The library is growing and the list of readers on the increase.

Good for Mabelle Whitney and her new departure! This faithful Lasell girl is now taking a course in Landscape Gardening at Groton, Mass. When she "passes," we are going to suggest to our Principal that he give her an opportunity to lay out the Lasell land.

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### Marriages.

Sarah Ethel Smith, '99, to George Allyn Aylsworth, Wednesday evening, March 14, 3226 Washington street, Kansas City, Mo.

Helen Agnes Dyer to Rufus King Porter, Tuesday, February 27, Auburndale, Mass.

Mary Wendell Upham, '02, to Austin Hobart Clark, Tuesday, March 6, Newtonville, Mass.

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### Deaths.

In the passing of T. D. Cook of Avon street, Boston has lost one of its manly men, and Lasell a friend. And manly men are all too few. We sympathize with his family and other friends, and congratulate them on the legacy—the priceless legacy of a *good name!*

Stella Smith Strong, here in '76, has recently lost her mother. Mrs. Smith's death was a great shock to the family and especially so to this devoted daughter, who was her constant companion. We feel the tenderest sympathy for Mrs. Strong and also for her dear daughter, Genevra, who is spending her first year at Lasell.

We have recently received news of the death of Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Hance,



mother of Elizabeth Hance Thistlewaite, a Lasell girl of 1884-1887. Mrs. Hance has lived a long and beautiful life, having been prominently identified with many religious and philanthropic movements. Those of us who knew Elizabeth will hold her in loving and tender remembrance during these days of bereavement.

Mrs. R. O. Eaton, mother of our Mary Eaton, passed away in February. A beautiful tribute to Mrs. Eaton appeared in a Montowese paper. She was a woman of rare Christian character. We extend sincerest sympathy to our sorrowing school-mate and her bereaved family.

Our old girls who are mates of Helen R. Turner, will be pained to learn of her recent bereavement in the death of her father, Mr. Henry R. Turner. Mr. Turner was a well known and esteemed citizen of Auburndale. We tender our sympathy to the afflicted family.

We are sorry to hear through Miss Chisholm's kindness, of the death in Singapore of Marguerite Whong, who was at Lasell a little while, leaving us to become the wife of Dr. Lim Boon Krug, who has become (Miss C. says) one of the first physicians of South Asia, and who mourns his wife intensely. Our little Chinese sister won all our hearts during her brief stay, and we sympathize deeply with Dr. Krug.

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### Rain, Thunder and Heavy Hail.

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We have some weather here! but *very rarely*.

The rain for the storm has amounted to over half an inch in Los Angeles. In some parts of the mountains there has been a much heavier precipitation, and the streams are running high. Southern California generally has received a wetting which will do

much to promote the growth of grain and many other crops which already had a good start.

A dispatch received by the *Times* last night from San Bernardino says that a freak rainstorm swept the valley there yesterday. In the afternoon between four and 5 o'clock heavy shocks of thunder repeatedly shook the valley.

The precipitation at San Bernardino was .15 inch; at Redlands .10 inch; at Highland .12 inch; at Squirrel Inn .15 inch; but at Colton 1.25 inches fell within an hour.

Accompanying the storm at Colton was a heavy hail shower, which drove people to cover. Within a few minutes after the deluge commenced the streets were flooded, and in several instances water flowed into stores. One grocer prevented flooding his store by banking the entrance with sawdust.

The storm traveled a path a mile wide, running southwesterly, Rialto and the southwestern section of San Bernardino coming in for part of the great downpour and hail.

There was a heavy fall on the Cucamonga hills, but along the San Bernardino range the precipitation was light.

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### Speaking of Ancestry.

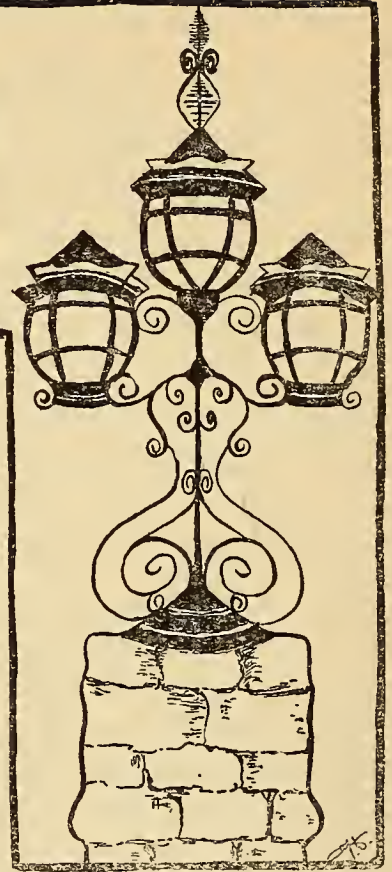
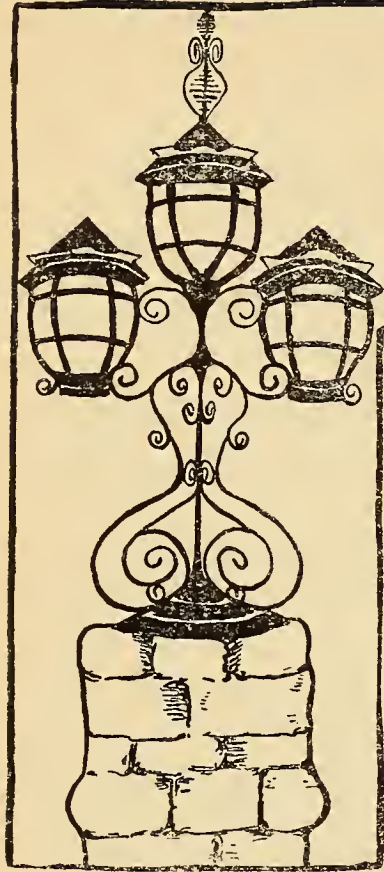
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Mr. Chase has such an exaggerated respect for the blue blood of Boston which runs in his veins that his manner is slightly patronizing. He was lately introduced to a Syrian of good birth, and education, who lives in this county.

"And may I inquire," he said, blandly, in the course of the conversation, "if you are of the Christian religion?"

"My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon," quietly replied the Syrian.

# LOCALS



February 9.—Friday evening Dr. and Mrs. Winslow royally entertained the Karandon House girls with a genuine New Hampshire "sugaring off." The object seemed to be to consume the greatest amount of sugar in the shortest time. Ask any one who won!

February 11.—On the day of Prayer Dr. Bates conducted morning Chapel and in the afternoon service at half past three, Dr. Mills from South Boston preached to us. The vesper service

was led by Fan Thatcher, president of the Christian Endeavor Society.

February 12.—The subject of Dr. Morris' lecture this evening was "Digestion and Absorption."

February 14.—All the tables were very prettily decorated in honor of St. Valentine, red hearts being in special prominence.

February 17.—The Juniors entertained the Seniors with a Japanese garden party, which was an absolute success in every way. The gymnasium, decorated with Japanese lanterns and lavender chrysanthemums and tiny tables scattered here and there, made us forget that the winter was still here, and it was hard to believe that we were not actually out-of-doors. To carry out this idea, the girls wore summer hats and gloves, except those who, in Japanese costume, served lemonade. But the event of the evening was in the two-act parody on "Sherlock Holmes." The players are certainly to be congratulated on their good acting. The cast of characters was as follows;

Mr. Sherlock Holmes,  
Dr. Watson,  
Miss Stone,  
Dr. Raylath,

Mary Masters  
Edna Cones  
Marion Stahl  
Cornelia Eaton

After the entertainment, refreshments were served, and each guest received a Japanese fan as a souvenir. It was later unanimously voted that we had actually had "the time of our lives" at last. Three cheers for the class of '07!

February 21.—The Orphean Club gave its annual concert this evening, perhaps the best one ever enjoyed—in spite of the rain! The program was as follows:

February 22.—George Washington's birthday was celebrated in the usual patriotic and satisfactory manner at 5.30. Besides the "extra fine" dinner, decorations and music at this time, we were later entertained by a minuet danced by eight of the girls in the gymnasium, and it was certainly a graceful, pretty sight. After a "Grand March" the dancing continued until—guess what time?



February 24.—“The Masquers” finished this week of excitements by a unique entertainment and dance on Saturday evening. Their original plan of giving a play could not be carried out on account of the illness of several members of the Society, but they are to be congratulated on the success of their performance, especially under these circumstances. The program was as follows:

March by famous Comb Orchestra.

Miss Annie Mahoney in one of her famous negro dialect speeches.

Mme. Romnier, soloist.

Baby Percy, the Child Wonder.

Mlle. Odide.

“A Midnight Feast” by twelve boarding-school girls.

Miss Johnston in an original monologue.

Sailor’s Hornpipe by a troupe brought over for this occasion alone.

This was an imitation of a certain forbidden place of amusement in the adjoining metropolis.

### An Old Lasell Girl.

In 1896 Miss Ruth Sites, a missionary from Foochow, came home from her vacation bringing with her an eighteen year old Chinese girl, Marguerite Whong, who was to have this chance, just like some of her American sisters, of rounding out her years of school life with foreign travel. Only she came from the old world to see what the new was doing, instead of going from the new to gaze upon the contributions of the past.

All the “old girls” of that year will remember how she was entertained at Lasell for about three months, and what a quaint figure she made in her bright Chinese costume. With Marguerite as an “old girl,” Wellesley can hardly be said to be the first to offer scholarships to Chinese maidens.

All those “old girls” will grieve to learn that Mrs. Lim Boon Krug died in Singapore, Dec. 21, 1905, after months of intense

suffering, leaving a husband and four little boys. All who knew her sweetness and brightness and loveliness will sympathize with her husband, Dr. Lim, who writes, “Our home is without a head, and what a cheerless home it is. Without her the place seems a valley of destitution, and unless sustained by a higher ideal of life than mere materialism, one must seek annihilation in the agony of despair.” Poor husband, and poor little motherless sons.

Those “old girls” will not need to be told how clever and winsome the little girl from ancient China proved herself to be, and how quick she was to appreciate Yankee inventions, though still loyal as possible to her own Chinese customs. When asked what she would prefer to take back to China from the new world, her choice was a sewing machine, but it was to make Chinese, not American clothes.

What one of us could land in a foreign country knowing nothing of the language, and in six months be able to carry on a fluent conversation? Yet this is what Marguerite did. In January when she came to this country she was able to use perhaps a dozen English words, though understanding more. In July, except for a slight accent, and an almost exclusive use of the present tense (they have no tense in Chinese), which added a piquant vividness to her speech, no one would have guessed that she had not always been as familiar with English as with her own native Chinese. She could even understand and make English jokes. Perhaps Chinese humor is not as different from ours, as their generally antipodal point of view would lead us to expect. If we seek an “uncle” when in distress, the Chinaman under like conditions, Marguerite told us, seeks a relative, though he calls him “cousin.”

It was not the easiest thing in the world after seeing an American girl's freedom in choosing her own life, to have a husband picked out for her by a father, but because that was the Chinese custom, and because she was fully loyal to her Chinese inheritance, she cheerfully acquiesced in her father's decision. If the choice was made in Chinese fashion she insisted that the courtship must follow in the same way, therefore she refused to receive a message of regard which Dr. Lim sent her in a letter which he wrote to Mrs. Sites, because it was not "proper." Still she was glad to go to a large American wedding, taking a fan as a gift for the bride, red because that is the Chinese color for weddings. At her own wedding she managed to slip in some blue for Lasell. When her own wedding came in Singapore, to Dr. Lim, who in certain respects is a most progressive Chinaman, she wrote back to America that she "knew just how to do it."

It is not hard to go on telling incidents about her, how her pretty self possession carried her successfully through an audience with the great Li, when they were both sailing back to China on the same steamer, and how her father was so proud of his daughter on her return that he introduced her to some of his own friends; but to show how truly lovable and "dear" she was, only those who knew her can know.

Everyone who knew her must have loved her, and must always have a far greater sympathy for China, because it is Marguerite's country, and for the Chinese, because they are her countrymen.

It is links such as these that make the world a unit.

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"O favors every year made new!  
 O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
 The bounty oft o'er runs our due,  
 The fulness shames our discontent."

/ From "The News," Feb. 10, 1906.

At the beautiful Bragdon home on East Colorado street, Professor and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon entertained a large number of former Lasell Seminary students with a delightful reception and reunion yesterday afternoon between the hours of two and five o'clock. ★ Professor Bragdon is principal of this noted Massachusetts seminary for young women and each season entertains with a reunion at his winter home in this city, all the former teachers and pupils of Lasell who are residing or visiting in or near Pasadena. /

The spacious Bragdon home offers an ideal setting for an affair of this kind and the company of cultured and charming women who gathered to renew old friendships and school ties, and to become acquainted with those who have lately arrived from Lasell, enjoyed to the utmost the delightful hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Bragdon.

California sunshine seemed to linger lovingly on the wide, velvety lawn and rose bordered paths, and about the vine-embowered porch, the orange bigonia blossoms hanging in great clusters to the very apex of the roof. The interior presented a no less beautiful picture. A few bowls of blood-colored geraniums brightened the wide reception hall, harmonizing with the rich-toned rugs and red window hangings. The library offers a great contrast to the brightness of the hall, for here all the tones are dark, the bookshelves lined with rare volumes, the heavy carved furniture and the deep blue tones in the hangings all inviting to a cozy study hour. Here a few choice blossoms were placed on tables. In the white and gold drawing room were clusters of white lilies simply arranged.

/ But the gem of all the rooms in the house



is the delightful picture gallery. Its walls are lined with exquisite oils and water colors from the brushes of some of the best artists of Europe and America, which Professor Bragdon has picked up in his travels through many lands. The room is beautifully lighted, and all about are couches and easy chairs inviting to a study of these gems of art. Upon the tables and piano rested bowls of fragrant violets and delicate white and pale pink stock, while on the cabinet and mantel were beautiful clusters of white narcissus and ferns.

Scattered about were many souvenirs of Lasell, pictures of teachers and students, programs of school affairs, class pins, and everything that might be of interest to those who had been away from their alma mater for a long time.

The afternoon was spent in an entirely informal manner, in social conversation, and in the renewing of old and the forming of delightful new friendships. As the hour for leave-taking approached, delicious refreshments were served.

### Conversation of the Game.

1. Before the kick-off the Dealer shall said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."

1. Before the kick-off the Dealer shall first ask, "*May I play?*" His opponent shall then answer, "*Play, please,*" or in the case of a minor game merely "*Please.*"

2. If the quarterback is unable to play, he should lay his hand on the ground and say, "*I pass.*" His substitute must then announce the signal.

3. When making a touchdown say, "*I go over.*"

4. When penalized by the referee, "*I go back.*"

5. When dodging an opponent, "*I double*" or "*Chicane.*"

6. When disabled, "*Enough,*" "*I am satisfied,*" or merely rap on the ground.

7. When disabled by a fellow-player, "*Have you no heart, partner?*"

### METHOD OF SCORING.

1. A Little Slam counts 20 points.
2. A Grand Slam counts 40 points.
3. A Grand Slam with a strong hand, counts a knock-out.

### IN GENERAL.

1. Any one grand-slamming the dummy shall be disqualified.
2. No team shall play a rubber or other professional.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

### Two Points of View.

By Arthur H. Folwell.

#### *The Grandfather's.*

Said I to Neighbor Brown today, "You mark my words," I said,  
 "This goodly town we're living in is forging straight ahead.  
 Just see the way the place has grown within your time and mine!  
 The pond's filled up, the grove's cut down, we've got a stage-coach line.  
 New houses coming, scores of them. It's not too much to say  
 The town'll reach to Morton's Creek, perhaps beyond, some day."  
 And Neighbor Brown agreed with me. He said his father shot  
 A big black bear exactly where they've got their garden plot.  
 I envy, sir, my grandson. I may not have one, true,  
 But should I have one, he's the lad who'll see things, I tell you!  
 Land knows I'd like—although I guess my chance is pretty slim—  
 To see this town just once the way I'm sure 'twill look to him.

#### *The Grandson's.*

I bought a rarish print today, a quaint old copper-plate,  
 Which showed a street scene hereabout in Eighteen Twenty-eight.  
 You know it takes a view like that to make one realize  
 The speed with which this burg of ours grew up to such a size.  
 For instance, apropos of growth, to think they used to say,  
 "The town'll reach to Morton's Creek, perhaps beyond, some day."  
 Why, Morton Street's away down-town. It's farther down each week,  
 And yet—I'd like to turn time back and gaze on Morton's Creek.  
 No office buildings round here then, but counting-rooms instead;  
 A loading ship, perhaps, in front; in back, a flower-bed.  
 The stage-coach line, the shops, the pond where granddad used to swim—  
 But, say! I'd like to see this town the way it looked to him!



The article in this month's *Argosy*, on "Venice" is excellent, and gives a perfect idea of that enchanted city. The article on "Glass" is also of great interest.

The *Arms Student* contains some very entertaining stories, among which are to be commended, "A Narrow Escape" and "The New Times are Better than the Old."

The *Tattler* keeps up its good form, and is a well edited paper.

The Exchange column in the *Quill* is to be commended.

We acknowledge the following exchanges for February: *Tech*, *Latin Leaflet*, *Intercollegian*, *The Northern*, *Quill*, *The Classic*, *The Arms Student*, *The Argosy*, *The Harvard Lampoon*, *The Crescent*, *Tattler* and *The Polytechnic*.

"There's no such a word as can't"—

A mere empirical thought!

An hypothetical, formal view,

As every rational being knew;

But if in this stringent, inadequate law

Non-categorical—you see no flaw,

Change c into k, and see if you (k) can't.

## LADIES' WAISTS, SKIRTS AND SHIRT WAIST DRESSES.

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Skirts \$12.00 to 100.00

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Waists from \$3.50 up

The most of our designs are made  
in England and France, *Solely for*  
*us*. We shall be glad to have you  
see them. . . . .

*Samples furnished on request*

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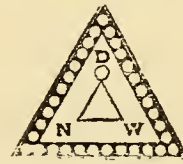
#### Societies.



President—Lucy Wilson.  
Vice President—Irene Sauter.  
Secretary—Margaret Fuller.  
Treasurer—Edna Sisson.  
Critic—Imo Blakestad.  
Ex. Committee—Genevra Strong, Mildred Peirce, Helen Andres.  
Music Committee—Dorothy Caldwell.  
Ushers—Yolande Morrison, Florence Hovey.



President—Mildred Johnston.  
Vice President—Kathryne McClanahan.  
Secretary—Winifred Smith.  
Business Manager—Fanny Thatcher.  
Ex. Committee—Helen Huntington, Fannie Dealey.  
Guards—Elizabeth House.  
Critic—Katharine Fassett.



President—Helen A. Wait.  
Vice President—Helen E. Carter.  
Secretary—Marion Stahl.  
Business Manager—Sarah Caldwell.  
Critic—Margarita Buehner.  
Sentinels—Florence Stark, Amy Bemis, Mabel Pulerbaugh.  
Executive Committee—Mary Masters, Edna Thurston, Cora Danforth.

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 Secretary—Etta Handy.  
 Treasurer—Ruth Butterfield.  
 Critic—Elsie Young.  
 Marshal—Marjorie Carleton.  
 Executive Committee—Sarah Strong,  
 Ethel Radcliffe.

### **Lasell Missionary Society**

President—Maude B. Simes.  
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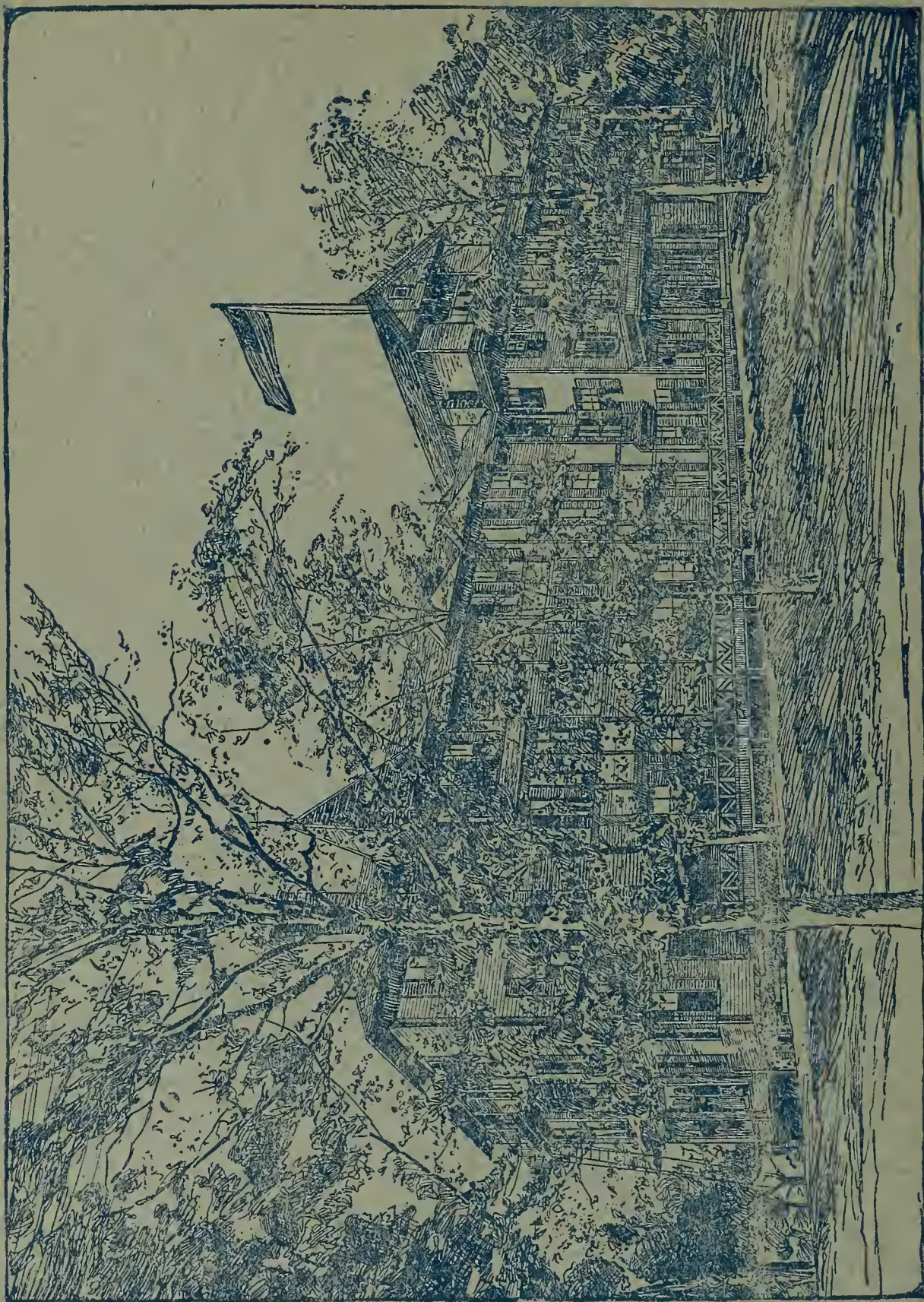
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APRIL, 1906

# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXXI, No. 7



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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXXI.

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NUMBER 7

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumni any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorial.

Now is the time when those who feel that the world should know the marvellous beauties of springtide as they appear to them, take pad and pencil, and 'neath the shade of a budding maple, or on the soft couch-like bank of a rippling stream, idly dream away day after day. If to no one else, certainly to the editors of our magazines and periodicals has the lateness of the season been most propitious, for could the most poetical of mortals have lauded in sonnets or by means of gay-tripping dactyls, the charms of "the soote seson that bud and bloom forth brings," when Mother Nature had not even thought of making preparations for a bud. Even the most imaginative of writers would have had his happiest thoughts shattered by the tinkle of a sleigh-bell.

The muses of some of our number have been so favorable, however, and have inspired them to write on such a variety of subjects, that Master Weather finds himself *de trop* here, or at least an unnecessary tho' tolerated presence, and the verse which has flowed from the pens of these same rhymers, is not far, some of it, from being worthy of a more complimentary title than is given it.

---

### The "Leaves" for All and by All.

---

I want Mr. Winslow to read to the whole school the second editorial in the February number, and say that I endorse *every word* of it. Don't you take any pride in your own paper? Don't you want other schools to say when they read it, "Well, now, that's a good paper! newsy, varied, sound and interesting?" Don't you want the old girls on whom you depend for subscriptions to help pay its way, to want it every month? Do *you!* (look me in the eye now). Do *you*

do your part in making it what you will want it to be to you when you are an "old girl." If you don't, whom do you pay for doing your part? Come, "'fess up!"

If you don't do your part and pay nobody for doing your part, what are you but spongers? Do you like to be a sponger? You don't? You don't like me to call you a sponger? I didn't. I only asked you if you were one. By a sponger I mean those who enjoy the paper, but don't do anything to make it enjoyable. As for those who, the editor intimates, borrow a paper instead of subscribing for it, they are worse than spongers, they are Dead Beats! *Are you either?* Then repent like a man and quit being either, and recover your self-respect, and take hold and do your part! *Begin to-day!*  
C. C. B.

P. S.—I sign what I write. I wish all would do the same. That "The Bells of Lasell" is clever, but I don't like the "worry, hurry, scurry" which it confesses! Do you? "No"? Then quit it!

---

### The Lend-a-Hand Library.

---

"My dear Miss P—

I have just been reading Polly Oliver's Problem, and think it a beautiful book. I will mail it to you for the Lend-a-hand Library, sincerely hoping it may be acceptable and prove to be as interesting to some other girls as it has been to me. . . That year at Lasell was one of the happiest of my life, and the pleasant associations will never be forgotten. I like to think of Lasell as one of my homes."

Dear Eva Robertson! We thank you for this gift and these loyal words. Lasell loves to think of you as one of her children.

Gratefully,

L. R. P.



## Club of Women from Lasell Seminary.

---

The Lasell Club of Connecticut, composed of former pupils at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, was organized at the Allyn House yesterday afternoon. Former pupils, some graduates, from all parts of the state gathered for the first time, and the event was marked by enthusiasm and sociability. The officers elected are: President, Sara Hayden Carlton, '95, East Hartford; secretary, Clara McLean, '02, Rockville; Treasurer, Emily Bissell, '99, Rockville; Executive Committee, the President, Secretary, Treasurer, Frances Thomas Fiske, Hartford, and Carol Maude Case, '99, Highland Park.

Those present were: Josephine Johnson Plumstead, '85, East Haddam; Rebecca C. Shepherd, '94, Hartford; Elsie B. Reynolds, '00, East Haddam; Lelia Walker Saunders, '01, Hartford; Bessie Y. Fuller, '02, Suffield; Mabel H. Goodwin, '02, East Hartford; Bertha Hayden King, '03, So. Windsor; Elsie L. Bolles, '04, Hartford; Alice Holmes Abbe, So. Windham; Rosalie A. Bennett, Norwich; Grace Conklin Bevin, East Hampton; Edith W. Burke, Middletown; Bessie L. Brainard, Thompsonville; Mabelle G. Burwell, Winsted; Bessie L. and Laura R. Comstock, Ivorytown; Dora E. Clark, Milford; Sarah Dyer, Collinsville; Jessie W. Hayden, East Hartford; Clarissa J. and Marjorie E. Halladay, Suffield; Anne E. Ives, Meriden; Florence E. Miller, Bloomfield; Lucy W. Miller, Avon; Helen L. Merriam, Middletown; Louise A. Martin, Wallingford; Fanny L. McKenzie, Southington; Mary Goodwin Olmsted, Burnside; Gertrude P. Reynolds, E. Haddam; Hallie Beach Stevens, Bristol; Grace Holmes Stiles, New Haven.

A dinner was served in the main dining

room at 2 o'clock, which was followed by the business session for organization. An hour of social enjoyment followed. There are about 100 eligible pupils in the state, and the roster will probably be greatly enlarged at the next meeting, the date of which will be decided upon later.

Bertha Hayden King, '03, by whose courtesy we received the above, adds in her letter to Mr. B.:

"The whole affair, in the line of an experiment, proved so very successful that at the next meeting to be held in October of this year, we hope to send for some of the teachers to be with us. There were just thirty-six—six tables of six—and Bess Shepherd was obliged to be a trifle late, and three girls from down river were late because of the ferry, or the train, I have forgotten which.

Unfortunately Mother, (Maria Warren Hayden, '58), had to decline the invitation, as she is spending her winter in Huntington, Florida. So sister Jessie and Mrs. Bevin were—as they said—the old grandmothers. I can assure you it aroused everyone's interest in Lasell, and made many acquaintances of girls living comparatively near one another, who were nevertheless complete strangers.

Sister Sara, with help, made small Lasell flags for souvenirs, and the girls were very appreciative of them.

We hope to send a Hayden delegation down in June for the celebrations, and to see you then."

---

A teacher whose name was Deveau,  
Had a spat with her Sunday night beaux,  
She said: "I don't care,  
You haven't been fair,  
So just take your hat, sir, and geaux."

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*

### A Massachusetts Winter.

---

THE snowy region of the North presents many and varied aspects of grandeur and beauty, and, perhaps, nowhere can one find a better spot to enjoy such charming landscapes as among the hills of Massachusetts.

For one who has lived mostly in the warmer climate of the South, it is both a delight and revelation to have the experience of such an entirely different atmosphere as the Northern winter affords, and have opportunity to enjoy the various sports and amusements that it brings with it. Perhaps the first thing to excite the admiration of the stranger on arrival North in the fall, is the beauty of the trees, decked with their gorgeous autumn foliage, and displaying many beautiful colors of different shades and hues. This is quite an unusual sight in most places of the South, for there the leaves are not nearly so richly colored, nor do they keep their fall tints very long. They are at their prettiest only a few days, then turn brown, and fall in a very short time.

But as winter approaches nearer and nearer, and colder weather comes accompanied by snow and ice, the country seems to take on the appearance of a perfect fairyland. Everywhere are heard tinkling sleigh-bells, little boys and girls are seen on all the hills, coasting and rolling joyously in the snow, and all along the river the larger ones are playing at ice-hockey, an active and invigorating game which has become one of the most favored of the Northern winter sports. Other surprising but interesting sights are the ice boats gliding swiftly over frozen waters, and occasionally gay parties, or single individuals, trudging along on snow-shoes, such clumsy looking affairs that one might well wonder how the wearer

ever manages to progress so smoothly and easily.

One of the most charming pastimes, and one, too, most universally indulged in in this part of the country is that of sleighing. What is more delightful than to settle down snugly for a moonlight straw ride, breathe in the cold, crisp air, that fairly makes one's nerves tingle, and then at the end of the journey to sit about a cheery open fireplace and roast corn and marshmallows on the hearth! This, indeed, is a typical New England amusement.

The skating, too, what a thrilling sight it is to see the steel-shod folk skim so lightly over the ice, and how much more so it must be to be able to engage in it oneself, although one who has never seen much ice before, is rather shy about risking it.

Another very novel entertainment is what is called a "sugar off." All those invited having assembled at the home of some hospitable neighbor, a big, bright fire is made out-doors, and over it is placed a large kettle of maple-sugar. When this has cooled down to a syrup, everyone, young and old, gathers about it, takes it out in dippers, and pours it out on the snow to cool. If, however, as is often the case, the weather is too chilly for outdoor sport of this sort, the fun is had indoors, each one having a large pan of closely packed snow on which to put his spoonfuls of sugar. These, when hardened, are delicious, and very jolly times all the party have over it.

Besides these sports and recreations, however, there are the beauties of nature which give equal enjoyment. The winding river, glittering in a wonderful blending of blue and green, and guarded by peaks of snow-white ice, the tall, imposing trees, the glistening icicles, the snow crested tops of the hills and mountains, are all grand and lovely. But far excelling all other manifestations of



winter beauty is a landscape in the early morning, after a night of fog, which a sharp frost has frozen upon every bough and twig, transforming it into a perfect dream of glittering spangle work. Every sign of the mist and fog has disappeared, and the slanting rays of the sun sparkle and glisten upon the crystals which adorn the trees and shrubbery. Here is a fine specimen of a large oak, its branches shining in their diamond mail, and increasing the beauty of the finely-shaped tree. And the hedges and bushes also have their wreaths of sparkling gems, and are profusely decorated with the same beautiful white jewelry.

But gradually as the sun gains more power, all these snowy crystals melt before its beams, and are changed into shining drops, sparkling in all the colors of the rainbow, or if viewed in another light, appearing colorless crystals, but glistening like little diamonds. Soon all is over; as the morning advances, the sun melts these little glistening drops or the breeze blows them away. The beauties of nature are, indeed, glorious at this season. Spring comes soon in its vernal beauty, creating such new surroundings of freshness and charm, and yet one cannot help looking back with pleasant remembrances on the many winter delights.

F. D., '06.

#### A Baby.

As up and down the house I go,  
I try so hard to learn and know  
Why we must tread so soft and low;—  
It is the baby.

If to Mamma I wish to speak,  
And up the stairs I start to creep,  
She says, "Someone is fast asleep."—  
It is the baby.

From up above I hear a cry,  
A gentle voice sings bye-low-bye,  
But still to quiet him they try;—  
It is the baby.

Alone as at my desk I write,  
I hear a gurgle of delight,  
And looking, see so sweet a sight;—  
It is the baby.

C. E., '07.

### The Village that Missed Its Children.

VERY often we hear people say, "What would we do without the children," but we cannot realize what our lives would be without them, for we always have them with us. There was once a village, however, that knew what it was to miss the noise and happy laughter of children.

This little village was situated in a far away country, among low hills thickly wooded with tulip, elm and maple trees. The sun rose smiling, every morning, above the hills on the left, and sank, rosily flushed with sleep, every evening, behind the hills on the right. Between these hills a silvery stream flowed which was the pride of the citizens and the joy of the children. Above the prosperous looking homes of the inhabitants, on the top of the highest hill, was situated the large, gray stone castle of the king, whom all the people loved and respected. He was much more democratic than most kings, for he often appeared in the streets of the village in citizens clothes, and with no body guard. The people were industrious and as contented as any people can be who never have any serious trouble to make them realize the great blessing of peace. The king usually paid no attention to their complaints about trivial matters, but one day he overheard some things that made him very sorry and angry. This was the way he came to hear what caused him such distress.

As he was walking along a shady street of the pretty village one day, he saw a group of children chattering and laughing gaily on their way home from school. Suddenly one of the children dropped his ball and it bounded, unfortunately, into a flower-bed in the yard in front of a small house. Almost instantly a dark head was thrust out of a window and an angry, shrill voice com-

manded the luckless child to keep out of the yard, or he would be reported to the police. The frightened children scampered away, and in their haste almost bumped into a pompous old gentleman who, swinging his stout cane, crossly growled, "Out of my way, you young rascals." The king felt very sorry that the children should be treated so unkindly, and he walked slowly back to his castle. On his way he was disturbed by a child's sobbing, and a woman's impatient voice trembling with uncontrolled anger. The king stopped and found out the trouble was that the child had fallen down and had torn a new suit of clothes. When he reached his castle he sat alone in his study for a long time. The next day hundreds of invitations were issued to all the children of the village, to come to a party at the king's castle. After a few days of eager preparation the children in their prettiest clothes marched up to the castle, and were cordially welcomed and entertained.

The people of the village were surprised at the sudden peace and stillness that came over the village after the children were gone. The main streets were deserted and the usually noisy public play grounds lay silent and sleepy under the sun's bright rays. The keeper of the candy store closed up his shop for the day, for there was no business, and the once much bothered grocer sat nodding in his armchair by the door of his store. The mothers, after days of anxious preparation, sat sewing contentedly in their doorways, or talked in low voices with their neighbors. This peace and quiet lasted until evening, when a messenger from the king appeared announcing that the children would remain over night at the castle. This caused a slight commotion among the mothers, but soon all was quiet. The next morning, however, the children did not appear, and for

seven long days not a child was seen. By this time the town was in an uproar, and had not the king appeared, soon, to assure them that their children were all right, there surely would have been a riot. The king spoke kindly to his people, telling them that he wished them to be kind and patient with the children, since they themselves would not like to be treated as they treated the children, and then he assured them that their little ones should return in as good health and condition as they had left.

When the seventh day came the town was in gala dress. Flags waved from the buildings, and every one was dressed in his best. The proprietor of the candy store, although nearly ruined on account of the loss in trade, had a stick of candy for every child in the village, and the pompous old gentleman who had spoken so crossly, had a big supper prepared in honor of the children. When they, with their bright, happy faces, did return, a happier people than the villagers could not be found anywhere. The king, when he walks through the streets now, never hears the children scolded or wrongly rebuked, for the people have well learned their lesson.

E. S., '07.

### **Burlesque on Domestic Science.**

Cook: Most beautiful lady, many a time and oft  
In this my kitchen, you have rated me  
About my concoctions and my dishes.  
Still have I borne it with a patient grace,  
For patience is the badge of every cook.  
You call me servant, good-for-nothing drudge,  
And, sneering, laughed at all my recipes,  
And all for use of skill which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now seems you would have my help.  
Get hence; you come to me and softly say,  
"Cook, company for dinner!" you say this—  
You, that but yesterday scorned every dish,  
And served me, as you would a beggar man,  
At your door begging; cooking is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
Can a good-for-nothing cook? Is it possible  
A miserable servant can cook well? Or  
Shall I courtesy to you, and in low tones,



With bated heart and trembling voice,  
Say this:

"Madame, you scorned me on Sunday last,  
You sneered at my recipes on such a day;  
You called me servant, drudge, and for this grace  
I'll cook you a fine dinner?"

Madame: Come, cook, I may call thee the same  
again.

I may scold thee again, sneer at thee, too.  
If thou wilt cook this dinner, cook it not  
As if for friends; for when did friendship  
Prove itself merely in dinner giving to a friend?  
But cook it rather for an enemy,  
Who finds fault; thou canst behind his back  
Exalt the penalties.

Cook: Why, how you do go on!  
I would be friends with you, not have your scorn,  
Forget the soup plates you have hurled at me,  
Put aside all your fears, take no thought  
For thy dinner tonight, and it shall be a good one.  
This is kind, I offer.

Madam: This were indeed unlike you.  
M. B. S., '06.

### Burlesque on Children.

*The maiden-aunt to the children:*

"Play your game, I command you, as it  
should be played, without the noise and clat-  
ter; but if you scream at it, as many of our  
children do, I had as lief a baby elephant do  
my bidding. Nor do not raise the roof too  
high with your joy, thus; but do all quietly;  
for in the very clatter, chatter, and (as I may  
say) Bedlam of your game, you *must* ac-  
quire and assume a temperance, that may  
give *me* pleasure. Oh, it shakes my very  
nerve-cells, to hear a boisterous crowd of  
children spoil that game of "Pit" complete-  
ly, put it in disgrace, to split the ears of  
adults, who, for the most part, are capable  
of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and  
quiet: I would have such adults praised  
for the welfare of the community; it honors  
the game of "Pit": pray you, take heed."

"Be not too quiet, neither, but let your  
own common sense be your guide: suit your  
noise to the game, the game to your noise;  
with this special care, that you overdo not

the ability of your lungs; for anything so  
overdone is for the doctor's bill, whose end,  
both at the first, and now, was, and is, to  
gain, as 'twere your father's last cent; to  
show him its only feature, scorn his rage,  
and take the very goal and body of his life,  
the mighty dollar. Now this, o'erhigh and  
unpaid bill, though it delight the doctor in  
its total cannot but make you children  
grieve; the disgrace of your father, must, in  
your loving hearts, o'er-weigh a whole bar-  
rel full of noise. Oh, there be children  
that I have seen play, and heard others  
praise, and that highly, not to speak it loud-  
ly, that, neither having the character of chil-  
dren, nor the joy of children, have so scream-  
ed and bellowed, that I have thought some  
of Buffalo Bill's managerie had made es-  
cape, and not being caught; they imitated  
you children so abominably."

H. H., '07.

### One Small Boy to Some Others.

Oh dear! I'm tired and must sit down,  
You know I've been a week in town.  
What? Tell you all about it? Yes,  
If you'll sit down and let me rest.  
Of all the things that I can tell,  
The wedding gifts of cousin Bell.  
Come quickest to my mind; and say  
You'd better think, that weddin's pay.

Well first, the vision that I saw,  
When I went in with pa and ma,  
Before the other guests were there  
Was such as this. On stand and chair  
Were linens piled in great array;  
Beside them on the table lay  
Some silver, china and cut-glass,  
And two old candle-sticks of brass,  
The family treasure, and its pride,  
Thus handed down to every bride.

In fact the presents filled the room,  
And ranged from cuckoo-clock to broom.  
But what ma liked the best of all,  
The Japanese vase and Indian shawl,  
Were not so nice, as I could see.  
(That cuckoo-clock is what took me).  
But just because our rich Aunt Flo,  
Bought them abroad a year ago,

She thought they must be good as gold,  
And valued them as wealth untold.

Beside these lay a quilt, handmade,  
Which came from our dear old Aunt Sade,  
Of much more use it seems to me  
Than those queer things from 'cross the sea;  
Then there were dishes of all wares;  
Small tables, pictures and queer chairs,  
Which, in the attic I am sure  
She'll chuck real soon, to keep secure.  
Of course now fellows that's not all;  
But any more I don't recall.  
And now it's time for me to go,  
So good-bye for an hour or so.

V. M. R., '06.

### Wedding Gifts.

It was a day in the month of May,  
And the wedding gifts in gay array  
Upon a polished table stood,  
Brightly gleaming against the wood;  
Cut glass there was, and silver, too,  
In size and shape both old and new;  
Vases of china, vases of glass,  
All given for love of a pretty lass.

An uncle had given her a house and lot,  
Her father for his share a goodly "dot,"  
Girl friends had sent her gifts galore—  
Of silver spoon she had full two score.  
Aunt Pet sent rugs, also a chair,  
To furnish the house of the loving pair,  
An old-fashioned andiron of spotless brass—  
Just given for love of a pretty lass.

There were tables, there were chairs,  
Single pictures, pictures in pairs;  
Linen for luncheons, linen for dinners  
In softness and texture never was finer;  
Clocks in onyx, clocks in brass—  
Everything the finest of its class—  
All given for love of a pretty lass.

C. N. K., '06.

A new book in the library, entitled "Freude and Heimat," was presented by the author Fräulein Hermine Stueven, now of Wellesley, formerly head of the German department of Lasell. The book is a collection of very beautiful lyric poems in German, which have been inspired by scenes and incidents in the home and foreign land. The poems will be greatly appreciated by our German students.



Bertha Parsons, formerly of Washington, now of California, expects to return to Washington next June as Mrs. Harry Lyman Hibbard. Congratulations!

Ida Mallory, '03, on her travels always remembers the Principal, and therein *sets a good example!* This time it is a picture postal of Bog Walk, Jamaica, and on it she writes, "As pretty as California, if you will allow me to say so." Well, it is pretty, and I know it is as pretty as California if Ida says so! But the name—. Couldn't you get them to change that, Ida? By the way, did you ever notice how beautiful the names of California are? Spanish, you know. Pasadena, Altadena, San Juan (you know how to pronounce that?), San Jose (and that?), Santa Barbara, Avalon, Santa Catalina, Carmelita, La Bonita, Mira Monte, Capistrano, Buena Ventura, Garvanza, Alamitos, etc.

Mabel Deming, of Wethersfield, Conn., (every one who knew her will remember Mabel,) writes a beautiful letter, cheery and loyal and loving. She has had a hard time regaining health, but she has conquered, by God's help and that of love unstinted, and we are all *so glad*. Mabel is one of the Lasell girls whom it is a joy to know. She writes that Eva Robertson is a good deal better; that Mary Dodge has spent several days with Eva; that Fanny McKenzie is as busy as a bee with her S. S. class, mission band, Father Light society (of which she is president), and helping in her father's



office; that Elsie Bolles expected to be at the Lasell Reunion with Nellie Hart, but Nellie went to Florida instead; that she hears from Miss Chisholm; that Mary Goodwin is helping at home (and getting practice for —? I suppose), and that she enjoys the LEAVES.

As to Personals in the LEAVES, I have just received the February number. In it are just two personals not of my writing! I don't think that's fair! I wish the editor would score the members of the association—no, the whole school, for lack of interest in this department. What are you teachers and pupils thinking of that you let that chief interest of the paper to old girls fall into noxious desuetude because of your laziness?

There! That's my lecture! I warrant that seventy-five of you might hand in, at least, one item each, monthly, if you'd take the *little* trouble it would cost.

Emma Mae Chisholm writes from Foochow, (*she finds time*, bless her!) thanking Lasell for its kind reception of her friend, Miss Adams, (whose gracious coming last fall was a blessing to us all—we are forever in her debt for it!) whom she is trying to keep back in the U. S., that she may not "go down into the awful heat of next summer."

Miss Chisholm's letter about the death of Marguerite Whong you have already had. Her husband grieves sorely for her! Dear little Marguerite!

Lasell—any school—gives one such delightful friendships. I realized this twice lately: once when Emma and I called on Mrs. Prof. Lowe; again, when Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, came way from Redlands to spend the day with us. Mrs. Lowe, mother of our Ava, '83, Gussie, '84, Blanche, '87, Edna and Zoe, and of five other splendid children who with reason "call her

blessed," is one of the remarkable women of the land. Her "eye is not dimmed, nor her natural force abated." She is one of the most learned women in America, but as unpretentious as a child. Fluent in conversation, quick in repartee, wise in judgment, ready in sympathy and modest as a girl—ought to be. Of French birth, she uses better English than most American professors of that tongue. One would never guess that she and the ever young Professor celebrated a year ago their golden wedding. She says Blanche has fully recovered her health, and Edna, with her two children, is visiting her brother Leon, 21 Presidio ave., in San Francisco. We are proud to know Prof. and Mrs. Lowe.

Jennie Brainard is more charming than ever, full of life and good spirits, eager and responsive. Reports Mr. Brainard as improving in health since coming to California, and her three children, Cornelia 14, Jennie 12, and Donetta 10, as hearty misses preparing for Lasell.

Nena, '86, is just now quarantined with her boy of 7, who has a light attack of scarlet fever. Women such as these are Lasell's pride and glory.

Edith Solomon appeared today. She is thinner than when at Lasell, and the change has improved her looks. Miriam Nelson came with her and we had a good talk, tho' Miriam pretended to be incensed over what I wrote about her in the February LEAVES. But Miriam cannot deny it, and did not seem to want to. Edith is to stay only a few days. She is intelligent about pictures. I wonder if you are all getting as much pleasure out of the pictures at Lasell as you might? I am going to try you when I come back, to see how much you know about them. Miriam is kind enough to say she will write a budget of personals.

Charlotte Thearle has at last come up from San Diego. She is on her way home via 'Frisco, etc. She sang sweetly for us the other day, when she and Miriam Nelson, Lois Thomas whom she was visiting, and Edith Solomon lunched with us.

Mrs. Johnston, Mildred's mother, is here in the interest of the coming Woman's College, which she has taken upon her heart. Soon goes East for it.

I hear that Eula Lee is married and lives in Seattle.

Daisy Rue, we used to call her in '95, (I don't suppose she uses that front name now) of Coshocton, Ohio, is the latest Lasell girl to call. Alas! I was out! Hope to find her later.

I notice that Edith Ebersole is the chief editor of the "Weekly News," the organ of the University of Cincinnati, where she is a senior. Edith makes a very clever and readable paper, and withal of high literary merit.

The Lasell club of Cincinnati has organized, and will have a banquet on May 2d, which will be duly reported for the LEAVES.

Rather the most successful Lasell club yet announced is that of Connecticut, considering the number of towns from which its members came to its first meeting as reported in another column by Bertha Hayden King, '03.

At least I don't remember any which has drawn from so wide a radius so many of the loyal daughters of the old school.

Maybe Cincinnati will beat Connecticut, for they are very loyal Lasellians in and around Cincinnati. The number, however, really is not the main thing, but the loyal spirit which takes the trouble in these days when every woman worth anything has so many things to do.

Blessing on every one!

I notice in a recent New Haven paper that Frederic B. Luquiens, brother of our Louise, has been made assistant professor of Spanish in Yale.

Anna Bragdon Winslow, '82, is earning thirty dollars a day teaching swimming in Buenos Ayres. There's a livelihood for some of you!

The father of Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, called lately on his way to visit Helen. He and Mrs. Thresher expect to spend the summer in Europe. They have a winter home in Riverside, Calif. He was looking well.

Nellie Chase, '02, has a large music class in Seattle, Wash. She is living with her brother at 907 Boren ave. Nellie will do it well.

Laura Chase, '02, looked better than ever when we met on a Los Angeles street the other day. Says she is having a splendid time teaching kindergarten at Pomona, one of the college towns of California.

C. C. B.

Mrs. Frank Hammond Suffel (Lucia Shummay), 106 N. Washington ave., Minneapolis, who attended this school in 1897, called on Mr. Shepherd when he was in that city. Her interest and love for Old Lasell was an ideal spirit for old girls to have and show.

The engagement of Annette Paley of Beloit, Wisconsin, to Mr. F. L. Matthews of Youngstown, O., is announced.

Bessie Lum, '01, recently gave, at the First Unitarian church, Minneapolis, a very successful piano recital. Since graduating from Lasell she has continued her study of music under the direction of Miss Margaret M. Drew, and her work reflects great credit both upon herself and her teachers.

Dr. M. C. Bragdon, brother of our Principal, and father of Sarah Frances Bragdon,



'05, has recently donated to the Latin Department of Northwestern University, the entire body of the Latin Classics, in the latest editions from the Teuber Press, the collection numbering about one hundred and fifty volumes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ewell Bryant, (Ina Scott, '01,) rejoice in the possession of a daughter, born February 28, 1906. Another future Lasell girl.

We tried to capture for Lasell, the presiding officer of the recent New England Methodist Conference, in the person of Bishop David H. Moore. But previous "calls" made it impossible for him to favor us. His gracious message of regret to our Preceptress closes with, "success to Lasell."

The following pupils have received calls from members of their families during the past month: Misses Milleisen, Boyce, S. Strong, Balch, Kennedy, Atwell, D. Caldwell, Sauter, Anthony, Wood, Huttenbauer, C. Eaton, Davenport, Judson, Hardinge, Fish, Turner, Wheaton, Wait, Rogers. We were also glad to see the following "old girls": Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, Harriett Scott, '94, Elsie Davenport, Mary Dodge, with her father, Ruth Evans, Helen Darling, '05.

March 29, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Dr. Bragdon has asked me to send you certain items concerning Lasell girls. He has spoken of it a number of times, till now I dare not call upon him again unless I can say I have done it. The March LEAVES came to me today, and I enjoyed the personals so much that I am hoping someone will be interested to hear of the girls I have seen this winter.

On my way to California I stopped in Chicago and spent a week with Mabel Judd. The day I arrived Mabel and I called on the

Thielens' twins and had a pleasant visit exchanging Lasell news.

In Marshall Field's wonderful store I saw at different times Louie Grunewald, Emma Bone, and Ava Snow. I spent a day and night in Evanston with Frantic Bragdon, and I can't say which one of us talked the least. While in Evanston I saw Mabel and Ida Jones, and had a quiet (?) little chat with Lucile Zeller. Marjorie Blackman, Edna Matthews, Emily and Fan Brookfield were also of the number that I saw before leaving Chicago.

Lois Thomas and Anita Wade live in Los Angeles, and have given me many good times. We have seen Charlotte Thearle and enjoyed her singing so much. Although she has been spending the winter in San Diego, we have been fortunate in having her for a number of pleasant little Lasell reunions. I saw Hetty Harbine and Elizabeth Campbell at Lois' one day; they seemed rather surprised to see me out here.

Edith Simonds is living in Pasadena this winter and is attending a business college.

At Dr. Bragdon's Lasell reunion I was glad to see Rose Taylor, Florence Phillipps and Isabella Bowers. I met Mrs. Eddy, Mary Willett's aunt, who kindly invited me to a luncheon which she gave one of the girls here in the hotel. She has a most attractive bungalow, and is such a charming hostess. I understand that the New York club luncheon was a great success, but I am quite sure the California one was far nicer, for we had Dr. Bragdon with us.

Edith Solomon has been staying here at The Maryland for a week. When she first came she saw me in the distance, but said she would have known me anywhere by my straight (?) hair!

I have enjoyed Pasadena so much, but I won't describe it, as some of the girls have

given good descriptions of Southern California, and I am sure I have already taken up more than my share of space.

I am afraid Dr. Bragdon won't ask me to do this again. He has made my winter here so pleasant in many ways, and I'd like so much to tell you a secret about him, but as he has strictly forbidden me to do so, I think you will have to wait until you see him.

With kindest remembrances to teachers and all the old girls, I am, loyally yours,  
MIRIAM HALL NELSON.

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### Marriages.

Edith Weeks Burke to Henry Gordon Wells, Wednesday afternoon, April 18, 44 Silver street, Middletown, Conn. Tuesdays after June 1, 4 Arlington Place, Haverhill, Mass.

Annie Mae Pinkham, '02, to Alfred Warren Allyn, Tuesday evening, April seventeenth, at the North Congregational Church, Haverhill, Mass.

Madeleine Marie Meegan to John Samuel Ryland, Saturday evening, April 21, at Claremont Hill, N. Y. C.

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### Deaths.

From North Painesville, O., comes the sad news of the death of Dr. W. H. Sherwood, father of Malvinia H. Sherwood, 1890. The local press contains a beautiful tribute from the pen of Judge H. B. Burrows, a close friend of Dr. Sherwood. That man's life is worth living of whom at the close it can be said, "He was a brave, resolute, truth-telling man, and at the same time gentle, tender and loving. Our sincere sympathies are extended to our former schoolmate.

Through Mabel Sawyer Miller we learn

of the sorrow that has recently come to Dasie Hartson Cope, '94, in the death of her little child at Napa, California. We extend to her our sincere sympathy.

A double bereavement has recently visited our Maude Haller Everett with us from '83-'85. On March 14 she lost her little son, Charles Everett, and March 31, her beloved mother passed away. There is something especially touching and beautiful in the going home together of these dear ones, but oh! the loneliness and sorrow of the bereaved circle. Our tenderest sympathy is extended to our friend and her home circle. A loving tribute to Mrs. Haller appeared in *The Vandalia Union* of April 5. The following lines quoted by Mrs. Haller in a recent letter to a friend were read at the funeral, and seemed to voice the strong Christian faith of the departed.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea  
Come drifting home with broken masts and sail,  
I shall believe the hand which never fails  
From seeming evil, worketh good for me,  
And tho' I weep because those sails are tattered  
Still I cry, while my last hopes lie shattered.  
I trust in Thee.

I will not doubt, tho' all my prayers return  
Unanswered, from the still white realm above;  
I shall believe it is an Allwise love  
Which has refused these things for which I yearn;  
And tho', at times, I cannot keep from grieving.  
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt though sorrows fall like rain,  
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive,  
I shall believe the heights from which I strive,  
And only reached by anguish and by pain;  
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,  
I yet shall reap through my severest losses  
The greater gain.

I will not doubt, well anchored in his faith  
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale,  
So strong its courage, that it will not quail  
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.  
Oh! may I cry, while body parts with spirit.  
I will not doubt, so listening worlds may hear it,  
With my last breath.



### Thrown from Auto.

While returning from Pasadena yesterday afternoon, Mr. R. W. Wade's automobile crashed into a northbound Pasadena car on Pasadena avenue, near Avenue 41, tearing the step off the car, completely demolishing the front end of the auto. Mr. Wade and his daughter, Miss Anna, were the only occupants of the automobile, and are amazed that they were saved from serious injury.

Mr. Wade was at the steering wheel, and as the car approached he attempted to turn out, but the steering gear became choked and the auto started towards the car. Mr. Wade shut off the power not a moment too soon, for the rapidly on-coming car met them head-on, tearing the step away and partially overturning the machine. Miss Wade was thrown out, but luckily was unhurt, while her father kept his seat and was unharmed.

The radiator of the automobile, the springs on the left side, and the wheel and tires were torn completely off, the body of the vehicle being thrown a number of feet. Miss Wade remained cool during the accident, and when the crash came made an attempt to hold on, but the momentum was too great, and she was thrown out.

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Come Jennie, hasten, we must put the store  
In order such as ne'er it knew before;  
The spring has come, and now that winter's gone  
A set of new wants will be crowding on.  
The girls will come for hats and silken flowers,  
For collarettes and gauze and gimp, the hours  
Will be too short to sell them all they want  
For their projected visit to Nahant,  
Or for gay Easter Day, when every maid  
In rainbow hues desires to be arrayed.  
New curtains for their rooms, rugs for their floors,  
Or better still, new matting, while the doors  
Must be adorned with posters fresh and gay,  
Come, hurry, let us work while it is day.

The boys will marbles want, and tops, and kites,  
For in such things the boyish heart delights;  
They will for sling-shots seek, for rubber bands,  
And balls, both base and foot, the time demands.  
Dust off that candy, too, they with the rest  
Will buy our sweets, and call the hardest best.  
Your genuine boy desires, you may be sure,  
*His* sweets to last him—he's a mighty chewer.  
Put bats in view, and hang high on the pegs  
Those football trousers with their puffed-out legs.  
Then for the tiny ones, these dolls will do;  
(We'll take their red clothes off and put on blue).  
The sour-ball and candy sticks they'll like,  
The dear, delightful, roguish little tykes,  
They've pence to spend, and why should we not get  
Whate'er they have—aye, that we will, I'll bet.  
Then in the back room lay those stovepipes down  
Where any housewife in this busy town  
May see and measure them; perchance we'll sell  
'Em off, they tarried by us all too well.  
The lime for whitewashing the kitchen walls,  
With the sapolio for the tin-ware, all's  
In order now, I guess, except the brooms—  
They'll need those for there'll be so many rooms  
To sweep that all their old ones will give out.  
Just put 'em where they'll see 'em, past a doubt.  
Oh, dear, there are the cups and saucers, pitchers, too,  
The plates and teapots, and the tinware new;  
The fly-nets, oil-cloth, carpet-tacks and glue.  
The clocks, the paper-patterns, ready mades  
For all, in aprons, wrappers, night gowns, window  
shades.  
It really is a tax on nerves, I vow,  
To deal in general merchandise. And now  
Just put those toys down on the lower shelf,  
And then sit down a bit and rest yourself.

Jane speaks:

Not yet, there are the hair pins to arrange,  
The hat pins, too, in patterns new and strange;  
They came but yesterday at 5c. each,  
Then there's that calico just out of reach;  
Crochet hooks, cotton, silk, cheese cloth and pins  
Both gold and silver, stick and clasp—it spins  
My head, there are so many things,  
And still I've to assort those finger rings.  
Come, let us haste, the day begins to wane,  
Just let me wash the fly speck off that pane.  
Now all is done; we've earned a rest, I think,  
And none too soon—I'm tired enough to sink.  
I'm thankful spring comes only once a year,  
Tomorrow all our spring trade will be on;  
Well, after all, this cleaning we'll not fear  
That anything will be found left undone.

M. P. W.

# LOCALS

March 14.—Mr. Hills had a private recital for his pupils in the chapel. After a short talk by Mr. Hills, a half dozen of the girls played.

March 15.—Mrs. Richards of the Boston School of Technology, who has an almost international reputation along the lines of Domestic Science, lectured at Lasell on "The Domestic Science Movement." She is a woman in whom scholarly and practical attainments are remarkably combined. Her lecture, illus-

trated with the stereopticon, was exceedingly interesting and most practical.

March 17.—There were two attractions on this Saturday evening. A number of girls went on a sleigh ride, and this was especially enjoyed by the Southern girls, who do not have this pleasure at home. The fun of the evening finished with an oyster supper in the dining-room.

A small party of girls attended a German play; "Stiftungspect" given by the Harvard students in Potter Hall, in Boston, and all declared they enjoyed it exceedingly.

March 20.—The vocal pupils of Miss White and Miss Goodrich, gave a recital, which was very much enjoyed by those who did not have to take part.

March 21.—Miss Parkhurst had a pupil's recital this evening, and all the girls played finely.

March 22.—One of the new departures of the school this year is the forming of the en-

tire student body into a Lasell Congress, modeled after the United States Congress, before which important subjects of the day are discussed. Following the division of the States in our House of Representatives, the girls who attended our first reception came by States. The number was divided as equally as possible between the East and West with a solitary Canadian, naturalized for the evening. The reception committee consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Marion Atwell of Orono, Me., the Eastern representative, and Miss Bess Judson, Galesburg, Illinois, from the West. The rooms were decorated with plants and banners of the different colleges. Mr. Hill's room and the Conservatory, were turned into most inviting retreats. During the evening Miss Helen E. Carter and Miss Ida Sisson gave piano solos. Refreshments were served in the tastefully decorated dining room. This reception was voted to be one of the most enjoyable in years, and this may possibly



have been due to the unusually large delegation from neighboring Harvard and Tech.

On the same evening, an enthusiastic party attended Mrs. Martin's brilliant recital of "If I Were King," in Boston. Those who went declared that Mrs. Martin was more beautiful and charming than ever, and her rendering of the drama which met with such success in New York, was exceptionally fine.

March 25.—At the Vesper Service, Dean Walker, P. H. D. of Auburndale, gave us a most interesting talk on his personal experiences in "Moab and the Land Beyond the Jordan." There were many entertaining stereopticon pictures.

March 26.—The last and most instructive lecture of Dr. Morris' Course was given this evening. She gave us much valuable advice about nursing, and many practical hints on the General Care of the health. At the close a number of amusing questions were asked her by the girls.

March 29.—The second students' reception occurred, and there was much rivalry in fixing up the rooms as prettily, and making the evening as much of a success as the first reception. In the receiving line, the Faculty was represented by Miss Priscilla White and Miss Evelyn Bates, and the girls by Miss Martha R. Laurens of Charleston, S. C., and Miss Louise Morrell, Passaic, N. J. Vocal solos by Miss Webb and Miss Huntington, were very much enjoyed.

April 1.—At our evening service, Miss Potter told us most entertainingly of her experiences in Palestine. Our interest was increased by examining the curios brought from the Holy Land.

April 5.—Through the courtesy of Mrs. Martin, we were able to enjoy an entertainment by two of the pupils of the Leland Powers School of Oratory, Miss Heritage and Mr. Rice. The readings given by Mr.

Rice were many of a humorous nature in addition to a passage from "The Call of the Wilde," and "My Lost Duchess," were read. He is also very successful as an impersonator. The entertainment ended with a delightful little farce, and everyone was charmed with Miss Heritage. The girls were most enthusiastic, and gave generous applause. Afterwards, the Seniors and private pupils of Mrs. Martin had the pleasure of meeting the guests in the parlors, where light refreshments were served.

April 2.—Great excitement prevailed on Monday evening, when the Seniors, according to their annual custom, took their table. To accommodate the large Senior class of this year, three tables had to be put together. On going down into the dining room at dinner time, great was the surprise to all, except the Juniors, to find them in possession. The class of '07 remained in the balcony for some moments, and gave hearty recognition to the Class of '06, in the form of cheers. The Seniors deserted us early, dessertless, and took possession of the Crow's Nest, which is henceforth their exclusive property, and others will venture there into, at their peril. Rumors reached us later in the evening, of a favored few being entertained at Karandon House.

April 8.—The Vesper Service was led by Mr. Henry Winston, who talked to us interestingly on the subject of the "Friendship of Christ." A vocal duet by two of our members was thoroughly enjoyed.

April 10.—The second Pupils' Musical Rehearsal of the year was given. There were present a number of outside guests, to whom, as well as to us, as shown by the generous applause given, the concert must have been a pleasure. The program was as follows:

Pianoforte Quartet. Divertissement,	<i>Chwatal,</i>
Misses Mattlage, J. Potter, Graham and I. Sisson.	
Song. Shoogy Shoo,	<i>Mayhew</i>
Miss House.	
Pianoforte. Elevation,	<i>Otto Flörsheim</i>
Miss H. E. Carter.	
Violin. Berceuse from "Jocelyn,"	<i>Godard</i>
Miss E. Sisson.	
Pianoforte. Spring Song,	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Miss Reinherz.	
Song. There's no Spring but you,	
Miss Richardson.	
Pianoforte. The Brooklet,	<i>Heller</i>
Miss Disman.	
Pianoforte. Valse Etude,	<i>Poldini</i>
Miss C. Eaton.	
Pianoforte. Aradine Spinning,	<i>Wilson G. Smith</i>
Miss Bemis.	
Pianoforte. Scherzo in B-flat minor,	<i>Chopin</i>
Miss McCarty.	
Song. (a) The Day is Gone,	<i>Margaret Lang</i>
(b) The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold,	<i>Whelpley</i>
Miss B. Johnson.	
Pianoforte. Etude op. 22 No. 4,	<i>Wollenhaupt</i>
Miss Mattlage.	
Pianoforte. Elegie in C-sharp minor op. 88,	<i>Nollet</i>
Miss Harber.	
Song. From Thy Dear Eyes,	
Blue Eyes of Spring	<i>Ries</i>
Miss Huntington.	
Pianoforte. Prelude in D-flat major,	<i>Chopin</i>
Miss Graham.	
Pianoforte Quartet. Valse in E minor,	<i>Chopin</i>
Misses B. Johnson, Meta Buehner, Harber and Straight.	

### Missionary Society Entertainment.

On the evening of March 31, one of the most delightful social functions of the year was held in the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the center of the gymnasium was the candy booth, of which the Seniors had charge, and which was most attractive because of the sweetmeats dear to the heart of every Lasell girl, to be bought here. Other classes which had part in the affair, were the Juniors, who had arranged an attractive Japanese tea garden on the stage, where tea, sandwiches,

etc., were served. The Sophomores had charge of an auction sale, at which lost and unclaimed articles were sold. The Freshmen had a wonderful picture gallery, which netted them a round sum, and the Sub-Freshmen, an Indian tepee, where pop corn was sold. Officers of the society sold ice cream at a booth decorated to represent Iceland, in which Polar bears roamed unreproved. Last, but far from least, was the Chinese laundry, of which the Specials had charge.

The evening was most enjoyable, and netted over sixty dollars, which will be devoted to missionary work.

---

#### Reliance.

Not to the swift, the race;  
Not to the strong, the fight;  
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;  
Not to the wise, the light.  
But often faltering feet  
Come nearest to the goal;  
And they who walk in darkness meet  
The sunrise of the soul.  
A thousand times by night  
The Syrian hosts have died;  
A thousand times the vanquished right  
Hath risen glorified.  
The truth the wise men sought,  
Was spoken by a child;  
The alabaster box was brought  
In trembling hands defiled.  
Not from my torch, the gleam,  
But from the stars above;  
Not from my heart life's crystal stream  
But from the depths of love.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

---

#### The Paradox.

Unto my friend I cried: "Behold  
I die without from want and cold!"  
He oped; he frowned; he succored me;  
My friend—thenceforth my enemy.  
Unto my enemy I cried,  
"Ope! Ope! I perish here outside!"  
He hastened, willing aid to lend;  
My enemy—thenceforth my friend!

EDWIN L. SABIN.



**English as She Is Spelled.**

There was a young person named Cholmondeley,  
Who loved a fair maiden colmondeley;

But as she never chose

To let him propose,

He only could worship her dolmondeley.

There was an old person of Gloucester,  
Whose wife cut up rough if he croucester;

But once he did say

He would have his own way,

And the consequence was that he loucester.

A romantic young lady named Kerr,  
Said she wanted to shine like a sterr;

Said she, "Could I fly,

I would soar to the sky,

And shine on the world from afeer!"

There was a young woman called Majoribanks,  
Who played her relations such arjoripranks,

They all said, "My dear,

Our duty is clear,

We must certainly give you some harjorispanks!"

A dashing young couple at Harwich,  
Went in for an up-to-date marwich;

They bought a balloon

For the sweet honeymoon,

And a motor instead of a carwich.

BEATRIX VERE.

**Our Brilliant Faculty.**

Fraulein.—"They held a consulation; no  
—a consultion; I mean, a consultation.

Miss C.—The Congress of Vienna undid  
all that Napoleon had did.

It gave Miss Rand much "satisfication."

**Our Brilliant Fellow-Students.**

Prof.—Give the earliest date in history,  
you remember.

Senior (dreamily)—1492.

Miss C.—What celebrated artist's wife al-  
ways posed as his model?

Junior (loyal to her ideal)—Charles Dana  
Gibson's.

Miss R.—In what business is the city of  
Newton interested?

Faint voice.—In the making of fig-New-  
tons.

First Girl (at breakfast) I wish I had  
some money in my pocket-book!

Second Girl (contemplating her roll)—  
Oh, I have plenty of dough in mine.

Exit a number of girls from Shakespeare,  
at the ringing of the three o'clock bell.

Mr. Sprague.—I must be making a very  
moving speech.

**The Prattler.**

The first flock of crows came rather early I think.  
Guess these were the forerunners of that specie of  
feathered fowl.

"The partaker is as bad as the thief." Remember  
this and wait till later to hear that spicy piece of  
gossip.

Cook books by the score have been written which tell  
The easiest way of cooking things well  
From a small crust of bread can be made a fine cake;  
From a marrowless bone, a good soup one can make.  
But no one has writtten the sort of book, that  
Will tell a poor person how to make a French hat.  
But never mind books, just come to this place  
Where the girls learn to make them of straw and of  
lace;

You are not obliged to believe what we say,  
For proof ask some one who saw their display  
Of fine French millinery which cost just one-third  
Of what they'd have paid to Mme. Lebherd.  
'T is a fact, every stitch in those hats was their own,  
One can save on a hat as well as with bone.

Girls, now is the time to show the stuff of  
Which you're made, wouldn't you rather  
Help pay your father's coal bill, than that  
Of the grocer or confectioner?

Don't be morose if your grade is not so  
High as your neighbors, for remember  
That "every dog has his day."



We acknowledge the following exchanges for March: "The Harvard Lampoon," "The Quill," "The Tech," "The Argosy," "The Inter Collegian," "The Wheaton Bulletin," "The New York Latin Leaflet," "The Arms Student," "The Usonian," "The Crescent," "The Seminary Budget," "The Vail-Deane Budget," "The Polytechnic," "The Megaphone," "The Cricket," "The Center," "The Classic," "The Academician," "The Hamptonia," "The School Life," "The Advance," "The Capitoline," "The Bates Student," "The Tattler."

The story in the "Vail-Deane Budget" entitled "Billy Winthrop's Luck," a continuation of last month's article, is very good.

"The Great Sealer's Strike" in the "Argosy" is very interesting. Another good article in this paper is "Reflections on Materialism."

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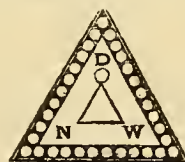
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Children's heads are hollow.

#### **Sprig, Gedtle Sprig.**

Howard Dwight Smiley contributes the following pathetic lines to Marshall (Mich.) News:

In days of old when nights were cold  
And you heard the sleighbells chime,  
And the winds would sweep the drifts so deep—  
Then you knew 'twas winter time.

But nowadays when you see the sleighs  
And hear the sweet bells ring,  
And the snow lies deep and the cold winds sweep,  
It's spring, b'gosh! It's spring!

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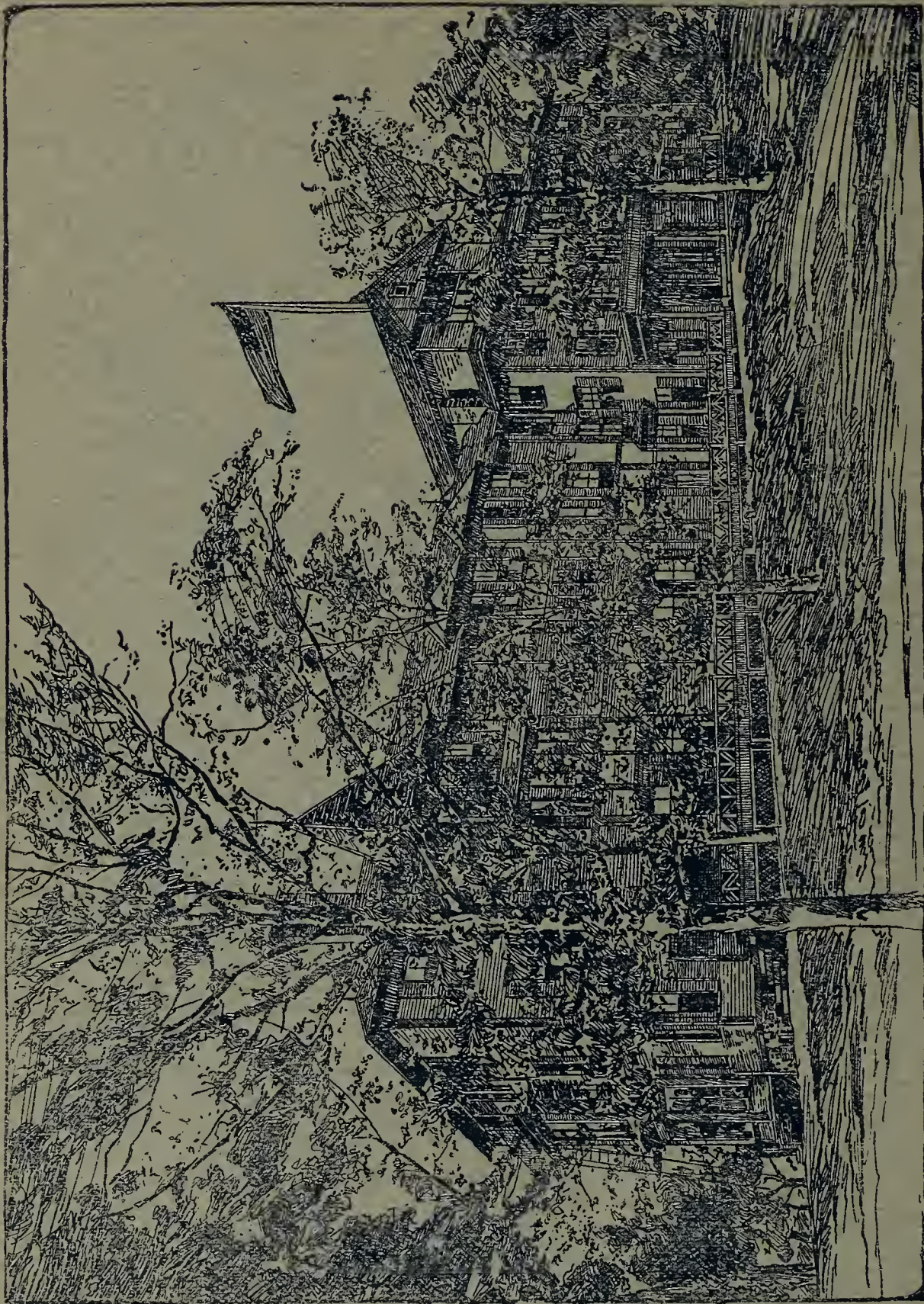
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MAY, 1906

# LASELL LEAVES

VOL. XXXI, No. 8



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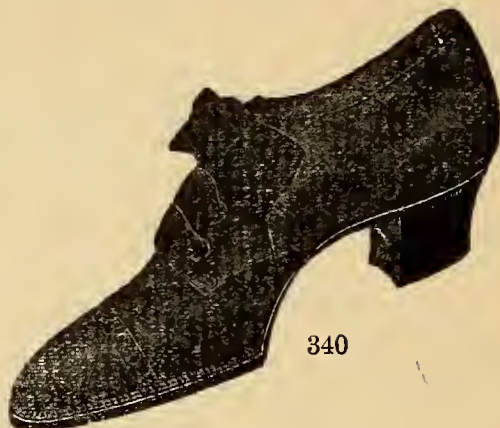


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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXXI.

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*The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.*

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### Editorials.

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OUTDOOR sports are apparently more popular than even before, this year. Nearly everyone wants to be known as either a member of the Canoe Club, or else as a player in the Tennis Tournament, and for this reason in the latter case, there are few hours in the day, when the gravel on the courts is not stirred beneath the flying feet of the racket wielder. So enamored of their work are the canoeists, that although on one of their practice days grey rain-clouds hung threateningly overhead, and thunder muttered warningly, they nevertheless betook themselves to the boat-house, as complacently as if wind and weather were in the best of humors. How far they got I do not know, but they returned in haste, considerably dampened as to apparel, though laughter and continued enthusiasm on following days denied the same condition of spirits.

Why golf has not received the same attention this year as heretofore, we can but wonder, for all know that among faculty and graduates, there are experienced devotees of this popular sport. Before the LEAVES come from press all may be different, however, and half the school tireless in the chase of small balls around the grounds.

---

Another of the happiest and best school years of our lives is coming to its close, and tho' there are a great many who wish to prolong the time between now and commencement, there are others who are not willing to let it pass in quiet, but instead wish to rush off at the earliest possible date amid great excitement and confusion. How much better it would be, for every one, if each girl would postpone her packing one day longer. Why not take advantage of our Principal's hospitality, so that when we greet the home folks, they will think that we have been well

taken care of instead of appearing before our parents looking haggard and giving the impression that we have been overworked.

Let us show the Alumnæ that they are heartily welcome, by leaving the decorations of our rooms in place instead of obliging them, when they ask to see their old homes, with a look at bare walls. When Dr. Bragdon says that after we have been at home a half hour, we will wish we were back here, he is not making such an exaggerated statement as we at first thought.

---

### A May Day Surprise.

---

Something was in the air, just what no one would have ventured to put into words. Suffice it to say that it was almost time for Dr. Bragdon's return, and all were in a fever of expectancy. No one was sure at what time in the day he would make his appearance, therefore imagine the surprise of everyone when at breakfast, just after all had taken their seats, a well-known figure appeared on the dining-room balcony. It was none other than our principal. A round of applause, which was given with a will, greeted him. Here and there were heard gasps of joy and surprise, for would you believe it?—he had grown a beard! After a few words about being pleased to find us so wide-awake and lively at such an early hour, Dr. Bragdon took his place at his own table. With this additional material for conversation, the dining-room resumed its wonted state—that of buzz and chatter.

---

What is to be thought of a happy bridegroom with the name Swiatopolk-Czetwertynski? That he was courageous to offer it, with himself, to the lady who is now his wife. She probably calls him "Cy" for short.



May 4, 1906.

" . . . Truly, these are strenuous times. There is plenty to be done, but the organizations do not know how to put people to work, nor how to find the ones who *need* help. The Red Cross Society hasn't the money necessary to carry on the hospital work, so it has been distributing furniture, clothing, etc. Now the Relief Committee that has the money, asks the Red Cross people to confine their work to the hospitals, and while both organizations are waiting to see what the other will do about it, the work is piling up. But this cannot last long. There are wise men in both organizations that will right matters somehow. . . .

Nearly every day I found cases of worthy people getting along without necessities. People who have been so in the habit of giving that they seem afraid to take lest they be making others so without.

There are plenty of doctors and trained nurses now. There were not many injured. Eight cases of typhoid fever at Fort Mason, where there is a large camp, have been reported.

Oakland banks are giving \$30 to each depositor, but are not cashing any checks on other banks. The governor is still giving them legal holidays.

San Francisco had two earthquakes today, both were quite bad. The papers are hushing it up. A friend who lived within a block of the "Valentia" says that it was fortunate for the city that the fire came and wiped out traces of the earthquake before many people saw them. Probably you saw photos of the City Hall. The fire never touched that building!

Jefferson Square has three camps which are distinguished by the names: "Camp Shook Up," "Camp Shook Up Also," and "Camp Shook Up, Too."

The Japanese boys wanted to finish up

their year at school, so father and Mr. Scott, one of his teachers, who is a refugee staying with us, go over every day. There are only ten boys attending from an enrollment of 325, so it is uncertain whether there will be a school next year or not. The mission was burned.

The appearance of the city is changing fast. Tiny shanties of one or two rooms are being built on top of the piles of debris. People are still cooking in the street. Every block has one house in which there is running water. The streets were lighted for the first time on the 29th. . . .

It looks now as if the need would be greater after the interest in the "San Francisco earthquake" among Eastern cities has begun to go down."

---

Albany Argus: Supreme Court Justice Watson M. Rogers of Watertown yesterday filed with the secretary of state a certificate of appointment of Edna M. Rogers as his confidential clerk in the place of Agnes E. Lennox, whose resignation was also filed at the same time. Who says that I can't work? Edna.

---

Barbara Vail '05, writes as follows, over date of April 25, of poor San Francisco:

"Fairmount Hotel still stands, but was burned out at the time we saw huge flames from U. of C. All the other Nob Hill buildings are flat. One tall chimney, just ready to fall, marks the location of the Art Institute. The view from Nob Hill is indescribable. It looks like a city deserted a thousand years ago! I never felt such lonesomeness. There used to be a picture hanging in the Latin room that might be taken for a bit of San Francisco.

Well, everybody on both sides of the bay has plenty to eat. Thousands are still in parks, Golden Gate, and the Presidio. Sun-

day night it rained hard, and Monday we had a thunder storm and slight quake. The banks are still closed, and it will not be many days before the people of Oakland will have to eat the provisions sent for refugees. The railroad is getting people away as fast as it can. And people are going as far as the Southern Pacific will pass them, expecting then to earn money to get them to their destinations.

One man who had a wife and two little children had only \$1.70, and a small bundle of clothing. His wife said they had escaped from Galveston with scarcely more than they had this time. They said that the Galveston Flood was not to be compared with this calamity.

The relief work is well organized. The Japs are born organizers, and are doing well. The Chinese M. E. folks are sheep without a shepherd. Dr. Filban has vanished. Dr. Smythe is working for them.

No epidemic has broken out, and the soldiers are enforcing good sanitary conditions. Every curtain has been burned in San Francisco. People are cooking in the streets, and are allowed only just enough water for cooking purposes. Candles are allowed from sunset to ten o'clock, and sentinels are ordered to shoot any who do not comply with the law.

For some days the supply of stamps gave out and letters were mailed without them.

Yesterday morning whom did I see at the mole but Mary Upham ('02), who was with a fine looking military officer, whom she introduced as Mr. Clark. Maybe he is her husband. I did not have time to find out, for they had to go to Berkeley at once. She said she was at the hotel when the quake came, and then "went to the ship."

I'll send papers so you can hear more. The California papers are making the best of it. They are exaggerating the other way now. It is to encourage people, of course, but it is very deceiving."

## A Day in Venice.

[T was our first day in Venice, and as we drifted alone in the gondola, I wondered whether I were really there or dreaming. Should I be disappointed? Should I realize my dream? As I glanced at the drowsy water and softly dipped my hand in it, I knew that we had arrived at my dream city at last. How still everything seemed. There were numberless gondolas coming and going, but all that could be heard was the sleepy swash! swash! of the water and once in a while the crisp, clear, call of the gondolier as we turned some corner. How skillful he seemed in the guidance of our craft; just a small turn of the oar, and there we were still gliding on, but in another direction.

After a short ride, as it seemed to me, we arrived at our hotel. It was situated on the Grand Canal, just where it broadens out and stretches towards the sea; in the days of Venetian prosperity it had been the residence of some prince, and broad marble steps led up to the main entrance. I could almost see in fancy some beautiful lady step from the door and go sweeping down the stairs to the gondola.

When I entered my room I was much pleased to find that it overlooked the canal, and I leaned over the window sill, still wondering and dreaming of all the ancient splendor of this city.

What should we see first? That was the question, after we had refreshed ourselves. Most of the party were in favor of St. Mark's, so forth we started. The church was near and it took only a few moments to reach it, though we were greatly disappointed not to have been able to reach it by a ride on the water. Directly in front of the cathedral is a large piazza, the "Piazza San Marco," thus called after the church. In



one corner of this was a large enclosure from which came strains of music. We asked our guide what this was, and he informed us that it was the workmen singing as they rebuilt the old campanile. The cathedral itself is one of the most beautiful examples of Byzantine architecture in Italy. It is in the shape of a Greek cross; its walls are covered with beautiful mosaics; the arches and pillars are made of various colored marbles, and the whole effect is magnificent. In all the niches are altars and shrines on which are burning candles and lamps to the Virgin and the Saints. Surmounting the facade without are the four magnificent bronze horses, while on one side are the famous lions.

I was especially interested in the pigeons. I truly believe I should have spent every sou I possessed if my friends had not dragged me away. You buy corn in cornucopias, then filling your hand hold it out to the pigeons, which flutter about you, and even rest on your arm while they eat. We also put some of the grain in our hats, which were also soon covered with pigeons. It was fascinating to have these usually timid creatures fluttering about, and particularly so to have them alight upon you.

On our return to the hotel we were stopped by a very strange sight, a funeral. Imagine our surprise! I had often thought of Venice as a city of fetes and gaieties, but never as a place of funerals. A funeral procession of gondolas! How strange it all seemed. The gondola carrying the body was draped with black cloth, which dragged in the water. The body lay on the center and was also draped with black cloth held in place by gold tassels. On each end of this gondola stood a gondolier, dressed in black robes, with a small black cap and gold belt. At the bow of the boat was a large gold head from the mouth of which flowed other

black draperies. This gondola was followed by a great many more, all draped with black. As the procession glided by it brought to my mind pictures of Charon ferrying the dead across the Styx. How very solemn it must have seemed to the people of olden times thus to ferry the departed away to their last resting place, and how it must have suggested that crossing the River of Death!

For the evening, when Venice is at its best, we decided on another gondola ride. While waiting for the boat your mind goes back for centuries, and you begin to realize what Venice must have been in the days of its prosperity and at the height of its power. On either side of the canal are brilliantly lighted hotels, which were once palaces and homes of the reigning Doges. It was still a little early when we started, but as it was our first evening, we went early so as not to miss anything. By and by other gondolas appeared, filled with beautifully dressed women and handsome men. The boats glide slowly up and down, passing and re-passing one another. The moon now begins to appear, casting silver rays on the rippling water, and causing here and there weird shadows. Then singers in their gondolas approach, and as we listen to them, they slowly drift onward and the music melts back into silence. The soft breezes blow in from the ocean; the moonbeams sparkle on the water; the voices grow fainter and fainter as they die away in the distance, and all work their enchantment. The mystery deepens as you drift on and on, and you come to realize that there is no other place in the world like Venice. M'g. B., '06.

---

An ornithorhynchus went over the hill  
To view the remains of a pterodactyl  
A queer bird was Terry,  
A funny one, very,  
Said the ornithorhynchus a scratching his bill.

### The Isle of Dreams.

TO be sure, Signor Rigletto had pronounced my voice a wonder, nevertheless, as I left his studio, and turned my face homeward, I felt dreadfully despondent. It was certainly splendid to have the praise and approbation of one of the finest teachers of the day, but what could I, with my poverty and few charms, expect to attain. I had no standing position of any kind, and barely earned enough to keep mother and myself from cold and hunger.

When I reached the humble flat, my home, I was met at the door by the dearest mother in the world. Evidently she noticed my consternation but was wise enough to say nothing about it until after our simple supper. Then she said, "Tell me all about it, daughter. Perhaps I can help you." This was exactly what I had been waiting for, so I proceeded, "Why is everything in the world so unjust? Our lot does seem almost too hard to bear! This afternoon, as I was taking my lesson, Madame Chaudit, one of Rigletto's former pupils, called to see him. She, you know, is the star in the Foster Grand Opera Company. Well, you ought to have seen her, mother. Such a gown and hat! I felt like a poor grub beside her. She told her old teacher of the fame, riches and great success that had come to her, since she had left here four years ago. After they had talked awhile, Signor introduced me to her! and oh, she was so sweet and pleasant. She asked me to sing something and I did so. I was quite scared, but I do believe that I sang well—at least when I finished she cried 'Bravo'! Then she whispered something to our Signor and was gone."

"Never mind, child, I know that I shall be proud of you. The path to fame is narrow, but if you keep on in the right direction, you are bound to find success in the end."

Mother and I always spent our evenings together and that night, as I sat in front of the old fashioned fire place, with my head on her shoulder, things gradually looked brighter for me. In a very few minutes, I found myself seated at a large dinner table, surrounded on all sides by distinguished looking men and elegantly dressed women. I, myself, was gowned in white lace, and around my throat was clasped a necklace of pearls. I had hardly finished dinner, when the butler said, "Madame, the carriage is waiting." I hurried out of the room and went to my boudoir, where my maid threw a beautiful cape around my shoulders, put a dainty scarf over my head, and took me down the broad marble stairs to the door. The footman whisked me into the carriage and in a moment I was rumbling along over the pavement. When I reached my destination, the opera house, it was a few minutes before eight o'clock, so I slipped into the dressing room, threw off my wraps and waited. In a very short time I was to sing before a vast and critical audience—still, I felt no uneasiness nor anxiety. My manager soon appeared to tell me that all was in readiness. I walked across the stage, knowing that at last my ambitions were fulfilled. Before me, in the crowded house, sat the greatest musical critics of the age. Yes! there in the right hand box sat my beloved Rigletto and with him, the famous Madame Chaudet. As I began to sing, these two leaned forward and listened intently. Gradually Signor's face broadened into a smile—he was satisfied. Madame sank back into her chair with a sigh of relief. Thus encouraged, I began the "Rose Song" from Verdi's Aida. When this was at an end, I realized that never before had I sung so well. Surely this burst of applause and shower of flowers meant the same story—success!



Mother's voice was next heard saying, "Here is a note for you, dear. Do open it." I opened the note with trembling fingers, and read:—

*My dear Signorita:*—At last I am able to offer you a position of which you are worthy. You surely remember Madame Chaudet, the friend of the dark eyes and fine voice? She was so impressed with your voice and personality, that she wishes to give you a position in her company. Accept it, child. You can do it, I know. Wishing you much success in what I hope will mean a new career, I remain your faithful teacher,

EDUARD RIGLETTI.

—M. B., '06.

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### The Living Room.

---

IN olden times, when most of the houses were small and lacking in so many of the modern conveniences which we enjoy today, it was the custom to spend a great part of the family and social life in the old-fashioned dining room, and many times even in the kitchen. But now this custom has changed to a great extent, and the family life in most of our homes has come to centre in the living room, the beauty and cheerfulness of which is of very important moment to every home lover.

In recalling many beautiful and artistic living rooms that I have especially admired, perhaps the most pleasing and charming of them all is that in the home of an architect, who had succeeded admirably in carrying out his plan to make the living room the most cheerful, bright and reposeful spot in the house.

The room extended the depth of the house and opened by large folding doors from the left of the hall. The effect on entering the room was a most inviting one. The dark tones of the woodwork, hangings and fur-

niture, lightened by the upper walls of a dull red color shading into the cream white of the ceiling, and the brightness of the sky outside, let in through large plate glass windows, all conveyed a feeling of welcome to the visitor.

The high wainscot was of dark, green stained oak, the panels of which were separated by narrow beams, every other beam being surmounted by a small lantern of wrought iron work. The idea of having the lanterns was very original, but it proved a good one. They added much to the richness of the room decoration, and were very pretty at night when lighted. From the centre of the high ceiling hung a large chandelier matching the side lanterns in material and workmanship. There were fixtures on it which furnished the main supply of lighting, either by gas or electricity.

The windows were draped with soft linen curtains, ornamented with a stenciled conventional design of the red poppy and its leaves, and over these hung velvet curtains corresponding in shade to the rough plastered walls. This helped to bring the sides of the room seemingly closer, giving a much cosier look to everything. The doorway was also hung with portiers of dull red.

On the opposite side of the room from the doorway, in about the middle of the side wall, was a large open grate fireplace, built of weather stained brick, with a shelf of the same material, and on the high brick wall, just above, was the face of a large clock set into the masonry. A small piece of marble statuary, a few antique pots, vases and little curios were placed on the shelf, but the fireplace hardly needed any decoration, being a beauty in itself.

At the upper end of the room, facing the street, was a large recessed place, with low casement windows and cosy seats, padded with dull green stuff and piled high with

cushions, some of green and brown leather and others of dark embroidered linen. An uncovered piano stood near in a bright corner, with a few sheets of music lying on it, and the music cabinet of ebony, to match the piano case, was close at hand.

A small library helped to add to the completeness of the room. The cases were constructed of the same material as the wainscot and very much like the Wernicke case—very simple and pretty. These took up one whole end of the room, being broken only in the centre, where a desk was built in.

A large unpolished oak table, of the mission style, occupied the centre of the room, with a few nicely bound books, magazines and periodicals strewn upon it, and near the side window, between the fireplace and bookcase, was a large covered tabouret, on which was a splendid, big fern.

The hard-wood floor was mostly covered by a big Persian rug, which, with a few smaller ones, placed in front of the open grate and at the doorway, brought in some warm, rich coloring. A large, leather seated chair was placed near the fireplace, and a few other low, comfortable rockers and high, straight-backed chairs, both well suited to the purpose of the room, were tastefully arranged about.

The pictures were all well chosen and hung in suitable places on the walls. The one over the bookcases was a large brown print of Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs," and on either side of it hung small upright panels. There were a few colored paintings, and a pretty group of Japanese prints filled one corner—the straight lines of the panels being relieved by a small miniature in a medium-sized gold frame.

Every detail in the living room was carried out in suitable relation to the other things. It was spacious enough to admit of the many articles of furniture and yet not

seem crowded in any way. Provision was made for good lighting both during the day and at night. In short, every arrangement was made to add to the richness and cheerfulness of the room, and yet all was constructed in the simplest possible way. There was a certain look about it that made one feel at home. A room with such an atmosphere tends to make people do and think nobler things. If more people could select and tastefully arrange a few good things in a room, how much better it would be. All cannot live in sumptuously furnished and decorated rooms, yet with little trouble and expense, a person with a reasonable amount of artistic sense and good judgment can furnish an attractive living room and thereby make the home cheery and comfortable for its occupants.

A. D., '06.



It may not be known to many in the school, but it will certainly be of interest to all to recall that Edith Burke of Middletown, who was married to Henry Gordon Wells, April 18 and has taken up life's burden (?) at 4 Arlington Place, Haverhill, Mass., is our very own Lasell baby, having been born in No. 70, during her father's professorship here. If I had known of the intended marriage in time, I would have seen that Lasell was well represented at it in flowers, congratulations and good wishes.

We were glad to have a call from Julia Finney McNaughton, here in 1872, who



came back to see the old school with her husband, son and daughter.

Lucy Miller sends best wishes for the success of our great Jubilee in June, and regrets that she cannot be with us. She says that Nellie Hart has just returned from Tallahassee, Florida, where she has been spending the winter.

Edith Ebersole thinks we have some splendid girls this year, and that we may well be proud of them. She was glad to find some girls who were here in her day. Helen Ebersole Swartzel has another little girl, born April 24, Frances Dymond is her name. Edith and her grandmother are to sail for Europe the first of June. Mabel and Florence Pooler are going to meet them there. The trip is to be a general one, and they expect to stay about three months.

The Lasell booth at the Carnival at Bloomington, Ill., under the direction of the Woman's University Guild of the Illinois Wesleyan University, was a great success. Lasell girls of the vicinity looked after it, and were very proud of it, so Mrs. Welty says.

Lina Morgan Jones writes from Utica, N. Y., "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to attend the Golden Jubilee, but Mr. Jones has been sick for five weeks, and how much longer it will continue we do not know. I would love to see you—also Miss Carpenter and Miss Blaisdell—I recall so vividly when the latter presided over the table at which I was fed. Please give my love to them both. Our boy is a good specimen of manhood—stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 175 lbs. He is a military man, having served five years in the National Guard of our city, and is now in his second enlistment. He is in his second year at Hamilton College."

We had a delightful visit with Bertha Childs, Lillie Fuller Merriam ('85) and Helen Hoke Sangree one day in April. Bertha lunched with us, and the others joined

her here in the afternoon. Helen Hoke came to Boston as a delegate to the Crittendon Mission Conference, and we were glad that she found time to look in on us after twenty-one years of absence.

The following "old girls" have called during the past month; Julia Finnie McNaughton, Grace Washburn Hoskins ('97), Florence Ebersole ('02), Edith Ebersole ('03), Mabel Pooler ('03), Grace Bullock ('02), Eva Robertson, Cora Penniman, Amye Vickery, Helen Jackson, Katherine McCoy ('01), Martha E. Stone ('56), Helen Merriam, Carrie Kendig Kellogg ('79), Bessie Price, Josephine Holmes ('04), Ada Wells ('05), Grace Hardy ('04), Dasie Hartson Cope ('94), Martha Haskell ('05). The following pupils have received calls from members of their family and from relatives: Misses Wheaton, Rogers, Caldwell D., Anita Wilson, Conant, Sarah Strong, Serviss, Hovey, Wait, Wood, Danforth, Boyce, Goodall, White and Kennedy.

Alice Andreesen Kountze ('95), of Omaha, sailed with Mr. Kountze for Japan, April 7. They will return in July via the Canadian Pacific. Address while away, Kyoto Traders Bank. Julia Anderson ('94), is already in Japan, and they plan to meet.

Sorry to hear that Pauline Rowe has definitely decided that it is not best to return to Lasell.

Mame Seamans is in Los Angeles. She called today and is looking well. We had a delightful chat. Says Bess Brown Moore of Kansas City recalled her name from seeing her picture in Helen Medsker's collection; spoke to her, and is likely to move to California. If so, we hope to see her.

Olive Holmes really lives here in Pasadena now.

Katherine McCoy ('01), kindly remembered me with an Easter picture card with a

picture of herself on it carrying a basket of eggs! She has grown stout!

For particulars about the quake, ask Emma Genn, who was staying in East Oakland with Barbara Vail ('05), on that fateful night and the three days following.

I reached Barbara's Thursday noon and slept in one of the shaken houses from which all the dwellers had moved into their garden, including grandma, 93 years old. Nothing has been exaggerated of the horrors of those dreadful days and nights in 'Frisco.

At Pueblo we saw Isabel Loudon Bragdon and Grace Thomas Fonda and her beautiful baby, three months old, and Mamie McMann Ritchie and her new husband, whom I liked. They live at 1525 Carteret ave. In Pueblo we saw a niece of Mamie Wood, who now lives at 1515 DuFosset street, New Orleans.

In Denver I saw Carrie Brown Cassell ('89), who looks as young as she did fifteen years ago; Fannie Hanscome Herbert and her splendid family. (Fred Herbert, Fannie's husband, is a friend to count on. He came to the station in the midst of the big storm to bid us good-bye. In the blizzard we phoned to Gertrude Bucknum ('95), Clara Creswell Blakeney, Elizabeth Creswell Wolff, Katherine Pierce Martin, Alice Beesley Bridaham, Mabel Carter, Bertie Berlin, Clara Heath, Ruth Cleaveland Bates, Jennie Brown Titsworth, Birdie Routt Bryant, and found most of them "At Home," and had talks. I learned that Martha Lorimer Russell died last July. Florence Hayden was away, but Mrs. and Mr. Hayden gave us a most cordial welcome. They are folks to love at sight. I heard that Bettie Morris Shearn of Houston, Texas, cut a wide social swath in Denver last winter, and is now in New York. Her daughter, Cora, has recently made Bettie a grandmother. Think of that for the whirligig of time. Of Lulu Wells Brannan's sad death you have already

heard. Mr. Brannan has recently died.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, we called on Mae Burr Meadows and her mother. They are now living at 2506 N. street. Lillie Tukey Morrison and Claire Funke called to see me. Of Lillie's sad loss the LEAVES has never had notice, though Mae Burr thinks she wrote to me. Her husband died last August.

Late trains prevented me from stopping in Omaha—a sad loss for me.

In Chicago, Emma Goll Dacy ('98), with sweet five years old Marion, came to the station. I was so glad to see them. Little Marion has already made application for a room at Lasell. We traded pennies. Tried to find Mabel Judd but failed.

At Evanston saw Frances Bragdon ('05), and Eugenia Converse Matthews, who now lives at 818 Reba Place, and has a daughter Louise, of whom she is very proud. Saw Ida Jones ('05), on her way to church, but she did not notice me. I hear that Lil Hathaway Muir is in New Haven, Conn.

On April 30, at night, we ended our pilgrimage, and found a cordial welcome from the nicest lot of girls I have known—this year!

C. C. B.

Florence Smith returned from England the week of April 21.

Edith and Florence Toole, of Holyoke, were in Boston last week.

Maye Palmer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, spent two weeks with Georgia Lamb before the wedding, and is now in N. Y.

Reita Wolferman spent the winter in Washington, and is now in New York, Hotel Majestic.

Maye Palmer spent a few days with Laura Simmons, who is attending Simmons college, Boston.

After Georgia Lamb's wedding, Miss Gladys Patterson, Adelle Humphrey, Maye Palmer and Beatrice Slack had a happy luncheon at the Hotel Touraine, and en-



joyed talking over old Lasell days. The Lasell girls are as true to each other, and Lasell days seem always to be the brightest of the bright.

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### Marriages.

Edith Hart to Walter Martin Krementz, Wednesday, April 25, East Orange, N. J.

Lucy Augusta Muth to Dr. David Golden Kinney, Friday evening, May 11, Avondale, Cincinnati. At home after June 1, Kalispell, Montana.

Helen Reed Jones to Philip Richardson Whitney, Tuesday, April 7, Corey Hill, Brookline.

Clarissa Arnold to Dr. William Becker Stewart. At home in Bennington, Vt.

Georgia Heywood Lamb was married to Chester Shaw Morrison at Miss Lamb's home, 31 Crawford street, Roxbury, Wednesday, April 25, 1906. The bridesmaids were: Lilla Osgood, Gladys Patterson, Maye Palmer, Miss Shaw. The girls were all gowned in blue and carried marguerites. A luncheon was given at the Touraine. There were present the bridesmaids, bride and others, among them, Adelle Humphrey. Mrs. Morrison will be at home after Oct. 1, at 15 Park Drive Terrace, and will be pleased to see any of the old Lasell girls.

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### Annie Mae Pinkham's Wedding.

I had the good fortune to be one of the bridesmaids at Annie Mae Pinkham's wedding, April 17.

It was a beautiful wedding, all in forget-me-not blue and Easter lilies. The ceremony was performed in the Episcopal church at half after six, and was followed by a reception at her home to about three hundred. The six maids were in blue and carried white lilies. Three of these were Lasell girls,

Katherine McCoy, '01, Edith Ebersole, '03, and Florence Ebersole, '02. Clarissa Hammond, also a Lasell girl, was maid-of-honor. Annie Mae looked beautiful in white, and she said the word "obey" as though she really meant it. I guess she does.

Their presents were the most numerous and beautiful I have seen for a long time, and only a flat to house them all in. I have heard that the wedding trip was ideal. They are now in Pittsburg "getting settled" in their flat and "being happy."

FLORENCE EBERSOLE, '02.

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### Deaths.

With sad hearts we record the death of Professor J. Walter Davis, who for so many years was at the head of our Vocal Department. Always so genial and helpful, he was a friend not only of those whom he taught, but his influence extended to all who met him in our halls and assemblies. Never a shadow crossed his beaming face, for to do good was his sole delight, and he made all his associates happy. While he sings the songs of Zion in that new home, may we strive to be like him, always faithful.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the afflicted family, who so bitterly miss his presence.

We are very sorry to learn of the death on April 7 of Mrs. G. A. Giffin (Louise Albee, here in '76), of Boulder, Colo. Her strong, sweet face is a precious memory here.

Leslie White, '05, seems to have come early into an unusual share of life's sorrows. On May 2 her mother followed the father, (who passed away last summer) into the land where no one says "I am sick." The thought of the loving reunion ought to do something to help Leslie bear this unusual pain. She knows how deep and loving is our sympathy.

### Easter Vacation at Lasell.

AT last the much talked of Easter vacation came and most of the girls set out for a week of jolly good times, either at home or with friends, while about twenty of us unfortunate creatures were left behind to drag out, as we thought, a weary existence for one whole long week. But before the week was gone we had changed our minds about a vacation spent at Lasell, for we could not help having a good time if we entered into all the pleasures that were offered us.

What a relief it was not to have a bell every forty minutes, and to know that we were not required to answer the summons of the few bells we did have. It was a pleasure for us to hear the rising gong resound through the halls and to think to ourselves, That doesn't concern me, for I can get up when I choose and go to bed when I feel like it, provided I feel like it before eleven p. m.

On the first day of vacation most of us were fortunate enough to receive our letters from home with the much needed checks, and the following good wishes and kindly advice: "I enclose check for —, which I hope will fill a long felt want, and hope you will be able to spend it wisely." All were willing to acknowledge that the check filled a long felt want, but, as to whether we profited by the advice, we shall not commit ourselves. Early Thursday morning the shoppers sallied forth, and returned at sunset with a few bundles and a decidedly smaller wad of money than had been theirs in the early morning. Not having profited by the experience of the day before, some of the girls went in for another day of shopping on Friday, while the more cautious of us, who had learned that a trip to Boston was the cause of our parting with our precious allowance, which had to last a *whole* month,

stayed at home and did the little odd jobs which had been put off for just such a time.

We were not such enthusiastic theatre-goers this vacation as were those who spent their Christmas vacation here, though we did see Mary Mannering and James K. Haskett in "The Walls of Jericho," and Annie Russell in "Friend Hannah," and we would have gone to Keith's with Dr. Winslow had he invited us soon enough, but unfortunately most of us had already seen Houdini before we received Dr. Winslow's invitation.

Friday we spent a pleasant evening at Mrs. Douglass', and all of us enjoyed the clever guessing game in which Margarita Buehner won the first prize and Anita Wilson the booby. All the questions in this game could be answered by the name of some member of our Lasell faculty, and since the game afforded us so much pleasure and amusement, others might enjoy it also.

- 1.—What a fisherman does—
- 2.—A capital letter, a conjunction—
- 3.—One having a trade —
- 4.—Moved swiftly, rented—
- 5.—To shrivel, a quilting party—
- 6.—A fur—
- 7.—A formal visit —
- 8.—Attractive in a landscape—
- 9.—A seed—
- 10.—A complete combination—
- 11.—Light brown, a meat food—
- 12.—Precious, used in Germany—
- 13.—A king of France—
- 14.—A pleasure ground, a grove—
- 15.—A modeller—
- 16.—Succeeds, degraded—
- 17.—To boast, a Spanish title—
- 18.—A famous writer—

Although Easter was a stormy day some of us ventured into town to the new Old South, where we heard a very helpful sermon by Dr. Gordon, and enjoyed the beautiful Easter music, while the other girls



went to the different Auburndale churches. After dinner our school family had an enjoyable song service in the parlor and after supper a number of the girls went to the Methodist church to hear the cantata, "Christ, the Risen King."

Our last day of vacation was a glorious one, and we were all delighted to go out canoeing with Dr. Winslow. For some reason Dr. Winslow did not consider all of us to be competent swimmers, so the incompetent were doomed to canoe in a boat. There was one very inexperienced steersman, of course I mean steerswoman, in the party, who furnished amusement for the others by steering her boat into every clump of reeds, or gently grazing the platforms of the boat houses, and occasionally running into the river banks, but fortunately neither the boat nor its occupants suffered any injury during the process.

At the close of the short week all agreed that the vacation had been a very pleasant one. It had been in our power to make ourselves and others either very happy or extremely miserable, whichever we choose, and most of us were wise enough to choose the better way. S. C. C., '06.

(The answers to the games mentioned above may be found in some other part of the LEAVES.)

#### A Letter at Lasell.

It was a morning bright and clear  
For mail time now was drawing near,  
When I ran quickly down the hall,  
To get a place against the wall.

As rushing through the crowd I went  
(A letter there, someone had sent,)  
To find my key I vainly tried  
"Oh! dear, it's in my room," I cried.

As up the stairs I madly rushed,  
My new white dress I badly crushed,  
I hunted, searched my old room o'er,  
Then found the key upon the floor.

Before my box I stood once more,  
And hurriedly did ope the door.  
Upstairs to stay, would have been better  
Because it was my roommate's letter!

C. D. '07.

#### Cincinnati Lasell Club.

The first luncheon of the Lasell Club of Cincinnati took place at the Hotel Altamont, Kentucky Highlands, on Tuesday, May 8, 1906.

The committee are happy to report fourteen enthusiastic members and hope next year to greatly increase our numbers. Our president, Annie Peabody Hall ('91), was unable to meet with us and was missed by all.

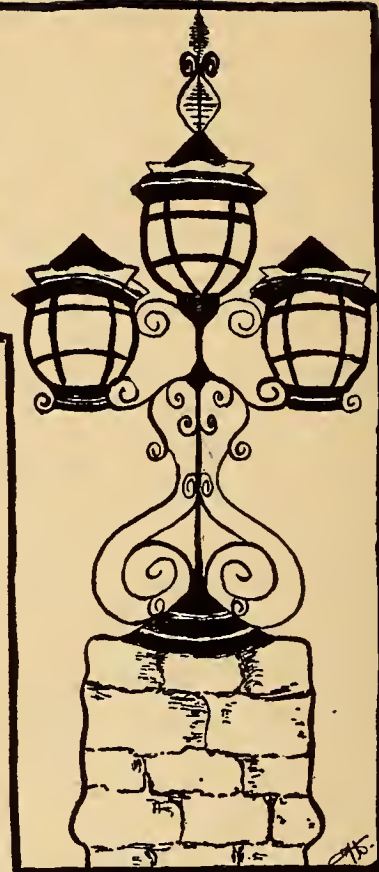
At 1.30 o'clock a splendid Kentucky luncheon was served, and afterward the time was spent in becoming better acquainted with one another.

Those present were: Mary Haven Thirkield, Mary Ebersole Crawford, Carrie Ebersole Martin ('88), Mary Muth Claussen, Helen W. Cooke, Edith Blair ('97) of Avondale. Gertrude Stewart Titus of Price Hill, Alice M. House (83), Amy A. Lothmann of Mt. Auburn, Lucy M. Young, Marie Gilbert ('03) of Walnut Hills, Mabel E. Friedborn of Norwood, Edith F. McClure ('02) of Dayton, and Margie M. Schuberth ('96) of Wyoming.

We will be glad at any time to know of any Lasell girls living in Ohio who will care to join us.

Mr. Bragdon enjoyed an "At Home" at Quincy Mansion School on May 9, where he met Wesleyan Grindle, who says she is greatly improved since she was here, and this is true as far as looks are concerned. He also saw Gertrude Moritz, of 522 Inglehart Street, Chicago, for whom we hadn't room last fall, but who has found a delightful school home at Quincy Mansion. The whole affair was delightful, and the girls looked very intelligent and attractive. Everybody was sociable. The hour by Mr. Clarence D. Mudge was exceedingly interesting and entertaining.

# LOCALS



April 11.—The joyful beginning of Easter vacation.

April 18.—School begins once more.

April 22.—Miss Mary C. Fowle, who is soon to go to Adabazar, Turkey, as a missionary, gave a most entertaining talk on "A Trip to Cesarea, Cappadocia."

April 28.—Miss Potter gave one of her helpful and interesting talks.

In the evening, there was an im-

promptu dance on the lawn, and later in the gym, with music furnished by the hurdy gurdy man and his daughter.

April 29.—Prof. Currier, for many years the teacher of oratory at Wellesly, gave an exceedingly interesting and instructive reading on "Moses—From Captivity to Freedom."

May 1.—This was a day full of exciting events. In the morning we were all much surprised and pleased to have Dr. Bragdon come down to breakfast. The exact date of his coming is always a secret, and there was much conjecture about it, but he really came about nine thirty, Monday night. We had a little difficulty in recognizing him this time, as he has grown a beard, and looks again exactly like his picture in the chapel.

During the morning exercises in chapel there was much excitement in voting for a May Queen, and all were anxious to know who the popular one would be. The result was not known until afternoon, however.

At the noon session of chapel, it was an-

nounced that Allerlies would be on sale at three-thirty. Dr. Bragdon kindly said it was the best annual ever published. He could speak with great truthfulness, as of course, he had not yet read it. Modesty forbids us to print the comments which were made when the book was really read.

The afternoon was delightfully warm, so we were able to have a May party on the lawn. Our dignified Seniors, looking like little girls in short dresses, and with bows on their hair, gave a very pretty dance around the gay May pole, with its red and white streamers. The result of the voting contest was announced by Miss Frances, Fern Dixon, first; Louise Kelty, second; Mildred Johnston, third. Fern was arrayed in royal robes by the Seniors, escorted to the chair of state and crowned by Louise.

At dinner the Senior table was beautifully decorated by the Sophomores in the class color, red, and the May Queen, occupied a seat of honor there, next the Senior president.



After dinner, we went out doors for a short "sing" around the Crow's Nest, in honor of Dr. Bragdon's arrival, but were soon called in by the warning prayer-meeting bell.

May 2.—Mr. Hills met his pupils in the chapel at seven o'clock, and several played.

May 3.—The Senior French class held a delightful reception in the parlors. Miss Mildred Peirce and Miss Ina Harber received. Mademoiselle Le Royer gave a charming talk; Miss McClanahan and Miss Washburn sang, and Misses Anthony, Marston and Johnston gave recitations, which were very much enjoyed. We departed with regret after the chocolate and cakes, after explaining to Mademoiselle to the best of our ability in French what a delightful evening we had had.

May 5.—Miss Maud Summers of Chicago, Ill., gave an intensely interesting lecture on "The Poetry of Home-making." Many of us would do well to take some of her helpful suggestions to heart.

In the evening, Miss Parkhurst gave a musical at her home in Somerville, and a number of Lasell pupils played. The girls who went had a delightful time.

May 6.—Dr. Bates led the Vesper service, and gave a very interesting talk.

Edward Everett Hale was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And as the dinner progressed he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. "This terrapin," he would say, "was shipped direct from Baltimore. A Baltimore cook came on to prepare it. The dish actually cost a dollar a teaspoonful." So he talked of the other courses. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes. He told down to a penny what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes char-

ily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said: "Would you mind cutting me off about \$1.87 worth more, please?"

The following wise and loving "farewell" was written by a beautiful Christian mother to the Lasell girls, December 11, 1895. This message was found on the back of a Pupil's Rehearsal programme, and was written by Dr. Bragdon's mother, then in her eightieth year. It was left in her room at the close of what proved to be her last visit to Lasell!

The helpful lines were read to us at a recent chapel service, led by our Preseptress, and we have asked permission to share this message with that favored circle of "old girls," who knew and loved Madam Bragdon.

I want to say to these dear "women" how much I have enjoyed being in their midst for a few weeks, and a loving good-bye, with a bit of helpful advice. A letter from a dear friend, a week or two since, said, "His mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening," and "In the night watches He calms the troubled spirit and gives me peace." The preciousness of this peace could not be so fully known, if there had been no disturbances to agitate it—it is the need that He promises to supply. Count your mercies, dear young women—I am so glad, I have eyes to see, that my fingers are not stiff with rheumatism, that I have not a broken limb, that my mind is not clouded, that I have loving friends, if they are far away.

'Tis somewhat on the following scheme  
The Sophomore writes her daily theme.  
She takes some paper, pen and ink,  
Then seats herself and tries to think.  
She rubs her eyebrows, bites her pen,  
Writes three whole lines, and starts again.  
At last she throws her arms on high,  
And cries, "I'll do it now or die!"  
She wraps a towel round her head  
And then—well—then she goes to bed.

## Aunt Maria's Journey.

### *Characters.*

Aunt Maria Mitchell—maiden lady from Homeville.

Sarah Winton, her niece—a fashionable society woman of N.

Charles Winton, her husband.

Nellie and Fred—the children.

A boarding-school girl.

The agonized voices of Christopher Columbus, the parrot, and Hiddigiggi, the cat.

Train officials, friends and passengers.

### *Act I.*

*Scene I.*—The railroad station at N. Aunt Maria, her arms full of bundles, standing in the midst of a group of relatives and speaking in nervous tones:

Sarah, I've had such a delightful visit! I am so sorry I can't stay over for the Woman's Convention next Friday, but I must be home to commence the spring house-cleaning on April thirteenth. I've always done so, and I could not think of breaking the rule this time.

Sarah (sighing)—We did so enjoy your four weeks' visit, and I do hope you can come again soon.

(Her husband, aside)—If she does come again just let me know a day before hand, and I'll be conspicuous for my absence.

(A train whistle is heard.)

(Aunt Maria, anxiously)—There's the train! Who has the parrot? Oh! you have, Fred, and Nellie has my band-box. Sarah, don't forget to give me my shawl. Charlie, are you sure my ticket for Homeville is all right?

Charles—Don't get excited, Aunt Maria, you have plenty of time. Here comes the baggage-man with that plagued old—er, I mean that beautiful Tom cat. From the amount of noise he is making I should judge he was rather unhappy. It's a shame to keep such a beautiful cat shut up in a box!

Aunt Maria—Yes, I know, Charles, but I simply could not leave the pets at home. Mary Ann would never take proper care of them. I have catnip here for Hiddigiggi. (Opens hand-bag and takes out a handful, which she hands to Charles.) Here, give this to the baggage-man to put in the box.

(Charles surreptitiously throws it away when her back is turned, the train pulls in, and amid hurried exclamations, admonitions, and last farewells, Aunt Maria is helped on the train by the aid of the brakeman, the conductor, the baggageman and the long-suffering Charles.)

(The latter, to his wife, as the train disappears)—Cheer up, my dear, her visit is over for one year, at least.

### *Curtain.*

*Scene II*—On the New York Express. The brakeman, generously tipped by Charles, is helping Aunt Maria to arrange her baggage.

Aunt Maria—How nice this is to have a big seat all to myself. I never will ride in a parlor car where one has only one chair and cats and parrots are not allowed. (To the brakeman)—Now I think I will let you put Christopher Columbus beside me. (Seeing the puzzled look on the brakeman's face)—Why, I mean the parrot, of course; and Hiddigiggi in the box, may stay on the floor. It is really astonishing how little these railroad officials know about animals. (Sitting down and fanning herself violently)—Dear me, it's such a task to travel! I don't understand how Sarah and her husband can want to go abroad and take only one trunk too. Some way, I always need so much baggage.

(After a few minutes, the train stops with a jerk, and the conductor calls out a station. The cat howls dismally and the passengers look around, alarmed.)

Aunt Maria—Thank goodness, Charles selected an express train with only this one stop till we come to Homeville. Hiddigiggi does hate to travel so, and when the train stops it annoys him still more, poor dear. Oh my, see all the people getting on. I hope the train won't be crowded.

(A stylish boarding-school girl enters, followed by a crowd of friends.)

Girl—Horrors! the seats are all taken. Have I got to sit beside that old country woman and hold her parrot? (The train starts and her friends make a rush for the door)—Good bye, girls! Do write soon and tell me all the news. I know I shall be dreadfully homesick.



Friends (laughingly)—Hope you have a pleasant trip holding the parrot. Maybe you can get some ideas for the compositions you're always talking about.

Aunt Maria, (sniffing contemptuously)—Country woman, indeed! What a vulgar girl! I never did approve of these boarding-schools anyway.

Girl—May I have part of this seat? I suppose you don't pay fare for the menagerie. You can put the cage up on the rack.

Aunt Maria, (grudgingly)—Yes, I suppose you can sit here. But, indeed, Christopher Columbus shall not be put on the rack; he would be frightened to death. I will hold him.

(To show his great intelligence, Christopher Columbus begins to croak expostulatingly, at which Hiddigiggi "Meows" mournfully.)

Girl, (to herself)—Mercy, what have I gotten into! (To Aunt Maria)—What wonderful animals! They seem so sympathetic, too.

Aunt Maria—Yes, my pets are very superior.

(The girl produces a number of magazines and a box of chocolates. The latter she offers to Aunt Maria.)

Aunt Maria, (frigidly)—Thank you, no. I only eat peppermints, and those just after meals.

(Silence for a few minutes, while each keeps her own counsel. The conductor enters and calls "Homeville! Homeville!")

Aunt Maria, (rising hurriedly)—Here, conductor, help me off the train. Thank goodness, I see Peter with the carriage to meet me. There, there, Christopher, you are almost home now. Conductor, do be careful; you have Hiddigiggi upside down. It's such a relief to have this visit and journey over. I always dread it so, but Sarah and the whole family look forward so to my coming, that I have not the heart to disappoint them. Duty must be done bravely.

(After a careful survey of the seat and floor, she picks up her hand-bag, band-box and shawl, and follows the conductor, who is staggering under the load of Hiddigiggi and Christopher Columbus.)

(*Curtain.*)

## Our Brilliant Faculty.

Miss C.—He never succeeded very successfully in accomplishing it.

## Our Brilliant Fellow Students.

Miss R.—Do anybody think so?

Because "zimmer" was the German for "room," and "mann," for "man," two third-year German students reasoned that "zum-mermann," meant "valet."

Miss C.—(In mythology)—What was Rhea sometimes called?

Pupil.—Alma Mater.

Mlle.—Avez-vous ete une bonne fille?

Miss D.—Oh oui.

Miss D.—(to Miss L.—a few seconds later)—What in the world does "fille" mean?

Miss C. (Indicating picture).—What is that, that Rhea holds in her hand?

Pupil.—A sepulchre.

## The Prattler.

Faculty has apparently put a guard on its tongue; thus would testify the exceeding shyness of brilliant remarks.

Why was it that no one in the Junior Literature Class knew who Justinian was?

Not only did every one *have* a good time at the French reception, but also many *were* a good time. One ambitious young student, emphatically asserted that she was a good evening, and another that she had amused the evening very much.

The following joke, I am sure will appeal to Faculty:

Teacher.—What three words are most commonly used by scholars?

Scholar.—I don't know.

Teacher.—That's right.

Resident of Auburndale (8.40 a. m.)—There's a wedding somewhere, isn't there? I hear the bells.

His wife.—Oh no, dear, you hear the LaseLL girls reciting the second verse of Poe's Bells.

Long life to the May Queen, and to her Seniorly subjects. Me thinks they are a goodly band.



The following are the exchanges for this month: "The Tech," "The Usonian," "The Student," "The Harvard Lampoon," "The Boston University Beacon," "The Quill," "The Tallow Dip," "The Latin Leaflet," "The Raquet," "The Polytechnic," "The Tattler," "The Cricket," "The Advance," "The Center," "The Vail-Dean Budget," "The Argosy," "The Wheaton Bulletin," "The Tripod," "The School Life," "The Capitoline," "The Northern," "The University Courier," "The Intercollegian," "The Kemper Hall Kodak," "The Megaphone."

The article on Japanese prints in the "Kemper Hall Kodak" is very interesting.

The sketches in the first part of the "Vail-Deane Budget" are good short articles.

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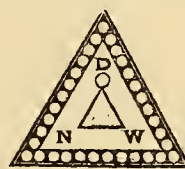
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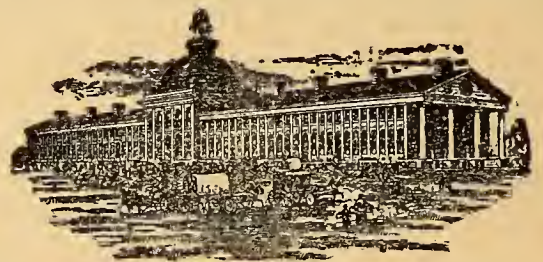
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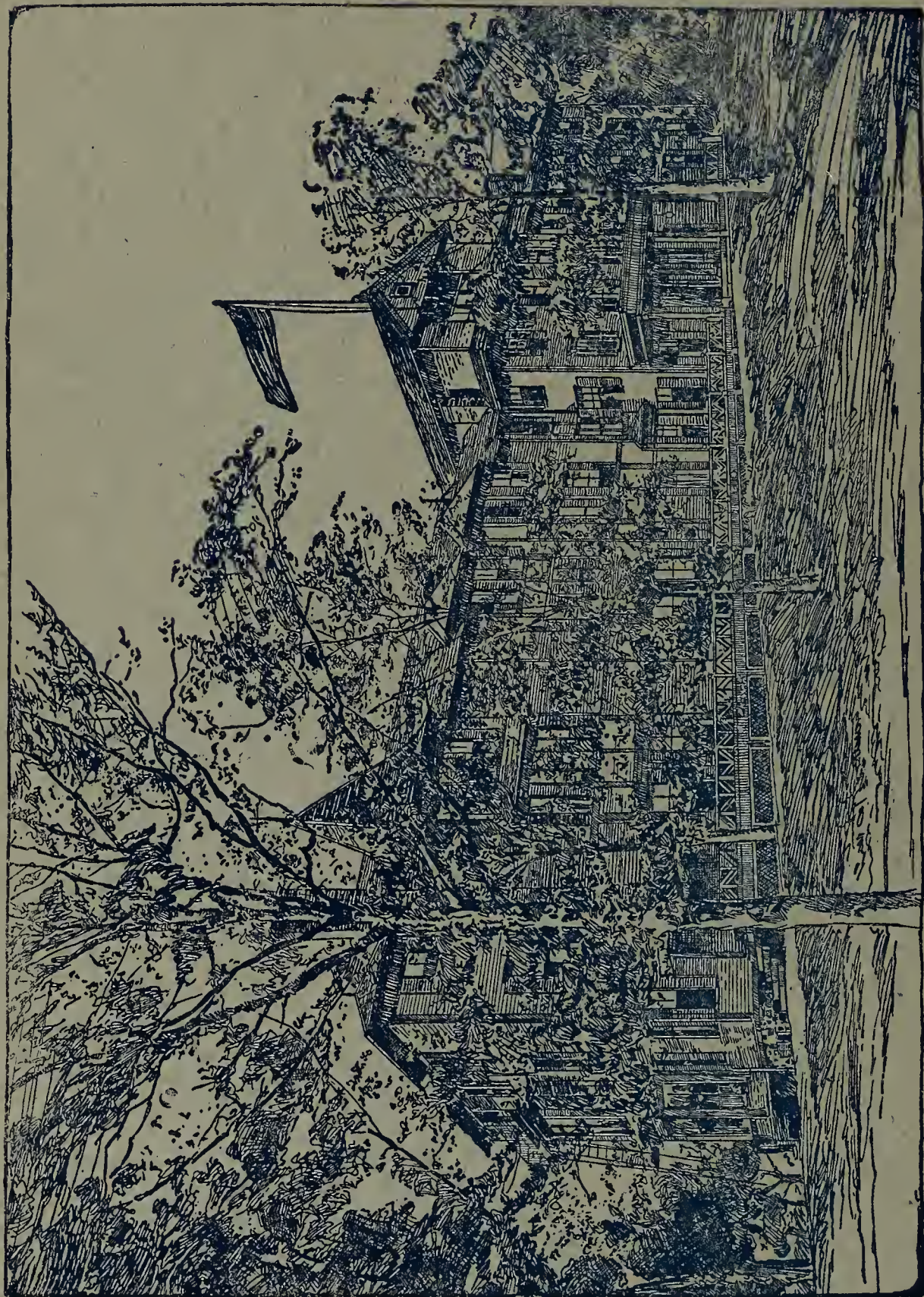
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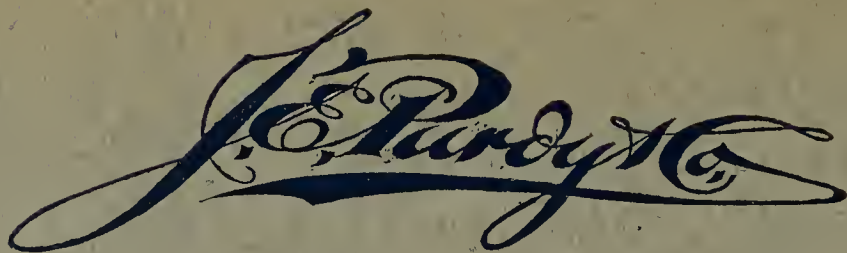
JUNE, 1906

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VOL. XXXI, No. 9

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# LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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VOL. XXXI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JUNE, 1906.

NUMBER 9

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Published monthly during the School year by the Lasell Publishing Association.

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## Editorials.

Commencement time is like the month of April, a time in which sun and shower play tag in the minds and faces of the majority. One's desire for seeing the home folks just about balances one's regret at leaving dear comrades. Friendships have been made, which, though some of them but of a year's standing, will last till the trumpet call. In contrast, friendships have been made, which though apparently as strong as the more lasting ones, must through force of circumstances fade until name and face are but a memory. And yet the majority of school girls occupy daily five or ten minutes of the

attention of their minds in wishing that the time for parting were come. It seems ridiculous to say, that one of these days, possibly thirty or forty years hence, we will be wishing that we were laboring over the most exasperating of trigonometry problems, or that we were writing a six hundred word essay on the most impossible of subjects, only to be schoolgirls once more; but I feel that my prophecy is correct. Possibly now, only a month in the future, half of us are wishing at this very moment, that we were back at Lasell, even at the expense of writing a French resumé.

### Senior Reception.

On the evening of June 6th the Faculty gave a reception to the Seniors and their friends and relatives. The parlors were very prettily decorated, red roses, the Senior class flower, predominating. The reception committee consisted of Dr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Peirce and Miss Simes, the class president. The guests were ushered and introduced by the Juniors. During the evening, an orchestra played delightfully. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining room, and the guests were waited upon by the Juniors.

---

### Studio Reception.

From three to five on Thursday afternoon, the Art students received their friends in the studio. The exhibition of pictures showed much originality and talent and received due admiration. Lemonade and Nabiscos were served and during the afternoon Miss Ida Sisson rendered a much appreciated number.

---

### Commencement Concert.

On Thursday evening, June 7th, the annual Pupils' Commencement Concert was held in the gymnasium, where a very large and enthusiastic audience had gathered. They were entertained by the following program:

#### PART FIRST.

Chorus.	The Lord is my Shepherd, Orphean Club.	<i>Bargiel</i>
Pianoforte.	Romance d'Amour, Miss Bemis.	<i>Schütt</i>
Songs.	Allah, Nocturne, Miss Richardson.	<i>Chadwick</i>
Pianoforte.	Gnomensreigen, Miss B. Johnson.	<i>Liszt</i>
Violin.	Zigeuner Kommen, Miss E. Sisson.	<i>F. Seitz</i>

Song.	Mon Coeur Chante, Miss Webb.	<i>Chaminade</i>
Pianoforte.	The Witches' Dance, Miss Wait.	<i>Mac Dowell</i>

#### PART SECOND.

Pianoforte and Organ.	Theme and Variations,	<i>Dunham</i>
	Miss I. Sisson and Miss Curtiss.	
Trio.	Lift Thine Eyes, from Elijah (by request),	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Misses Huntington, Cones and Webb.	
Pianoforte.	Valse Op. 34,	<i>Moszkowski</i>
	Miss McCarty.	
Song.	Arioso. Thou Great Mighty Sea,	<i>Delibes</i>
	Miss Cones.	
Pianoforte.	Ballade in G Minor,	<i>Chopin</i>
	Miss Laurens.	
Song.	Air de Salonié (Herodiadé)	<i>Massenet</i>
	Miss Huntington.	
Pianoforte Quartet.	Rakoczi March,	<i>Liszt</i>
	Misses Child, H. E. Carter, Tilton and McCarty.	

---

### Society Banquet.

The annual banquet of the four literary societies was given in honor of the Seniors on the evening of Friday, June 8. There were present many old girls, some of whom were charter members of the S. D. Society organized in '78. The programme, which was prepared for the pleasure of guests, was as follows:

Welcome, Glenna Webb.  
Response from 1906, Maude Simes.  
The Mascot, Ina Carlow.  
Song, Mary Richardson.  
Friendship, Lela Goodall.  
Old Girls, Marion Stahl.  
Song, Helen Huntington.  
Farewell, Fern Dixon.

Impromptu speeches were made by Dr. Watkins, Gamma Tau; Mrs. Peirce, S. D.; Mrs. Fogg, Lasellia; Alice Stahl, Delta; Martha Haskell, S. D. Miss Laurens was toast-mistress.

The following menu was served:

Bouillon en tasse, Salmon cutlet with peas, Chicken paté, lobster salad, rolls, harlequin cream, sherbet, fancy cakes, coffee, strawberries. Perkins' orchestra furnished music.



**Response of 1906.**

Dear friends, club members, sisters one and all,  
 Each Senior gives to you sincerest thanks  
 For your sweet welcome to her here tonight,  
 And each acknowledges a loving debt  
 To you, who make our parting feast so bright.

The bonds of friendship, Time cannot efface,  
 For Time makes ever stronger bonds so true,  
 And, we united by a common claim  
 To wear a badge of sisterhood, are closer drawn,  
 Each through a different symbol, toward one aim.

The years to come may bring us nearer still  
 To those fond hopes toward which we've striven  
 here,

And each success, with loving thought imbued,  
 Will bring the thoughts of 1906 to you  
 And always with a thrill of gratitude.

---

**Drill Day.**

As early as 2 o'clock Swift's military band began to put us all in proper spirit by inspiring music. At three o'clock Co. A, commanded by Capt. Carter, took their places on the field. The drilling was excellent, and the hearts of Co. B. cadets fell as low as their shoes. Previous to dismissal, 1st Sergeant Puterbaugh presented the captain with a magnificent basket of yellow roses. All intermissions the band played. Co. B then fell in under the command of Captain Thurston, and the result of their drilling was to lower the hearts of Co. A cadets to the same level as B's had reached before. 1st Sergeant Goodall presented her captain with a large bouquet of red carnations. Then came the individual prize drill. So close was the contest that the best drilling cadets were marched before the judges three times to prove their skill at the manual of arms. The last formation of the companies was for battalion drill. In this Captain Carter acted as Major, and her place as captain was filled by Lieutenant Masters. Before the dismissal, Mr. W. A. Wetherbee, Past Dept. Com. for Mass. of the G. A. R., awarded the prizes, as follows:

1st prize medal—Sergeant Puterbaugh.

2d prize medal—Private Woodbury.

Honorable mention—Private Terry.

The banner—Company B.

Mr. Wetherbee then spoke to the cadets, congratulated Company B, and assured the defeated company that though this one battle had been lost, the battles of life all lay before them, with the power of conquest in the hands of all.

---

**"If I Were King."**

The evening of June 9th will be a memorable one for all those who heard Mrs. Martin read her adaptation of Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King." Lasell girls have reason to be proud of their teacher, for her ability to cope with the most talented of readers is recognizable before many of the characters, which the play demands that she impersonate have spoken. The audience was appreciative, not only in the rendering of applause but also in the rendering of something more tangible, for twice was Mrs. Martin called to the footlights to accept beautiful bouquets of roses. We all hope that before this time next year, she will repeat the pleasure of this evening, either by a second reading of this or of some other play, which her histrionic talent will enable her to make her own.

---

**Baccalaureate Sunday.**

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss. The text was, "We do know that we know Him."

There are two ways of coming at the truth on almost any question; the method of argument and the method of experiment. Which of these is the better method? Let the whole progress of modern science give answer.

The single topic I propose now to con-

sider is suggested by the question, does the Christian religion, or does it not, submit itself to tests of positive experiment leading to knowledge? All skeptics say no. I say probably it does, and certainly it does. As to the presumptive argument three things: First, Only thus can it be the religion of the world at large; second, only thus can it be the satisfying portion of any soul at all times; third, this is the best method in other things.

What is thus made probable is made certain by the testimony of the Scriptures and by what Pressense finely terms "the Fifth Gôspel," that is, the whole progress of Christianity from the beginning until now. The single brief letter from which the text is taken says for substance fifty-one times that we may know God and pardon and the power of an endless life begun here and now, and, as though no form of words could satisfy the intense conviction of the writer, he says in the text with startling emphasis, "We do know that we know Him."

The whole history of Christianity abundantly proves this. A studious Scotchman once counted the promises in the Bible and declared that there were 18,000 of them. We can glance now at only two classes of these promises and at only a single brief text concerning each, the first assuring us that the spirit of a willing obedience is the solvent of religious doubt, and the second that faith saves the soul. (The Bishop illustrated this point by citing the first two conversions in Europe, that of Lydia and of the Philippian jailor; and then by brief statements of the conversions of S. H. Hadley, the famous New York pugilist, forger, thief, liar and drunkard who became one of the foremost evangelists of the century; and of Prof. Hale of Union College, the son of Edward Everett Hale.)

With such facts before us consider the supreme folly of those who deny the reality of experimental religion: I must ask such self-styled scientific doubters two questions and two only now, though I would like to ask them a hundred. Is mystery the proof of absurdity? If so, what of your boasted science? And again, do not the biographies of eminent men give abundant proof of their total dissatisfaction with all the world can give of pleasure, achievement and culture apart from God? The only defensible philosophy of life is that which makes it a training school for character, in obedience to God, by beneficent activities.

(In closing the Bishop addressed the graduating class, and it was a most impressive moment when thirty-two young ladies, arrayed in academic cap and gown, arose before him. In a few words he pressed upon them the lesson of the hour, closing with the thoughts of God, Duty and Immortality, and sealed these upon their memory by the solemn injunction of the very foremost of disappointed worldlings, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.")

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### Even Song.

This was to have been held on the front porch, but the sudden shower forbid, therefore all repaired to the chapel, where a most charming musical hour was spent. Miss Edna Sisson sang her hymn with the rest of us, on the violin. The trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, was repeated by the Misses Huntington, Webb, and Cones. Bishop Foss led us in prayer, and Dr. Bragdon read from the Scriptures.

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We paid for pensions the year before the Cuban war over \$147,000,000, about seven times the total income of all our colleges, and about equal to the annual cost of the German army.



## The Organ Concert.

Prof. Dunham gave a very delightful organ recital, on Monday afternoon, at four o'clock. Much pleasure was afforded to the audience, whose sole regret was that the concert was so short. One of the best enjoyed numbers was a sonata of Mr. Dunham's own composition. Almost as enjoyable was Handel's Largo, with which the program was closed.

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## Class Night.

Motto: "Inne alle thynges trewe."

Flower: Red rose.

Honorary member: Leon H. Vincent.

### Class Officers.

President—Maude Burbank Simes.

Vice-President—Meta Marie Buehner.

Secretary—Edith Anthony.

Treasurer—Helen F. Carter.

Class Night came bright and clear, and 'neath a cloudless sky the Seniors lifted the heavy daisy-chains which their "supes" had been all day making for them, and which had lain on the lawn during the latter half of the afternoon, looking like two immense white snakes, and entered the gymnasium with the chains on their shoulders, and singing the processional, by Mildred Peirce. When the stage was reached they parted, alternately to right and left. Here the chains were received by the president and vice-president of the Junior Class. When all stood upon the stage, the Senior President stepped forward and addressed her welcome, which was as follows:

"The swiftly passing years have brought to 1906 the pleasure of meeting with you on her Class Day. This day, so long anticipated as one that should at last make ours the pleasure and pride of attaining a dearly

prized position, has come in its realization to mean a day of farewells to those who have become so dear to us. To the exercises that mark our parting, sad, and yet joyous, too, with the joy of hopes and ambitions still to be realized, the class of 1906 bids you, one and all, a hearty welcome.

For you, our parents, who have made it possible for us to spend these years in preparation for a noble and purposeful womanhood, we feel such gratitude as cannot be expressed in words. We are glad to welcome you to our school home, and to have you meet personally our mates and teachers.

Dr. Bragdon, we would greet you with such warmth that this atmosphere must be made even sunnier than California, with the love and loyalty of your girls, Seniors, certainly not the least of all.

To you, our teachers, who have been our guides and friends, we would express our deep appreciation not only for the precious wisdom that your counsel and direction have helped us to attain, but for the worthier desires and wider vision you have given us. After so many months of patient planning and working for our advancement, you shall sit and rest awhile tonight, and let us entertain you.

For you, our younger sisters of Lasell, we feel the warm affection that springs from good-fellowship, and rejoice in the bond of sympathetic understanding that knits us together as friends. We have mutually entertained and diverted one another during our school years here, and now, we as your hostesses, welcome you.

As you give us inspiration and encouragement by your presence here tonight, do not feel that from a past so dearly loved, we are entering upon a future wholly set apart from our school life; this can never be, for the association of the past with the present and the future is life in its complete-

ness, and the influence of school-days is most potently felt in after-life. Always, then, we hope for your interest and affection, and in return, we offer you the best that it is possible for us to give,—loyal love, a constant effort to be worthy of the confidence you have placed in us, and faithfulness to our motto, "Inne alle thynges trewe."

Then Miss Washburn read the clever Roll-call, each Senior rising as she was introduced and characterized wittily. After this Miss Carter gave the

#### Statistics.

"The attitude of the average person towards statistics is very cleverly expressed in a remark that a professor of one of our leading colleges is said to make annually. This gentleman, after an impressive pause and careful survey of his class, says: "There are three kinds of lies—plain lies, white lies, and statistics." Even if you agree with this statement, we hope you will not find the following uninteresting:

This class of 1906 boasts of thirty-two wholesome, strong-hearted girls, who tomorrow go out from their alma mater to put into practical application the lessons learned within the walls.

The average age is 20.

The average weight 130 pounds, *with* brains, and 122 without.

There is a close tie between Elsie Young and Anna Blackstock (?) for the honor of being the hardest grind; but all agree that Ruth Butterfield is the fastest and loudest talker, and that Katherine Washburn is the meekest and quietest (?).

Glasses or spectacles are worn by thirty-seven and a-half per cent of the class, who have more or less difficulty in seeing; the *rest* flatter themselves they can see through *most* things—except Miss Carpenter's jokes—without any such assistance. Though

many a Senior will confess she has needed *light* after 9.45 p. m. on an English lesson.

The favorite recreation is a little hard to decide upon definitely, though tennis and canoeing seem very popular.

The average size of shoe is four and a-half, not taking into account those of the Buehner sisters, which are really too painfully small to mention.

The average school-day is thus apportioned:

1—To meals, 1 hr., 45 min.

2—To going back and forth between buildings for forgotten books and papers, 37 min.

3—To looking for post office key, usually found where you left it last, 5 min.

4—To edging way to box for mail, 12 min.

5—To working way out through the post office crowd, 12 min.

6—To storming because of no letter received from—mother or father, 20 min.

7—To hunting in "70" for books left day before on shelf, 45 min.

8—To chapel *before* Dr. Bragdon's return, 10 min.

9—To chapel *after* Dr. Bragdon's return, 25 min.

10—To hunting for Miss Nutt to get excuse, 13 min.

11—To venting wrath over inconsistency of "Schlegel," 7 min.

12—To looking in mirror—for possible flaws in the glass,—1 hr., 30 min.

13—To talking about some disagreeable duty to be performed, 40 min.

14—To preparation for doing it, 29 min.

15—To doing it, 15 min.

16—To recreation, 2 hrs;—and the remainder of the day spent in studying—except when you are doing something else.

About two-thirds of our class seem inclined to conciliate Lasell prejudices by be-



coming "home-makers," the others we expect to hear of as making very brilliant careers.

As a class we would claim modesty first of all, realizing that the knowledge we have attained in these years of study is but the first deposit in our bank of wisdom to which we must continually add. We say nothing in behalf of ourselves, but leave you to make your own estimate, only begging you to be kind in your criticism."

The class then sang their songs, the music of the first being from "Tabasco Land," and that of the second, from "Miss Muffet."

I.

We are the Seniors of Lasell,  
We are a banner class;  
Each one is modest and retiring,  
Each a brilliant lass.  
We can with great composure  
Make many a deep disclosure;  
Our plans are well laid  
And always come to pass.  
We don't pretend to understand  
Each statement Schlegel makes;  
We don't aspire to imitate the latest fads and fakes,  
But as for general knowledge,  
Learned at a modern college,  
We have attained it—  
Our class all honor takes.  
So now we go out in the world to show  
That we're Seniors bright and keen;  
We always are on time,  
Ever ready, cool and steady,  
Homes in every clime.  
As we go we leave behind us  
Supes and schoolmates true;  
Really you must know,  
Although they are slow,  
They'll be Seniors too.

CHORUS.

Oh, naughty six, dear naughty six,  
There's no class quite like you;  
From Boston's land to India's strand,  
To you we'll e'er be true.  
The sky's bright glow,  
The rose's blow,  
Our color gay shall fix;  
What e'er betide, still side by side  
Is nineteen hundred six.

If you would know an incident  
About the Junior class,  
Ask anyone you chance to meet,  
Of all that brilliant mass.  
While they were eating ice-cream,  
With wrath and envy extreme,  
For disappointment that they had failed, alas!  
While they stood by and waited  
Until Mabel sorted mail,  
They heard the sound re-echo  
That was close on to a wail.  
One Junior was awakened,  
Her slumber sweet was shaken;  
She saw the crow's nest,  
And cried with face quite pale,  
"My dear, stay here, don't one of you go near."  
There go the Freshmen out of doors,  
And there go Sophomores.  
Preps are racing, Specials hastening,  
Groups of threes and fours,  
"Caw, caw, caw," is heard resounding  
From the nest on high,  
Those are the Seniors,  
Where are the Juniors?  
They'll wake up by and by.

CHORUS.

II.

Suppose you were a Freshman,  
Demurely shy and sweet,  
And found no bliss like kneeling  
At some loved Senior's feet.  
If some one kindly asked you  
What do you hope to be?  
Would you answer with reason,  
That you hoped in due season  
To be Seniors just like us  
Some day, some day? Yea, yea!

Suppose you were a Sophomore,  
A friend of Seniors all;  
Would you neglect your duty  
Toward them in Senior Hall?  
Would you, e'er fail to warn them  
If dangers hovered near?  
Would you transform their table May-day  
Into a crimson bower, gay?  
Could you e'er excel them?  
Oh say, oh say? Nay, nay!

Suppose you were a junior,  
Convinced you knew it all,  
Yet sat round-eyed and gaping  
And gazed adown the hall,  
As Seniors in their black gowns  
Marched in that Thursday night,  
And when they took their table,

And you raised such a babel,  
Would you feel like running somewhere  
Away, away! Yea, yea.

Suppose you were a Senior,  
So gravely capped and gowned,  
And lived in yonder mansion  
As Karandon renowned;  
If you had finished English  
And conversation class,  
Although that has been joyous,  
Would it not seem quite glorious,  
As we stand, to move our tassels  
This way, this way? Yea, yea.

After the songs the lights were turned off, and Miss Thatcher read her prophecy, assisted by stereopticon views, which were thrown by Dr. Winslow upon a sheet hung on the stage. The prophecy was very amusing, and so that, in after years, we may compare it with reality, it is printed below.

#### **Class Prophecy.**

It was in the year 1910 that the discovery of that wonderful picture-producing powder had been made. The element was very peculiar and thus far nothing had been found equal to it; very unassuming in appearance, too, it was merely a snow white powder, looking inert and harmless, but in reality most powerful, a tiny pinch producing marvelous effects. As everybody now knows, when a lighted match is touched to this powder a dense smoke arises, at first dazzling and bright, but as it slowly ascends, becoming more diaphanous, and assuming definite shape, until presently the picture of whomsoever the experimenter wishes to recall, is distinctly formed. With this powder at hand it was felt that there need be no more worry or anxiety concerning friends, for in a few minutes it would show just where the person was and what he was doing at that precise time. It was a lucky thing for us that the faculty did not discover this about 1905-'06. Within a year after its discovery the properties of this wonderful powder had been thoroughly in-

vestigated and Thatcher's visiolite, a later discovery than Mrs. Martin's "radiate" and "scintillate," was known the world over.

Now hundreds flocked to my laboratory every day to see this new wonder, and on one day in particular, a clear, bright day in June of 1911, just as it was drawing towards evening, I heard a strange noise outside my window, and, hurrying to look out, saw that an automobile had stopped at the house. The noise I especially noticed, because by this time autos had been brought to a point little short of perfection, and rendered both scentless and noiseless. This especial machine was, however, of the old type, noisy and ill-smelling. Soon I heard a knock at the door, and perceived that I had not been mistaken in expecting the occupant to pay me a visit; and in the exchange of salutations I discovered my visitor to be an old class-mate, Edith Anthony, cousin of Susan B—, whom I had not recognized at first on account of her very heavy veiling.

"Well," she said, as we sat down for an interview, "what good times we did have that last year at Lasell, 1905-06! I shall never forget them; but I fear our classmates are rather negligent. Why, it has been ages since I had a single scratch from one of the girls, or news of any sort about them. I learned but recently of your discovery and I have come in my auto all the way from Taunton, where I now live, to see if you were actually my old school-friend and to satisfy, also, my curiosity about this powder. I wonder if you could show me, as a test of it, just what the girls of that grand class are doing now?"

"Certainly, certainly," I said, "It will give as much pleasure to me as to yourself. And now, as you suggest the names, we will see just what they are doing. Yes! I think it will be nice to begin with our president, so let us see!" I was just about to say "Pre-



pare to stand," but instead I simply scattered a small pinch of visiolite on a steel disc raised to redness by a flame beneath, and immediately the fumes rose, gradually shaping a picture for us.

"Maude Simes! Still writing! said Edith, "I declare, I should surely have thought that by this time her fingers would positively refuse to hold a pen. How much she used to write at school. If there were an essay wanting, a poem, a song or a play to be written within a minute's notice, Maude was always the one to appeal to, till we wondered she did not have writer's cramp twice over. But after graduation I suppose—oh! yes! I did hear (I remember now) that she was editor of the magazine "Modern and Ancient Research." Well, I suppose she must write or perish, and that affords her ample opportunity to express her fine thoughts. Maude always *could think*, you know."

Another pinch, puff of smoke, and lo! Katharine Washburn. "Singing yet," Edith commented, "singing was her forte, of course, and I am indeed glad to see that even now, after having left school, she continues to keep it up. Do you remember that we often told Kathie when she sang for us in the parlor at Senior Hall that she ought to go on the stage. She has made a great hit, I have heard, in the latest song, 'I'll have my own way, or none.'"

"While we are in the theatre," suggested she, "let us see if any more of our classmates are on the boards." Again the obliging little powder flashed out a picture, and, oddly enough, it was another theatre scene, though I had not expected it to be. "Yes, that is Mildred Peirce, surely," said my visitor. "Our auburn haired little star of dramatic aspirations was famous for her artistic presentation of any thing from a child to a French society girl." Mildred

was now reciting from her famous book "Infant Imitations." A large poster advertised her as "Baby Percy."

Ina Harber was always so elaborate in her dress; a gown to suit any occasion was always at hand. The revealing powder now showed Ina in a garb as severe as a nun's. Who would ever have believed that she would put away all her finery for the sake of love? Her more modest costumes better become a minister's wife. We were gladly surprised to see that now Ina was reading the "Western Christian Advocate," which used to be on her table untouched.

Ina's room-mate, and her close friend for two whole years, was Marie Andrews. We found that Marie had apparently followed in Ina's school-girl tracks. Bedecked in jewelry and fine clothes here she was the wife of a Baron—she had been true to her name—you remember her middle name was Le-Baron. Still I hardly thought *she* would ever have done so un-American a thing as to marry a foreign title. We hoped that she was happy.

At school Annie Dealey showed a great talent for painting—it used to be said that she had acquired this at a tender age,—and her we saw still working with her oils and brushes. After all, Lasell did teach a few not-to-be-forgotten lessons.

In its day the house-keeping course was quite a strain, but we saw that Annie's sister, Fannie, had profited by it. She was now combining in her daily menus, sweetmeats and dainties, made according to the recipes of Mrs. Loomis, with strange and complicated Mexican dishes. There is no fear that Fannie's family will have dyspepsia, for she is a good cook.

We wondered what Ruth Butterfield was doing—she that was ever modest and retiring. Was it possible! four of the girls now appeared at once. That was a strong Lasell

force—the two Ruths, Sarah Strong and Dorothea Turner—all helping each other in the kindergarten. They had always inclined to book-learning, and had the rare gift, not only of acquiring, but also of imparting knowledge.

Then came our athlete. Lucy Wilson, as a girl, thoroughly enjoyed out-of-door sports, indulging, in those by-gone years, in tennis, swimming, canoeing and gymnastics, (the latter to make her thin, which was her one aim in life). Perhaps later on she will become a gymnasium teacher, and by strenuous work reduce her weight.

When there had been weighty subjects under discussion in those old times, Marie Cogswell was always at the head with her quaint and all-wise air, and with arguments strong and forcible. The glimpse we had of her now showed her still arguing—this time on "Sex Equality," the most important question of the year. Still, this did not seem strange, for no one who knew her could imagine Marie having any one manage her affairs for her.

In that June of 1906 when we all scattered, Anna Blackstock, our pupil of the Orient, returned again to India, and we wondered if she were still there. No, she was not; on the contrary she appeared at the old chapel desk at Lasell—back here in America again, on a furlough, perhaps, after her five years in the missionary field. Again we knew her cry was for "more money." How willingly the girls used to give. Edith and I could hardly imagine Anna standing before an audience and lecturing, she was always so full of fun that it was next to impossible for her to become serious. Poor girl! she looks very sober, perhaps it is because she seems to have lost her giggle.

From her we passed to Meta, the lively and gay. (In manner and fashion as dainty

as her slipper.) What was she doing? Teaching the "light fantastic," and doing it well, too. Very easily the girls used to learn when she taught us in the gym how to tread the mazy dance.

For five years had Maie Straight been sailing on the deep and tempestuous sea, but now we discovered that she had landed and become more domestic. Behold! boarding had been given up and now she was working hard in her own home.

Kathryne McClanahan, the elegant and easy, was still attending balls, having as great a love for society as ever. I wonder if she is still very quiet, and if she is working as hard as she did at Lasell.

Gertrude Graham was a doctor. Well, who would have believed it? Still, we always looked for the unexpected from her, never knowing quite what she would do next. But she must be a good one to have in the sick room, for she always had the faculty of cheering and amusing those who were blue. However, 'tis said that very often the undertaker goes in when she comes out; we always knew that Gertie would kill or cure. And Margarita and Corinne are nurses, as they always said they would be, Margarita having, indeed, seen, as she thought, all the sides of that life. The patients upon whom they called anticipated great pleasure of their visit, for they knew "something good was surely coming."

Julia Potter was another who always did the opposite of what was expected. Now, instead of gay and impish, we found her become quiet and retiring, and wearing the little white-stringed cap of a deaconness.

Helen Carter, the wittiest and prettiest, was at the head of her own little home, the same sweet, lovable Helen. She was now waiting, as she used to at Lasell, for the host to appear.

Elsie Young was a school-teacher. We



never thought Elsie would have the courage or the heart to enter upon that rugged and dangerous course in life, but we hope she never has to teach literature with Schlegel as a text book, for that is beyond the grasp of a normal person.

Still loyal to Dartmouth, Margaret Fuller had apparently continued as she began—true and faithful. She still loved foot-ball, even though the rules were now repressive and the game wholly “modified;” those long and weighty Saturday morning discussions of current events did little to effect a change in her opinion.

Mildred Johnston, it appeared, had at last attained the height of her ambition (you know she was always ambitious for height in more sense than one) and become a leading chorus girl. Her sweet smile and her deep dimples, which *would* show no matter how hard she tried to prevent them, doubtless aided her in winning the hearts of her audience.

Although Pris never took riding-lessons at Lasell she afterwards developed into a horse-woman of great skill and ability, as well as a horse fancier of some celebrity. In her well-kept stables which gave pleasure to every horse enthusiast who saw them, there was always a favorite stall.

Sarah Caldwell, as we were shown, had found the true vocation. Loyal to her state she was maintaining the reputation of the *Texas* ranches, (not those of Missouri,) greatly enjoying the pleasure of managing one, which work she entered into with earnestness and vigor, having still the spirit of five years before.

And now we were nearing the end of our picture-making and discoveries concerning the illustrious class of '06, though three members yet remained. What was Vera doing? She was at a meeting of the M. U.—nun M. U. as it must be called now—

she and the two other original members, Irene and Belle. I had thought that the association would disband after school-days were over, but their bonds of friendship were evidently too strong, for their meetings are still held even tho' in a convent. What is the M. U? Why, don't you remember? It is “Matrimonial Union.” Vera still held her needle and sewing. That showed that she had put into practice another lesson learned at school, for Vera was a regular attendant at the dress-cutting class that last year. Irene was telling of some new method of keeping accounts, for even after all this lapse of time she could never be parted from her pencil and book. Poor Irene! I hope it is easier now than it used to be at Lasell. Belle still clung to her music—her friend was evidently still fond of music, and encouraged her playing. We wondered if she still played her favorite piece of five years ago, “The Boston Business Man.”

As the last picture slowly faded away Edith and I became aware that it was growing late and that the shadows were falling fast. Left alone once more, I sat down by the window, and in the bright red glow of the setting sun again appeared visions of my class-mates as they were long ago at Lasell.

Perhaps the prettiest number that our entertainers had prepared for us was the one in which Miss Washburn sang a solo. All the lights were turned off, except red foot-lights, and as a background behind the singer stood the rest of the class. As the song commenced, they slowly swayed from side to side, and the red lights that played upon their faces and sombre gowns made a beautiful picture.

Miss Peirce read the last will and testament of her class, by which it was proved how generous girls there were in our school. To the Junior class they pre-

sented a large bottle, the neck of which was tied with red ribbon. They were told that the contents were spirits, viz: Class Spirit, but since this class is already well supplied with that, they have wisely decided not to open the bottle until they are in serious need of it. Perhaps they will be in this way enabled to pass it along to the next class, which has "enough, yet not too much to long for more." Miss Meta Buehner bid the assembled company farewell, after which the Seniors marched from the gymnasium singing the recessional by Maude B. Simes. Their supes were waiting for them in front of the building, with lighted torches, and when sufficient time had elapsed in which to allow the guests to reach the front porch, the Seniors marched, each one accompanied by her supe, to Karandon House. The band, which had preceded them, ceased, and Miss Andrews bade farewell to Karandon. From there they marched on the outer circle of the grounds, till the front driveway was reached. Seniors, with supes behind them, formed a wide semicircle about the triple-globed lamp, which was their gift to their alma mater. It was an exact duplicate of the one on the other side of the driveway, presented by the class of '95. Miss Johnston, standing by the lamp, formally presented it to the school. The Seniors then ascended to the Crow's Nest, from which Miss Mattlage gave its history. Then followed a farewell song to this dearly loved retreat.

The last number on the program was entitled "At the Shrine of Athens." The Seniors formed a circle around a bonfire, built on the flat ground below the Crow's Nest. The supes stood behind, still carrying their torches. After the circle was formed, the Senior president stepped within, and addressing Athena, who stood above in the Crow's Nest, she asked what they should do

to win her favor in future years. The reply was to sacrifice something to her. Accordingly each Senior, beginning with the vice-president, made a sacrifice. This, some were not loth to do, and often "wicked glee" shone on the faces of the sacrificers, as they saw bug-bears, and banes disappearing in the greedy flames of the bonfire. As yet Athena was not satisfied, and nothing less would she accept from the president than the sacrifice of her dearly loved cap. It was therefore consigned to the flames, but the goddess was merciful, and another mysteriously appeared and was placed on the head of her whose willing sacrifice propitiated the goddess. The goddess Athena sometimes condescends to walk on this earth, at which time she is called Miss Huntington by favored mortals. After the sacrifice the Seniors drank from the loving cup, which was passed from one to another by the Sophomore president, Miss Thurston. Then was sung a song entitled "We're Going," to the tune of "Old Black Jo."

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### Commencement.

The following prizes and certificates were awarded in the chapel at 8.30 o'clock:

*Certificated in Four Years' Pianoforte.*

Meta Marie Buehner, Florence Gertrude Graham, Ina Martha Harber, Belle Augusta Johnson, Clara Kathryn Mattlage, Julia Elizabeth Potter, Maie Blanche Straight.

*Certificated in Cooking.*

Edith Hastings Anthony, Fannie Dealey, Katherine Margaret Fassett, Irene Margaret Sauter, Sarah Harriet Strong, Anne Vickery, Annah Laura Wilson.

*In Bread Making.*

First prize, Sarah H. Strong; second prize, Irene M. Sauter; honorable mention, Annah L. Wilson.

Graduating exercises were held at the Congregational church on June 12th. The speaker was Bishop William F. McDowell.

"This is the time of the school year when advice and infallible counsel is most in demand. When the amount of advice given



in commencement orations is considered, one wonders how this blundering world goes astray. In some form or other we discuss practically the same sort of graduate at the present day that the orator spoke of in the years of the early part of the last century.

"The modern graduate is expected to have, and should have, the power to think broadly and with absolute accuracy, as nearly as the human mind is able. Few men will think, many men have opinions, therefore we have orators. We believe in the free coinage of thought at the ratio of sixteen parts of talk to one part of thought. Clear thinking is one of the rarest things in this world, and yet one can hardly go straight without such thinking. Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant good man, for his goodness floats his ignorance. Many minds are like the dome of an observatory, through the narrow opening of which the telescope is pointed in a certain direction. When pointing in one direction all other parts of the universe are invisible, but instead of moving to other subjects as does the dome the minds of these people remain fixed on the one subject, irreverently and irreligiously excluding all others. We obtain the truth through the medium of our prejudices. "Scenery glasses" are abundantly provided us, not that we may see things as they are, but that they may be distorted. We are presented with purple glass platforms in politics instead of plate-glass, through which many a yellow man looks purple. Our world of thinkers are the saving remnant which must take upon themselves the task of seeing that such matters are corrected. Women must become thinkers whom greed cannot buy and passion cannot swerve from their true purpose.

"The nation can go astray as easily as an individual. Public sentiment lies indifferent for a long period of years, and then

when abuses are pointed out it becomes hysterical; this does not tend to sound judgment. We hear talk, loads of talk, but clear thinking has become so scarce that a sober man becomes scared because of its absence. The modern graduate is also expected to have a distinct social feeling. Philosophers are the products of schools, philanthropists the products of humanity. The most pressing wants of humanity have made their imperial demands upon the trained mind. The scholar of the past has been prompted to hold himself aloof from humanity, but the day of the academic retreat has passed, the public library taking its place. The scholar now looks upon the "Man with the Hoe" in a different light, girds up his loins and goes down into the slums to help his brother. Nowhere have I seen college graduates that seem to hold more honorable positions than the graduates of this seminary who are teaching in the schools of the Black Belt of the South today.

It is expected of the modern scholar that he will not only possess a pure motive in life, but a large motive as well. The pity of most lives is that at forty-five the motive of life has worn out, not being large enough to last a life time. It takes a great ocean to float a great life. Many believe incorrectly that if they help humanity when it is down they do not have to be clear thinkers.

Do not be handicapped by the question as to whether God can be trusted, but go forward in the faith that He will not prove faithless, with a faith that is brave enough to meet death."

Upon gaining the permission of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Bragdon presented the Seniors with their diplomas, as usual, the unexpected happened, everybody, instead of being just as happy as skylarks, were sad to the extent of weeping. After

the benediction, all repaired to the campus of Lasell Seminary, when the Seniors ascended for the last time the steps of the Crow's Nest. The following song was sung by them.

### Senior Song.

*Tune—Coming thro' the Rye.*

Once a blushing red rose blossom  
In a quiet vale  
Blossomed there and shed its fragrance  
Over Auburndale;  
Color of the sunset glowing,  
Flooding all the sky,  
Color of the Senior class,  
Long may it float on high.  
  
May we never dull the splendor  
Of naught six's fame;  
May our class for e'er uphold  
The virtue of its name.  
May the rose's blush be ever  
One of joy to tell;  
That always true and loyal  
Is naught-six of dear Lasell.

They then took off their caps and descended, forming a line on each side of the steps. With bowed heads they waited until the Juniors had passed through them, and up the steps of the Crow's Nest. The Juniors then cheered, and sang their song.

### Junior Song.

*Tune—"So Long Mary."*

It's awfully, awfully hard for us to see you Seniors go,

Goodbye, Seniors.

How, much we really liked you, you will never know,

Goodbye, Seniors.

Oh, this parting, how it saddens us,  
To use our dainty handkerchiefs we must,  
But soon to see you all again, we trust,  
But now's the time to say:

CHORUS.

Goodbye Seniors, Seniors, we will miss you so,  
Goodbye Seniors, how we hate to see you go,  
And we'll all be longing for you, Seniors, when  
you're gone—

Goodbye, Seniors, Juniors now are all forlorn.

We're really very sorry that we did not see you more,

Goodbye, Seniors.

We hope you'll not forget us when you reach your fathers' door,

Goodbye, Seniors.

But remember, Supes and Juniors, too,  
That our hearts were ever Lasell blue,  
That to Seniors we were ever true,

That once we came to say:

CHORUS.

The Juniors then gave their second cheer, after which the presidents and the vice-presidents of the two classes joined hands, the Juniors still in the Crow's Nest, and the Seniors on the ground below, and sang the Alma Mater song. Immediately following this was the luncheon under the big tent on the lawn, at which 600 were served.

### The Annual Business Meeting.

The annual business meeting of the Alumnæ Association was called to order by the President, Miss Potter, at 2.30 o'clock, when after the acceptance of secretary's and treasurer's reports, the class of '06 was received by a rising vote.

The following officers were elected: President, Lillie R. Potter, '80; first vice president, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80; second vice president, Ella M. Hazleton, '04; third vice president, Ethlyn Barber Brown, '01; secretary, Nellie M. Richards, '93; treasurer, Mabelle H. Whitney, '03; executive committee, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79; Winnie Ewing Coffin, '68; Miriam H. Nelson, '05.

Mid-winter Reunion Committee—Ruth Rishell Frick, '99; Grace Loud, '95; Nellie Packard Draper, '84; A. Leslie White, '05; Mildred Peirce, '06.

Suggestions were offered as to the adoption of one pin for the school, or for the alumnæ exclusively, the matter finally being placed in the hands of a committee consisting of the following ladies: Anna Lovering Barrett, '81; Annie Kendig Peirce, '80; Inez G. Sanford, '79; Lizzie Whipple Pierce, '85.

It was voted that a new officer be created, that of corresponding secretary, who should keep in touch with alumnæ, recording changes of address, etc., this officer to be appointed by the chair.

Mention was made by Miss Whitney of the death of a classmate during the past year, Elizabeth Thorne, '03, to whose sweet character and helpful influence the president, Miss Potter bore testimony.

Members of classes present were as follows: Between '51 and '60, thirty; '60 and '70, ten; '70 and '80, seventeen; '80 and '90, thirty-nine; '90 and '00, thirty-five; '00 and '05, thirty-one.



### Reminiscences.

Those present were mostly Alumnæ or former pupils. Among them was one member of the class of '55, Mrs. Sarah Pratt Whitin, and seven of the class of '56. Mrs. Fanny Gray Merrick, '56, presided. Miss Blaisdell gave the history of Lasell, a most valuable contribution to the Historical literature of the school. Two of the class of '56 gave sketches of the lives of the absent members, Mrs. Harriet Rice Carpenter, Japan, and Mme. Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, Paris. There was absent from this meeting one more member of this wonderful class, which numbered ten, but her abode is separated from Lasell not by oceans or lands, but by the gulf across which none who pass can e'er return. A sketch of her life was given by her former roommate, Mary P. Jones, '56. The name of the departed one is Sarah Keep Thomas.

### Golden Jubilee Banquet.

At five o'clock began the Golden Jubilee Banquet, at which were present only Alumnæ, former students, teachers, and a very few guests. After the banquet, 1906 class gave Lasell's beautiful Ho-i-la, and its class yell for 1856; Dr. Winslow presented a sheaf of letters of regret and greeting, lack of time preventing their reading, as was first intended: Preceptress Lillie R. Potter, '80, spoke charmingly to "The Alumnæ," and Instructor Lillian Packard, '83, wittily to "Echoes from the old Catalogues;" Ex-Gov. John D. Long's remarks, humorous and earnest, were laughingly appreciated; Dr. Leon H. Vincent's timely warnings on "Heroic Reading" touched upon a timely and important subject. Alfred Hemenway, our first lecturer on Law, spoke most brilliantly, and Pres. Huntington of Boston University brought greetings in his cordial way. Then all rose and sang the following Jubilee Ode, written for the occasion by Frances Bent Dillingham of Auburndale, a former pupil.

### Jubilee Ode.

Across the mist-blown spaces  
Of half a century,  
Shine forth those glad young faces  
Like gems of memory;  
Their eyes are wide with yearning  
And brave for peace or strife  
As from the hills of learning  
They touch the plains of life.

See how they fade, resembling  
The mists of yesterday,  
Till now they turn, assembling  
Like sunshine of today.  
The girls of lost years winging  
Their way where none could tell,  
Now come triumphant, bringing  
Their thanks to thee, Lasell.

Thy noblest crown and beauty  
Are homes from palm to pine,  
And lives of gracious duty  
From sea to sea are thine;  
While women's brave hearts beating  
With hope and faith untold  
Are round this dim earth meeting  
Like marriage ring of gold.

O ye whose patient sowing  
Has brought this reaping time!  
To ye our thanks are owing  
For womanhood sublime;  
For glorious gift of living  
Abundantly and free,  
We raise our glad Thanksgiving  
This Golden Jubilee.

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### It Was a Great Day.

Over three hundred Lasell "old girls" were here, and seventy-six sent very kindly-worded regrets, most of them mentioning lovingly Misses Carpenter and Blaisdell.

One of the noticeable features was the presentation by the class of '56 of a beautiful bronze figure of "The Crusader," by Picault with a handsome Italian marble pedestal. This will be a lasting Memorial of the love of '56 for its Alma Mater, tho' not more loving than its loyal presence year after year at our commencement exercises. This class holds the record of all classes everywhere; 90 per cent. still living noble women, and 70 per cent. present after fifty years of strong living, still young and of perfect womanhood.

**Former Pupils at Commencement.**

'55, Sarah Pratt Whitin; '56, Mary Murdock Billings, V. W. Champion Foster, Amy Halliday, Mary P. Jones, Fanny Gray Merrick, Mary Shaw Rogers, Martha E. Stone; '57 Charl. A. K. Bancroft, Sarah Hills Hitchcock, Emma Sears May, Caroline Spear, Fannie Sykes Davis, Flora Drew Sampson; '58, Anna Reed Wilkinson, Mary Penniman; '60, Susan Hall Blount; '61, Caroline Hills Leeds, Mary A. Parkhurst; '66, Blanche Chandler James; '67, Angeline C. Blaisdell; '68, Fannie Barker Coffin; '70, Ellen U. Clark, Evalyn P. Warren; '71, Lunette Holbrook Lathrop; '73, Ella Richardson Cushing; '76, Sarah Smith Schofield, Marion E. Gilmore; '77, Ida Phillips, Grace Perkins Patillo; '78, Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, Annie Holbrook White, Jennie Darling Folsom; '79, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, Irene Sanford; '80, Annie Kendig Peirce, Lillie R. Potter, Lucy Curtis; '81, Ella Ellis Holway, Anna Lovering Barrett, Gertrude Thayer Rice; '82, Jessie Macmillan, Carrie Wallace Hussey; '83, Lillie M. Packard, Sephie Mason Dumas, Annie Wallace; '84, Nellie Packard Draper, Ida Sibley Webber; '85, Lizzie Whipple Pierce, Mabel Cogswell Johnson; '86, Blanche Ford Hill, Marietta Rose Green, Etta Stafford Vaughan; '87, Sallie Head Gault, Lizzie Burnham Low; '88, Nellie White Fogg, Annie M. Gwinnell, Lina Jones Bourne, Maudie L. Stone, Elizabeth Eddy Holden, Josephine Wallace Sweet; '89, Josephine Bogart, Mary Packard Cass, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, Grace Huntington, Maude Mathews, Winnie Ewing Coffin; '91, Susan C. Richards; '92, Julia Wolfe Harkness, Mary P. Witherbee; '93, Nellie M. Richards, Jessie Gaskill Wheelock, Jennie Arnold Felt; '94, Carrie Manning Dexter, Harriet Scott, Mary Tulleys, Mabel Case Viot, Rebecca Shepherd; '95, Grace Loud, Eleanor Clapp Drinkwater, Annie E. Richards; '96, Josephine B. Chandler, Alice Clark Dodge, Marie Barnes Douglass, Ethel Loud, Julia Tulleys, Annie Cushing Mayo; '97, Lena Josselyn Lamson, Nora J. Burroughs, Gertrude Agnes Clark, Nellie Feagles, Emeline Carlisle Hill, Lucia Shumway Suffel, Grace Washburn Hoskins, Edith Howe Kipp; '98, May Emery Yale, Jane Myrick Gibbs, Alice Burnham Carpenter; '99, Emily Bissell, Mary B. Vance, Elsie Burdick, Mabel Currie Hill; '00, Blanche E. Gardner, Elsie B. Reynolds, Eva Raymond Perkins, Alice Ashley Patten; '02, Georgie Duncan, Bessie Y. Fuller, Clara B. McLean; '03, Marie Biddle, Agnes Drake, Carrie George, Bertha Hayden King, Callie LeSeure, Edna M. Sawyer, Mabelle H. Whitney; '04, Ella Hazleton, Grace Hardy, Agnes Kellars, Corinne Richter, Alice E. Stahl, Josephine Holmes, Gladys Patterson; '05, Frances Bragdon, Helen Darling, Edith Harber, Ida R. Jones, Miriam Nelson, Mary Potter, Grace E. Rowe, Ada B. Wells, Agnes Wylie, Martha Haskell, Leslie White

**Non-Graduates Before '76.**

Frances Dewey Bailey, Annah Ballou, Emma Barker, Mary Stone Brackett, Harriet A. Dickinson, Mrs. F. W. Farley, J. B. Furber, Mrs. S. W. Harmon, Elizabeth S. Hosmer, Ida Stebbins Jarvis, Mary Johnson, Louise Lasell, Rebecca Luce, Harriet Rice Lyon, Pauline Maxfield, A. Lizzie Mann, Augusta Damon Nickerson, Harriet Whittier Payne, Annie Daniel Perkins, Josephine Reed Poland, Anna Reed Smith, Mrs. W. F. Smith, Mary Champion Stephenson, Sophia Dresser Sturtevant, Frances M. E. Noyes White, Anna L. Whittin, Ella C. Wall.

**Non-Graduates Since '76.**

Nellie Alderman, Elsie Anshutz, Bessie Sayford Bacon, Ida Cogswell Bailey, Edith Flint Barker, Alice Bean, Rosamond Best, Alice Bigelow, Fanny Baker Bonner, Lina Maynard Bramhall, Jessie Flint Brayton, Nellie Briggs, Emma Fernald Brock, Phyllis Brock, Mary Fisher Buffington, Mabel Burwell, Ida Simpson Bushnell, Clementina Butler, Helen Westheimer Cahn, Alice Campbell, Catherine Cann, Ruby Blaisdell Carter, Alice Johnson Chamberlin, Nellie Chamberlayne, Anna McKeown Chase, Margaret Clark, Bernice Cogswell, Sue Hallock Couch, Marion Belcher Cutts, Bessie Dana, Elizabeth Sweet Darling, Maude Daugherty, Myra Davis, Margaret Dealey, Louise G. Dietrick, Fanny Dillingham, Sallie Dyer, Mabel Eager, Kitty Esty Eastman, Susan Evans, Wheatie McDonald Farley, Frances Thomas Fiske, Carre Fuller, Ida Trowbridge, Fuller, Kate Colony Frye, Sue Gallup, Esther Chase Goodell, Gertrude Gove, Anna Grebenstein, Myra Sweet Hall, Winnifred Adams Hamilton, Anna Judson Hannigan, Amy C. Harris, Edith Harris, Lucy D. Harvey, Annie Phillips Hastings, Jessie Hayden, Ethel Garey Henderson, Alice Mayo Hicks, Edith Hill, Blanche Bussell Hoffman, Adelle Humphrey, Sadie Perkins Johnson, Edith Kimball, Edith Brodbeck Kimball, Bess Krag, Margaret Lamborn, Alice B. Lane, Carrie Lane, Edna Lockwood, Bertha Manchester, Gertrude May, Lila Cumings March, Elsa Mertz, Florence Miller, Lucy Moore, Alice Nims, Kate Osgood Nye, Margaret Noyes Otis, Priscilla Parmenter, Elizabeth Peirce, Eleanor D. Percy, Rosa Best Pike, Jessie Ball Rathbone, Eva Robertson, Bessie Roper, Bertha Russell, Minnie Sawyer, Annie Bartlett Shepard, Laura Simons, Florence Smith, Ella B. Smith, Harriet Bachelder Spooner, Cora B. Stone, Ellen W. Stone, Florence Strong, Stella Smith Strong, Mabel Bliss Tibbetts, Grace Tirrell, Cora Shackford Tilton, Florence Tower, Addie Rich Treadwell, Delia Tripp, Tryphena Uhrich, Violet Irene Wellington, Emma Henne Wellner, Ethel West, Evelyn Wires, Elizabeth Whitley, Minnie Salisbury Whitman, Agnes Wright, Amelia Davis Young, Marion Josselyn Young.



*Acceptances*—Mass., 167; Conn., 20; N. H., 15; N. Y., 15; R. I., 9; Maine, 7; Ill., 6; N. J., 6; Ohio, 6; Penn., 5; Vt., 5; Iowa, 3; Minn., 2; Wis., 2; Cal., 1; Del., 1; Ind., 1; Mich., 1; Mo., 1; N. C., 1; Tenn., 1; Can., 1; N. S., 1.

*Regrets*—Mass., 11; Conn., 9; N. Y., 9; Ill., 5; Iowa, 5; N. J., 4; Ohio, 3; Cal., 2; Mich., 2; Penn., 2; Wis., 2; W. Va., 2; Ariz., 1; Kan., 1; Minn., 1; Md., 1; Mo., 1; Mont., 1; Neb., 1; N. H., 1; Tenn., 1; Vt., 1; Va., 1; Mexico, 1; Canada, 2; Vera Cruz, 1; Japan, 1; France, 1.

*Graduates present by classes.*—'55, 1; '56, 7; '57, 7; '58, 2; '60, 1; '61, 2; '66, 1; '67, 1; '68, 1; '70, 2; '71, 1; '73, 1; '76, 2; '77, 2; '78, 3; '79, 2; '80, 3; '81, 3; '82, 2; '83, 3; '84, 2; '85, 2; '86, 3; '87, 2; '88, 6; '89, 6; '91, 1; '92, 2; '93, 3; '94, 5; '95, 4; '96, 6; '97, 8; '98, 4; '99, 4; '00, 4; '02, 3; '03, 7; '04, 7; '05, 11; '06, 32.

#### As Others Saw It.

A flock of crows as black as tar  
Would find themselves a nest,  
Of all the places that they saw  
They wished the very best.

The nest they chose was very fair,  
A charming little spot;  
And oft one found the dear ducks here  
When coop and bairn were hot.

The crows said, "We will have this place,  
We'll here till June 12th stay;  
Those foolish ducks away we'll chase—  
We want that nest today."

They decided at their evening meal,  
How they the nest should take;  
The only way was it to steal  
While ducks fished on the lake.

They left the choicest, tenderest bits  
Of food waste in the field,  
Sun broiled worm chops, and—  
And bugs both mashed and peeled.

So to the nest the crows did fly,  
They flapped their wings in glee;  
"Alack-a-day, the ducks will cry  
When us perched here they see."

"Caw, caw," they cried, again, "Caw, caw,  
Arn't we a charming sight?  
Prepare your bills, make sharp each claw,  
Soon will we have a fight."

Long they waited in the cold,  
And soon *they* cried, "Alack!"  
Their wings close round them they did fold,  
But ne'er a duck said "Quack."

"This place can't be so very good,  
Or ducks would be here, too,  
Why don't they come, I wish they would,  
Our beaks look almost blue."

But ducks live not in nests, you know,  
They roost in houses dear,  
And why should these 'gainst nature go,  
When a deer-house was near?

#### Lasell Girls as Housekeepers.

After all it is not the final examination which is the real test, but the daily standing, and usually the daily doing of a thing right insures a right doing on the last day.

We all expected that our Senior Dorothea Turner, would leave No. 6, Clark cottage, "swept and garnished," and so she did, but she was not the only one. Lois Blaisdell's room was in equally good condition, as was also Misses Heath's, Bragdon's, and Blackstock's. In fact, Clark cottage as a whole passed the best examination of all the dormitories in that branch of Domestic Science known as housekeeping.

Karandon House's average for the year was very good, but in the final review the blue ribbons were awarded to Misses Dealey, Caldwell and Dealey, Sauter and Potter, Wilson and Peirce, Buehner and Buehner, Graham and Johnson.

In Cushman Hall for the entire year, we must make special mention of the neatness and order of the rooms occupied by Misses Dixon and Hovey, Laurens and Reilly, Chase, Bullard and Chase, Douglass and Halsey, Stratton and McCarty, Richardson and June, Paisley and Huttenbauer, Fish, Porter and Wood.

One of the neatest and most orderly rooms at the close was No. 7, the home of the Misses Sisson, also the occupants of No. 38, 39, and 48 had evidently learned to do things "decently and in order."

Carter Hall as a whole, might have been worse, it could have been very much better. Special mention must be made of the good housekeeping of Misses Marston and Butterfield.

"Haste makes waste," and O! what a train of waste was left by the occupants of Nos. 15, 27, 29, 31, 47, 54, 42, 49 and 72. In two rooms I found signs of disobedience, which saddened me, because it showed plainly that some girls whom I thought were law abiding had proved themselves untrustworthy. In other rooms were borrowed books. Let me recommend the guilty parties to read Proverbs 22:7. The majority of your number were usually careful. Let the careless minority learn quickly that untidiness is not simply a weakness, but a sin, and must be overcome if you are to develop into noble women "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

A happy vacation to each one of you, for "with all your faults I love you still."

Affectionately,  
L. R. P.

The increase of standing armies and navies, accomplishing no result but increased burdens on the people, is inevitable unless the practical men of the civilized world insist upon a rational settlement of international difficulties. Is it not time for rational beings, who have abandoned tattooing, eating raw flesh, and all other savage practices except the savage practice of settling difficulties by war, to take for their motto, not the outworn charge, "In time of peace prepare for war," but, "In time of temporary peace, prepare for permanent peace"?



Alice Fuller has been teaching cooking for the past two years and a half in the High School of Union Hill, N. J. Next year she is going to take an apartment in New York, and have a cousin and two friends with her. This summer Alice is to be at her camp at Lake George with a large party of friends.

We were very glad to hear again from Cecil Baker of Hastings, Neb., who has been leading a useful and busy life since she left us. After a year at home she learned millinery, and has since been in a wholesale house in St. Joseph, Mo. She finds the work a congenial and pleasant employment, which gives her time to spend the summers and part of the winters with her mother in Hastings. Her address is Blue Rapids, Kans.

Bessie Johnson of Pittsburg, Penn., writes us after a long silence. She has been living quietly at home since her Lasell days, keeping herself busy with household duties.

Helen Thresher Hartzell ('91) "with hearty greetings to her girlhood home," writes from San Jose, "Our house still stands, but is considerably injured, china broken, etc. I came off with a sprained arm and bruised foot, which is still painful but better. My husband is also recovering from his injuries, and so we are thankful."

Mae Burr Meadows is receiving postal cards from Julia Anderson ('94) from Canton and Yokahama, Japan, where she said the cherry blossoms were in wonderful and bewildering bloom.



One of the prominent men in the American Medical Association Convention was Dr. Woods Hutchinson of Redlands, Cal., husband of our Cornelia Williams, ('86). Jennie William's ('85) husband died on the way home.

Mrs. Avila Grubbs Fales sends an invitation to the graduating exercises of the Training School of the Louisville Kindergarten Association.

Sadie Farnsworth Gleason lives at 3804 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo. She spent part of the winter with her husband in Pasadena, and fully intends to go back "for good" some day. She sees Mildred Faxon House occasionally. Mildred has a baby, and is just the same as ever—has not changed a bit.

Hazel Carey, '05, hasn't written since she graduated till now, for fear her letter would be read in chapel! She is hoping that some of her friends will come to Lasell next year. She could not come to the Jubilee for she is to be married this summer, and is very busy with her trousseau.

Mrs. Luquiens, mother of Louise, made us a call in May. She says that Jessie Boone has a fine family in Salem, Ohio, and is an admirable woman in every way.

Many of our former Lasell girls are graduating from other schools and colleges this year. Elizabeth Whitley send an invitation to the 55th Commencement of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary; Ethel Clarke gives the graduating recital at the Normal College Cons. of Music, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Elsie Burdick graduates from Boston University, and Harriet Childs from the Sargent Normal School of Gymnastics; Edith Ebersole from the University of Cincinnati.

Jessie Hill Culverwell writes from Port Hope, Ontario, that she would be glad to show Lasell folks her big Canadian husband, and him where she went to school, if she

could, but she has been ill, and has just come back from a trip. Says that Marguerite Boston Beatty is the only one of the old girls with whom she corresponds, that she lost track of Mamie Marshall Call when she moved from New York.

Frances Casebolt Jackson and her husband are in Europe, touring about France and the Black Forest region in their big automobile. She says her husband "is fine!"

Mary Noyes Starrett ('87) has moved to 1740 Williams street, Denver, Colo. Her husband has recently accepted the General Secretaryship of the Denver Young Men's Christian Association. Mary sent us a beautiful picture of her four children. The oldest boy, Harold, is twelve now and enters High School in the fall. The baby is four years old.

Edith Ebersole remembers the Principal with an invitation to the Commencement exercises, May 27 to June 1. There are two queer things about it. One is, the invitation is in the name of the Senior class, and not Trustees, and second, that they call it the "girls' luncheon," and "men's banquet!"

Bertha Harris Armington regrets that she could not be present at the grand Jubilee and bring an old Lasellian as she had hoped to do, but an automobile trip and a "bride and groom" prevented!

Eila Patterson, '05, expects soon to carry out the precepts of "dear old Lasell" in the art of home-making for the man of her choice away out in Portland, Oregon.

We hear that Jessie Bybee is married and escaped very great disaster at the San Francisco quake. We do not know her married name—she never has told us!

Mrs. Jacob Ebersole, Edith Ebersole, ('03) and Mabel Pooler ('03) sailed for Europe on the steamer "Koenig Albert" on June 2.

May Muth is now Mrs. Fritz J. Claussen and lives at 5 Madrid street, Burnet avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati, O. Lucy became Mrs. David G. Kinney on May 11, and lives in Kalispell, Mont.

The Daily Age of Coshocton, prints an interesting letter from Daisy Rue and her sister Sara to their mother, telling of their narrow escape in the San Francisco earthquake.

Augustine Lowe Brownback sends hearty regrets for absence from Jubilee, and makes us almost happy by superb photos of herself and her two fine boys. We would rather have been Gussie, but these photos please us much.

Florence Kiper, here last year, has been interviewed by a New York paper which prints her picture and tells some of the story of her life and aspirations, headed "Girl Poet is Inspired." Her verse on Thoreau, written while she was here as a pupil, is given entire, also some blank verse on *Health*. We wish her all wholesome success.

### Chicago Lasell Club.

On the afternoon of May 26th the Lasell girls living in or near Chicago, held a meeting in Field's tea-room for the purpose of organizing a Chicago Lasell Club. Charlotte Thearle, as temporary chairman, stated the purpose of the meeting, and the following officers were then elected:

President, Emma Goll Dacy; vice-president, Charlotte Thearle; secretary, Frances Bragdon; treasurer, Ida Jones; chairman of executive committee, Ella Ebeling.

After the completion of the necessary business, refreshments were served, and an hour was spent in getting acquainted and discussing plans for next year.

If any one who wishes to join the Club, and who was not notified that this meeting was to be held, will send her name and address to the secretary, Frances Bragdon, 1709 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill., the latter will be glad to send her notice of future meetings.

### Marriages.

Helen Lydia Merriam to Minn Suydan Cornell, Jr., Tuesday, June 19, Middletown, Conn. At home after August 1, 100 Pearl street, Middletown.

Isabelle Hyde to Ernest Garfield Brooks, Thursday, April 26, at Newton, Mass. At home Friday evening, June 8, from 8 to 11 o'clock, 24 Irving street, Everett, Mass.

Kate Northall Wheldon to Preston B. Plumb, Friday, May 4, Emporia, Kans.

Clarissa Arnold to Dr. Wm. Becker Stewart, Bennington, Vermont.

Anna Dorathea Fry to Jay Lee Hall, Wednesday, June 6, Philadelphia, Penn.

Mabel Eldred Shields to Thomas Francis Woods, Thursday, June 14, Albany, N. Y.

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### Deaths.

On May 19th occurred a tragedy which affects us all, for Mr. E. D. Harber of Bloomington, Illinois, father of Ina, '06, and Edith, '05, was killed by a fast train on the C. & N. W. Railway.

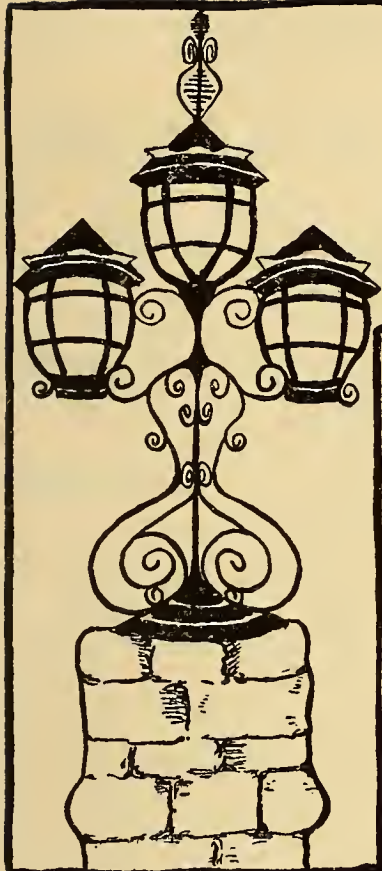
Mr. Harber was a most influential man not only in business, but in all social activities throughout the state of Illinois, as well as in his own city and the fact that he was taken while in the prime of his life renders the disaster doubly sad. Sincerely liked by all with whom he had ever come in contact, dearly loved by those who knew the true Christianity of his noble character, his loss will be deeply lamented by many; but it is to his family in their great bereavement, that our hearts go out.

We are certainly glad to welcome Ina and Edith back to our midst for Commencement time, and admire the brave manner in which they have faced their sorrow.

Those who were mates of Isabel Whitney, of Watertown, Mass., will grieve to hear of her sad death on May 16.



# LOCALS



May 12th, at the afternoon lecture hour, Mr. Charles Neal Barney, Mayor of Lynn, gave a most instructive and admirable address on "The Government of American Cities."

May 18th.—As it was Peace Day, at the morning exercises, Mr. Bridgman of Auburndale gave a delightful and concise little talk on the Peace Conference at The Hague and the general peace movement throughout the world.



May 19th.—On this momentous day came the long looked forward to Glee and Mandolin Club concert. The class rooms were artistically decorated for the various colleges as usual, and the buildings and grounds overflowed with guests. The concert itself was a very great success and every one agreed it was the best glee club concert ever given. Solo parts were sung by Misses Blyth, Webb, Wilmarth, Cones and Huntington, and all the numbers enthusiastically applauded. The numerous encores were especially taking. After the concert, everyone went outside and the girls sang the Campus Song.

May 20th.—Miss Marjorie Mathews, the secretary of the W. C. A., spoke charmingly and in a most helpful way at the Vesper service.

June 2d.—The Harvard Glee Club gave a concert under the direction of the Seniors.

June 3d.—One of the most delightful evenings ever spent in the chapel was on

this Sunday, when Mrs. Ruggles sang to us. It was a rare treat to hear that wonderful voice of hers in a succession of beautiful sacred songs.

June 4th.—The Canoe Club race was run from a point near Norumbega Tower to a distance three-quarters of a mile down the river. The finish of the race was viewed by numbers who had gone out in canoes or had walked along the banks of the river to see it. Interest was intense from the moment the contesting crews, known as "Blacks" and "Blues," had rounded a curve and were in sight of all. The race was close for the most part, but at the finish the "Blues" were a boat's length ahead. The captain and stroke of the "Blues" were, Helen Andrus and Florence Stark respectively, and of the "Blacks" Lucy Wilson and Edna Thurston.

In the evening Miss Frances, Instructor of Athletics, presented a silver cup to the captain of the winning crew.

### Indiana Lasell Club.

"Ever since I came home from the Lasell luncheon in Indianapolis last week I have intended writing to tell you what a great success it was, how much we enjoyed your letters, and how fine Lasell girls are the world over. There were fifteen there, five out-of-town girls and nearly all from Indiana. We put on lots of "style," but it was all very informal and worth traveling a hundred and eighty miles to attend. At our end of the table were Amy Kothe, Edith Pearson Smith, Floss Plum, "Bob" Clark and Gertrude Taggart, and we had a fine time talking over old days."

### Gymnasium Statistics, 1906.

Strongest.		Greatest Gain.	
DIXON F.	397 Kilos.	ORCUTT H.	132.5 Kilos.
ANDRUS H.	393.5 Kilos.	PUTERBAUGH	124 Kilos.
PUTERBAUGH M.	347.5 Kilos.	ALBRIGHT	103 Kilos.
Greatest Lung Capacity.		Gain in Lung Capacity.	
BLAISDELL L.	215 Cu. In.	LUCE F.	62 Cu. In.
DOUGLASS L.	195 Cu. In.	LEAVITT	55 Cu. In.
LUCE	192 Cu. In.	ALBRIGHT	45 Cu. In.

In acknowledgment of Mrs. Annie Judson Hannigan's gift, the interesting view of Harvard grounds and buildings, we extend our most hearty thanks, and shall show our appreciation by placing it in a prominent place on our walls, properly inscribed.

Military equipments must be new. One may use an old sewing-machine or reaper, but not a gun that is out of date. A new invention makes old junk of millions of costly, burnished arms.

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**The Prattler.**

N. B., Spring style—mud color.

Sources from which "hits" emanate, increase yearly. One may look for them, effectively, not only in the *Allerlei* and in the *LEAVES*, but also in the Glee Club Songs.

The school pictures are excellent, with this one objection, that we look in vain for the smiling faces of two members of the Faculty.

A fair exchange is no robbery, therefore give your old clothes for your fortune to the gypsies.

Conspicuous for its absence—Mrs. Martin's music.

Sleepy Juniors are going to have such a delightful nap through the long summer months, that owls will not compare with them for wideawakeness during the school year of '06-'07.

And where's the harm in blowing a horn? Little Boy Blue had one, and why shouldn't Little Girl Blue?

How much the girls have gained! (How much the weights have lost!)

Don't for a minute think that you're better than anybody else.

Best wishes to the immortal thirty-two.

Seniors, it was for the love of you

That Juniors decided *en masse*,

To mix your red with Lasell blue,

For the color of their class.

There are some Glee Clubs (viz: that of a neighboring college) which are just a mite too gleeful.

Died for lack of appreciation—The Prattler.

**Brilliant Fellow Students.**

Miss R.—By what method does a citizen of the United States vote for his President?

Student—He must first attend an electrical college.

First Student—What is the price of rubber heels in Boston?

Second Student—About fifty cents.

First Student—How expensive! I can get Silver Heels for nineteen cents.

Miss R.—The Prussians were "*Allerleid*" to the Germans.

Miss X.—Why is Miss Witherbee's corridor so noisy?

Miss Y.—Because there is a Lane at the end of which is a House, where a Potter Serv (is)s Bacon.

Miss R.—Who is secretary of the treasury at the present time?

Miss X.—I don't know.

Miss R.—O (p)Shaw, don't you really know?

Miss X.—Why, of course, after you have told me.

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The greatest difficulty encountered in learning this art, is preventing one's skirt from being caught, but many of the star door-shutters can take twenty-odd paces before the door gives its warning bang.

This is an accomplishment, acquire it.



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